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BRITISH MONARCHY AND MODERN DEMOCRACY.

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I HAVE often regretted that no competent scholar has given the world a history of the monarchical idea. There would be few more curious and interesting tasks than to trace its career, from its simple beginnings in the infancy of civilization to its complex manifestations in this sixtieth year of Queen Victoria's reign. We possess, indeed, valuable contributions to the subject from the pens of many able writers. To speak only of two. In Sir Henry Maine's masterly *Dissertations on Early Law and Custom* there is a most admirable account of the archaic king in his relation to civil justice. The Bishop of Oxford, in his well-known work, has traced, with singular fulness of knowledge and grasp of principle, the rise and early development of British sovereignty. But a general history of kingship is a task still to be executed—a task demanding for its satisfactory execution a rare combination of scientific scholarship and philosophical acumen.

I suppose most men and voters would regard Monarchy as an unnatural polity. In fact, it is the one form of government to which the term "natural" may properly be applied. I need hardly observe how utterly unhistorical is the conception of primitive society so widely popularized through the influence of Rousseau. Not a community of men and citizens, all sovereign and equivalent, but autocracy, is the earli-

est form of the State known to us. To this polity, I say, the term "natural" may be with peculiar propriety applied. Civil society, indeed, whatever its form—there is no immutably best form—is man's true state of nature. For he is what Aristotle called him two thousand years ago—"a political animal." But of civil society the family is the germ. The authority of the father, king over his own children, is, as a mere matter of historical fact, the earliest form of the *jus imperandi*, which must be referred to the nature of things as essential to human life, and therefore divinely ordained. And the patriarchal state is everywhere the primitive condition of civil society. The archaic king, or autocratic chieftain, is, if I may so express it, the artificially extended father. The regal power is but the paternal power in a wider sphere. Most people who have passed through a public school or a university understand, more or less clearly, how far-reaching this *patria potestas* was in ancient Rome. It reached even farther in ancient India, where we find the father as "the rajah or absolute sovereign of the family that depends upon him." In the expansion of the patriarchal family to the tribe, to the primitive nation, the attributes of the father remained unchanged. His word is still law; and what is significant, as Sir Henry Maine points out, "his sentences, or *θέμιστες*,

which is the same word with our Teutonic word *Dooms*, [though] doubtless drawn from pre-existing custom or usage, are supposed to come directly into his mind by divine dictation from on high, to be conceived by him spontaneously or through divine prompting." "It is in connection with the personage whom we call the king that law, civil or criminal, to be enforced by penalties to be inflicted in this world, first makes its appearance in the Hindu Sacred Books." The archaic king is the supreme judge and legislator, as well as the supreme general, and is invested also with a distinctly religious character. It is interesting to observe how these attributes of kingship, in its earliest form, even now attach, in theory, to its latest development. The Queen is still the source of legislation: statutes are enacted by Her Most Excellent Majesty. The judges of the High Court are her judges, and derive their authority from her commission. She is the head of the Army and Navy: we speak of the troops as Her Majesty's troops, of the fleet as Her Majesty's fleet. She is, in virtue of her ecclesiastical supremacy, the ultimate arbiter in controversies, whether of faith or morals, within the National Church; and her theological determinations, given upon the advice of her Privy Council, are irreformable.

I merely note this point, in passing. I go on to remark that the whole history of the progressive races of the world is a moving away, ever farther and farther, from the patriarchal state, and may not inaptly be regarded as the history of the evolution of the individual. The unit of archaic society is not the man but the family. The individual, as we conceive of him, with his attributes of personal liberty and private property, has been slowly developed during thousands of years. He is the latest, not the first term in the career of humanity. And as he has developed, of course the forms of the social organism in which he exists have undergone vast modifications. To touch upon this subject, even in outline, would manifestly be an undertaking far beyond my present limits. Nor is it necessary that I should do so for my present purpose, which is specially con-

nected with the actual political conditions in which we live.

It is, as we all confess, an age of Democracy. In so terming it we express its distinctive characteristic. The great political and social cataclysm which marked the close of the last century has largely transformed the public order of the progressive races of the world, and imprinted upon it a popular character. The acute intelligence of Kaunitz formed a juster appreciation of that event than was possible to most of his contemporaries. "The French Revolution," he said, "will last for long, perhaps for always." And even De Maistre, with his keen if narrow vision, realized the same unwelcome truth. "For a long time we supposed the Revolution to be a mere event: we were wrong; it is an epoch." Yes, it is an epoch—an epoch of what is vaguely called Democracy. A question-begging word, indeed, is that same Democracy. The rule or government of the demos or people. But what is the demos or people? Is it "the majority of the adult population, told by the head," in Burke's phrase? Are women's heads to be counted as well as men's? And does it mean, in practice, the absolute sway of a popular assembly, reflecting the average opinion or momentary whim—opinion implies too much—of the greater number who have taken the trouble to vote? Or are we rather to conceive of the demos or people as the nation in its corporate capacity, and of the function of representative institutions as being to give due weight to all the constituents of the body politic, to "produce a balance of the historical elements in a given society"? It is a momentous question, apparently not so much as conceived by most of those among ourselves to whom the name of statesman is somewhat inconsiderately applied. On one occasion Boileau found himself involved in an argument with the great Condé, who, on being worsted in it, lost his temper a little. The poet suavely observed, "In future I will take care to agree with M. le Prince when he is in the wrong." What Boileau said in irony to the hero most so-called statesmen say in sad and sober earnest to the

masses. Mr. Pickwick's rule, to shout with the largest mob, appears to be the Alpha and Omega of their statesmanship. Surely the true function of a statesman is to enlighten popular instincts, to dominate popular caprices. As assuredly the real occupation of the leaders of the factions which we call political parties, is mere majority-mongering, the most effective means of which is found to be a good stock of sonorous shibboleths adroitly applied. One of the commonest of these is "the general will," to which, we are told, all must bow. Upon this I observe that what is called "the general will" is not will at all, strictly speaking. It may possibly be purpose, vague and amorphous; it is more commonly mere aspiration or desire. Professor von Sybel observes in his *History of the Revolutionary Period that the Declaration of the Rights of the Man and the Citizen* "raised to the throne, not the reason which is common to all men, but the aggregate of universal passions."

Now "the aggregate of universal passions" cannot be the rightful ruler in any country. Nor is a majority of the adult inhabitants of any country the true demos or people. Such a majority is not the nation, I say. It is not even the most considerable element of the nation. There are other elements far more important than mere numbers. Hence it was that in a paper contributed some time ago to this Review I ventured to speak of the kind of Democracy at present so widely existing in Europe as False Democracy. It is chaotic, inorganic. The problem lying before the world is to organize it in accordance with those immutable principles of right and reason which are the only true laws of any polity. Herr Schäffle, in his extremely suggestive volume *Deutsche Kern- und Zeitfragen*, insists, "A real popular chamber is not to be found in a chamber representing merely the majority told by heads. The four essentials to a good representation of a nation are completeness, proportion, independence, and capacity." And such a representation, he argues, with great force and cogency, can be obtained only "by a combination of representa-

tion by universal suffrage with a representation of the communal and corporate articulation of the nation"—that is, of the local and social interests and capacities of the whole body politic.

No doubt an essential feature of Modern Democracy is universal suffrage. I, for one, hail universal suffrage as essentially just in principle; and that, because it is a recognition of rights springing from human personality. In the New Monarchy, established so widely throughout Europe on the ruins of mediæval liberties, those rights suffered an almost total eclipse. The old doctrine of Aquinas, that the king exists for the people, was contemptuously rejected. It was held that the people exists for the king, whose "right divine to govern wrong" was proclaimed by a servile clergy. The Parliamentary assemblies which throughout the mediæval period had served as the mouthpieces of popular aspirations, and as the guarantees of individual right, were suppressed, or turned into mere machinery for the enforcement of the royal will. Louis the Fourteenth's doctrine, "L'État c'est moi," became dominant throughout Continental Europe. This is what Lamennais termed "that terrific disease called Royalism, which little by little destroyed all the forces of society." The drastic remedy of the French Revolution has, after long working, expelled the disease from most European countries. We may well demur—every scientific jurisprudent must demur—to many propositions of *The Declaration of the Rights of the Man and the Citizen*, which served as the manifesto of that Revolution. But we must at all events recognize that it has impressed deeply—nay, we may hope and believe ineradicably—upon the popular mind this great truth: that man does possess political rights which may properly be called natural, and which are inalienable and imprescriptible, because they spring from the very ground of his personality. He is a *person*, not a thing. And it is precisely because he is a person that he has a right to be considered in the legislation of a community. But in a high state of civilization, such as that in which we live,

"considered" means consulted. To say that a man has a natural right to a vote is an absurdity. To say that he has a natural right to some share of political power is the soundest of sense. And a vote is ordinarily, at the present day, the most convenient way in which that share of political power can be exercised. As a *person* his rational co-operation is necessary to his own development and to that of his fellows. Hence his consent, express or implied, is requisite, as the masters of the mediæval school taught, to a just law. But to say that all men are entitled to a share of political power is not to say that they are entitled to the *same* share. In a true Democracy suffrage will be universal; but it will be graduated, qualified, tempered. "Every man to count for one, no man for more than one," is a shibboleth with which we are all familiar. The first half of it is wholesome truth: the second half is poisonous sophism. All men are equal as persons: and every man should therefore count for one. But men are unequal in the endowments of nature and fortune. And therefore some men should count for more than one. Hence it is, as John Stuart Mill trenchantly observes, that "equal voting is on principle wrong." There is a true sense in the Carlylese doctrine that the might of men are the rights of men. Character, fortune, race—yes, and all the forces which constitute the individual—ought to have free play. Human freedom, as Aristotle defines it, means belonging to one's self and not to another. And this implies the right of every man to be valued in the community for what he is really worth. Inequality and liberty are inseparably connected. To sum up in words which I have elsewhere used, and which I may be allowed to quote, as I do not know how to better them: "In so far as men are in truth equal, they are entitled to equal shares of political power. In so far as they are in truth unequal, they are entitled to unequal shares of political power. Justice is in a mean—it lies in the combination of equal and unequal rights."

On justice, assuredly, every polity must be based if it is to endure. Build on any other foundation than that

adamantine rock, and your political edifice, however imposing with "cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces," will pass away like "an insubstantial pageant." When the rain descends, and the floods come, and the winds blow and beat upon it, fall it must, and great will be the fall of it. I, for my part, believe that Modern Democracy will receive that rational organization—that organization in accordance with "the moral laws of Nature and of nations"—which will allow due room to powers and interests other and more important than the powers and interests of numbers; which will secure for every social and historical element in the country its proper place and rightful influence. Such a Democracy men of good-will are everywhere looking for and hastening unto; and the future of civilization is bound up with it. And now to speak of Monarchy. What is its function in this new age? Has it, indeed, any function? Or is it played out? its occupation gone? a survival of a dead past, soon to be swept away, like Temple Bar, as an antiquated obstacle to progress? The wonderful enthusiasm evoked by the celebration of the sixtieth year of Her Majesty's reign may assist us to answer that question. What is the meaning of that spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm, that vast tumult of acclaim throughout the British Empire, which has carried away the strongest heads and the coolest temperaments? Of course, it is a beautiful and touching evidence of the love borne by her subjects to the illustrious Lady whose virtues during all that tract of years have been ever more and more revealed by "the fierce light that beats upon a throne." But it is more than that. It is a signal manifestation of certain essential elements of human nature, too little reckoned with by political sciolists in "the unreasonableness of their reason." It is a striking confutation of the vast delusion so industriously propagated by the school of political economists commonly known as orthodox that mankind is exclusively, or even chiefly, swayed by considerations of profit and loss. The objection which Hazlitt makes to Bentham is equally applicable to the whole

Utilitarian school in politics, that he "had struck the whole mass of fancy, prejudice, passions, with his petrific leaden mace; that he had "bound volatile Hermes," and reduced the theory and practice of human life to a *caput mortuum* of reason and dull plodding calculation." Hazlitt adds, "The gentleman himself is a capital logician, and he has been led by this circumstance to consider man a logical animal. We fear this view of the matter will hardly stand." Hardly. Sympathies and antipathies, passions and prejudices, fancies and foibles, caprices and cupidities, are far more masterful than logic with the vast majority of men. The First Napoleon, who knew human nature much better than Bentham, observed, "You can govern man only through his imagination; without imagination he is no better than a brute." It is true. Imagination is a faculty absolutely necessary to human life. It is at the basis of civil society. Emotions are called forth by objects, not by our intellectual separation and combination of them. Mere abstractions and generalizations do not evolve feeling. Loyalty, by which I mean devotion to persons, springs eternal in the human breast. And nowhere is it more eminently seen, more beautifully displayed, than in the Teutonic races. In Englishmen there is innate a veneration for the men and women in whom the institutions of the country seem—so to speak—embodied in visible form. Legitimism, in its old sense, is happily dead and gone. Kingship, as this vast Jubilee celebration witnesses, is very much alive.

Now it seems to me among the chief achievements of England in practical politics—that field where she has won so many magnificent triumphs—to have realized the true idea of Modern Monarchy; to have assigned to the Throne its rightful place in Modern Democracy. And this has not been done, in virtue of any preconceived theories, by any balancing of abstractions, by any application of *à priori* principles. No! it is the natural outcome of constitutional development, "the long result of time." The British Monarchy has grown *occulto velut arbor ævo*, ever manifesting that adap-

tation to its environment which is a chief law of life. For its beginnings we must go back to the dim antiquity of the year 493, when, according to the Chronicle, "the two ealdormen, Cerdic and Cynric his son, came to Britain and became kings of the West Saxons." A divine pedigree was claimed for them. They were said to be descendants of Woden. However that may be, certain it is that our present Gracious Sovereign is their direct representative. "Our own Queen Victoria," writes Sir Henry Maine, "has in her veins the blood of Cerdic of Wessex, the fierce Teutonic chief, out of whose dignity English kingship grew; and, in one sense, she is the most perfect representative of Teutonic royalty, as the English institutions have never been so much broken as the institutions of other Germanic societies by the overwhelming disturbances caused elsewhere by Roman law and Roman legal ideas." German kingship differed in most important particulars from Roman Cæsarism. The selection of the Sovereign, from among the members of the Royal House, belonged both in form and substance to the Witan. To the Witan belonged also the power, in grave cases, of deposing him. The advice and consent of the Witan was necessary to the validity of his laws. Important as were his privileges and prerogatives, he was hedged in on all sides by constitutional restrictions. No doubt as the English kingdom increased in extent, the English king increased in strength. No doubt the Norman Conquest brought a considerable accession of royal authority. But William the Conqueror professed to stand in the same position as Edward the Confessor, whose chosen heir he claimed to be. Nor was it an empty profession. He set himself to rule as an English king, binding himself at his election and coronation by the accustomed oaths; and, upon the whole, he observed them fairly well. The feudalism which he brought with him no doubt introduced a disturbing element into our constitutional history, and under his immediate successors the distinctively English idea of kingship was largely obscured. But it is strictly

accurate to say that the Great Charter, wrung from King John, is the cornerstone upon which the existing edifice of our political liberties rests. It is strictly accurate to say that the constitutional government prevailing in our country in this sixtieth year of Queen Victoria is the direct outcome of the policy of Henry the Second, of Simon de Montfort, and of Edward the First—the natural and healthy development of the system of government consolidated by those great statesmen. It was just six hundred years ago—in 1297—that the English Parliament, definitely constituted two years before, “achieved the fullest recognition of its rights as representing the whole nation.” From that year to this the growth of English freedom, however thwarted at times, has been continuous and triumphant. “The tree grew and was strong; and the height thereof reached unto heaven, and the sight thereof to the end of all the earth; the leaves thereof were fair, and the fruit thereof much, and in it was meat for all; the beasts of the field had shadow under it, and the fowls of the air dwelt in the boughs thereof: and all flesh was fed of it.”

I cannot touch even upon the outlines of that marvellous story. But I must remark upon our immediate debt for the plenitude of civil and religious liberty which we now enjoy to the great transaction of two hundred years ago which our ancestors were wont—and with good reason—to style “The Glorious Revolution.” To that substitution of a Parliamentary for a dynastic title, and to the statute which vested the succession to the Crown in the descendants of the Electress Sophia, we unquestionably owe the preservation, transmission, and ever-increasing extension of British freedom. Nay, I think we may say that it was the predestined mission of the House of Hanover to introduce into the world the true idea of Modern Monarchy. Nothing is easier than to gibe at the Four Georges. Nothing is falsier than the estimate of the first two of them long popularly current. I suppose that estimate is largely due to the honest hatred of them so deeply entertained and so freely expressed by the most popular man of letters of the last century.

“George the First knew nothing, and desired to know nothing; did nothing, and desired to do nothing” was his judgment of that monarch upon one occasion, when, as Boswell goes on to tell us, he also “roared with prodigious violence against George the Second.” But to George the First and George the Second must be conceded the merit—which assuredly cannot be conceded to the First and Second Charles, or to James the Second—of scrupulously keeping faith with us. They were neither saints nor heroes. But the praise of probity, insight, and discretion cannot be withheld from them. In George the Third Johnson saluted “the only king who for more than a century had much appeared to desire, or much endeavored to deserve, the affections of his subjects.” There can be no doubt that he won them. And it must be remembered that in the matters in which, as we now judge, he was most egregiously wrong, the nation was enthusiastically with him. I know not that much can be said in eulogy of George the Fourth. The only panegyrist of him that I remember is Croker, who affirms that “his natural abilities were undoubtedly very considerable; that his reign was eminently glorious; and that his private life was, in a high degree, amiable and social.” Whatever his natural abilities may have been, he certainly made no good use of them; to the glories of his reign he contributed nothing; and assuredly the less that is said of his private life the better. It is pleasanter to pass on to his successor; for William the Fourth must unquestionably be credited with honesty of intention and a sincere desire to rule as a patriot king, although it may be doubted whether his persevering study of Bolingbroke’s famous treatise furnished him with very clear rules for attaining that character.

But whatever the personal merits or demerits of the past Sovereigns of the House of Hanover, certain it is that under them the British Crown acquired the character which renders it the very type of Monarchy in a democratic age: the constitutional character expressed in the maxim “the King reigns, but does not govern.” “Su-

preme Majesty with hypothetical decorations, dignities, solemn appliances, high as the stars, [but] tied up with constitutional straps so that he cannot move hand or foot for fear of accidents"—such is Carlyle's mocking account. But the fact that this kind of Monarchy commended itself as the fittest to Lord Chatham, who stands so high among his heroes—a clear, sharp, human head, altogether incapable of falsity"—might have led him to doubt whether it is really disposed of by his flouts and gibes. In practical politics Lord Chatham is certainly a greater authority than Carlyle; and Chatham doubtless discerned that this theory of kingship, while it left the Sovereign indefinite freedom for good, effectively minimized his power for evil. Certainly it was not the deliberate creation of any human intellect; it issued from the course of events, and surely, we may say, *non sine Numine*. I cannot believe that He whose it is to bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades, and to loose the bands of Orion, to bring forth Mazzaroth in his season, to guide Arcturus with his sons, who knows the ordinances of heaven, and sets the dominion thereof in the earth, has left the course of human events, the vicissitudes of commonwealths, the rise and fall of empires, to blind chance or irrational fate. I am not ashamed to confess, with one of the most eminent of living *savants*, my belief that "progress in the direction of organized freedom is the characteristic fact of modern history"—especially of English history—"and its tribute to the theory of Providence." It has been said of a well-known work, dealing with the period at which we have just glanced, that in it Almighty God Himself wears the character of a Moderate Whig. No doubt this Theistic conception is inadequate. But it is less derogatory to the Infinite and Eternal than representations of Him which may be found in the writings of some accredited theologians.

Lord Tennyson, in an exquisite dedicatory poem prefixed to one of his volumes, anticipates as the judgment of posterity upon the illustrious Lady who now wears the British Crown, "She wrought her people lasting

good." It is already the judgment of all sane men of all political parties and religious creeds throughout her world-wide Empire. And I may be permitted to say that not the least considerable portion of the vast debt that the nation owes her is for giving the world a most beautiful and winning example of a Constitutional Monarch. "The English," said Montalembert, in his book, *The Political Future of England*, "have left to royalty the pageantry (*la décoration*), the prestige of power; they have kept for themselves the substance of it." But this is a very inadequate account of the matter. The moderating, controlling, restraining, guiding influence exercised by the British Sovereign is assuredly most real and most important, although, from the nature of things, it is usually most hidden. It is, however, an open secret with what consummate prudence this influence has been exercised by her present Majesty, and how greatly the country has benefited by it. And here I am reminded of a story of St. Thomas Aquinas being consulted upon one occasion concerning the election of an Abbot. The choice lay between three. "Describe them to me," said Aquinas. "What manner of man is the first on the list?" "*Doctissimus*" (most learned) was the answer. "Well, *doceat*" (let him teach). "And the second?" "Most saintly" (*sanc-tissimus*). "Good; *oret*" (let him pray). "And the third?" "*Prudentissimus*" (most prudent). "Ah, that is your Abbot; *regat*" (let him rule). Now the virtue of prudence, the first and most essential qualification for a ruler, as this great thinker discerned, is assuredly more necessary to a Constitutional Sovereign than to any other. The duties of Modern Monarchy are among the most difficult and delicate that can devolve upon any human being. They are also of singular complexity when the Monarch is, so to speak, the central principle—*anima in corpore* is Aquinas's phrase—of the vast and widely spread Empire united under the British Crown. Of that unity the Crown, let us remember, is not merely the type and symbol, but also the efficient instrument. It is the binding tie

That keeps our Britain whole within herself,
A nation yet : the ruler and the ruled.

And here we may note a cogent argument for the descent of the Crown in a princely family. Bishop Stubbs, discussing the reasons which led the Saxons to vest the sovereignty in the house of Cerdic, observes : "A hereditary king, however limited his authority may be by constitutional usage, is a stronger power than an elective magistrate. His personal interests are the interests of his people, which is, in a certain sense, his family. He toils for his children, but in toiling for them he works also for the people they will have to govern. He has no temptation to make for himself or them a standing ground apart from his people." The Bishop is writing of the year 519. His words are just as applicable to the year 1897. And the reason is that they express fundamental truths of human nature—general principles which are not of an age but for all time. They are as much a justification for the continuance as for the institution of hereditary Monarchy.

But further. The British Crown is something more than the centre and instrument of national unity : it is the effective pledge of national stability ; of settled government ; of moderation and longanimity, of uprightness and honor in public life. We have only to turn our eyes to other nations to realize that this is so. Look at France. Thrice during the last century she has been a republic, and always with the same result—immeasurable corruption, undisguised intolerance, the ostracism of men of light and leading, the sway

of political adventurers of the lowest type ; a republic twice—well-nigh thrice—ended by a Saviour of Society and a military despotism. It is only under the Monarchy, whether of the elder or younger branch of the restored Bourbons, that tranquillity, decency, and the enjoyment of rational liberty were obtained by her. Or look at the great republic of the Western World, given over to the domination of "bosses" and "self-government by the basest." The special note of the public life of the United States is its intense sordidness. This it was that wrung from Emerson the pathetic lament—even truer, now, alas ! than when it was uttered—"Who that sees the meanness of our politics but inly congratulates Washington that he is long already wrapped in his shroud and forever safe ; that he was laid sweet in his grave, the hope of humanity not yet subjugated in him ?" But I need not multiply comparisons. Surely, wherever we look throughout the world, we find ample reason to justify "our loyal passion for our temperate kings ;" ample reason to justify the present universal and spontaneous outburst of enthusiastic devotion to the revered and beloved Lady in whom we salute the very type of Modern Monarchy ; ample reason to justify our belief that as her illustrious House has been the pledge and instrument of our liberty and empire in the past, so in "rulers of her blood," reared in her true traditions and following her prudent practice, we shall find the nursing fathers and the nursing mothers of our liberty and empire for ages to come.—*Nineteenth Century.*

CAPTAIN MAHAN'S "NELSON."*

BY WILLIAM O'CONNOR MORRIS.

THE object of this masterly work, which has been justly welcomed with universal praise, is, the distinguished author informs us, twofold. Captain

Mahan has sought, in describing the career of Nelson, to place before the reader a clear account of the effects of the power of England at sea when this had attained its highest development, and at the same time to present a living image of the personality of the first of modern British seamen. Subject to

* *The Life of Nelson the Embodiment of the Sea Power of Great Britain.* By Captain A. T. Mahan, D.C.L., LL.D. London, 1897.

a few observations I shall make afterward, he has admirably succeeded in the first of these tasks; in the celebrated volumes of "Sea Power" alone—and I do not forget De La Gravière's valuable work—have the exploits of Nelson and their immense results in making England supreme on her own element been set forth with equal research, skill, and force of description. The second task, however, as Captain Mahan has remarked, is by many degrees more trying and difficult: it is the special excellence of this truly great writer that he has accomplished it, I may almost say, to perfection. For many reasons that need not be dwelt on, the character of Nelson has not been thoroughly understood: even English critics have denied his genius; he has naturally found detractors among Frenchmen; there has been a tendency to regard him mainly as a hero indeed, conspicuous for his mighty deeds and for his energy and resource in naval warfare, but not endowed with very high mental powers, and somewhat narrow and coarse in the range of his thought. It is the peculiar merit of Captain Mahan that he has once for all dissipated this false notion, and has given us a lifelike portrait of the true Nelson both on the intellectual and the moral side—of the man, in a word, in his strength and his weakness. This work does not conceal the shortcomings of the great Admiral, few as these were, in his splendid career; it dwells on the one dark episode of his life severely, but with a due regard to justice; it fully points out the evil results that followed. But Captain Mahan has been the first writer who has formed a complete estimate of Nelson's powers; has shown what he was in the sphere of thought as well as of action; has explained his capacity as a diplomatist and director of war, as well as a great captain in the shock of battle; and has accurately set forth the supreme influence he had in determining the course of events. This account of Nelson, composed with a real student's care, corresponds to a well-formed conception and gives proof of admirable research; but the portrait shows imagination as well as insight; it is alike attractive and brilliant in

the extreme. It is unnecessary to dwell on the professional knowledge and the learning in which these pages abound, nor yet on the general excellence of the author's style. It is the simple truth that we have never had a great biography of Nelson before. Captain Mahan is not, as he has said, "a gleaner in this field;" he is the reaper who has first shown what a harvest it contains.

No work of man, however, is without blemishes; and exception may perhaps be taken to parts of this book, especially to omissions to be traced in it, and even to a few of the author's conclusions. Captain Mahan has expressly told us that he has not aimed at discussing battles or the large operations of war, except as they directly concern Nelson; he has carried out this purpose with the severest logic. But in treating his subject from this point of view he has left considerations partly out of sight which ought to be borne in mind in following the career of Nelson, and in assigning him his true place as a great master of war. For example, Captain Mahan has not dwelt, in these pages, on the extraordinary inferiority of the French and the Spanish navies, compared to the British, in Nelson's day; this should be kept in mind in reviewing the Nile and Trafalgar, and especially in examining the famous projects of Napoleon to effect a descent on England. I think, too, that the faults of Brueys and Villeneuve ought to have been placed in more striking relief; and I could have wished to have seen rather a fuller description of one or two of the great battles, especially of the conduct of Jervis at St. Vincent. No doubt all this has been admirably told in the second part of the work on "Sea Power," and the author probably did not wish to repeat himself; still, the narrative in these respects is somewhat incomplete. Here De La Gravière's book may still be studied with profit. The general effect of these omissions is to raise Nelson to a rather higher level in war than impartial history perhaps has done; and there is exaggeration, I believe, in the statement that Trafalgar inevitably led to Moscow and Waterloo. Unquestion-

ably Nelson, in Captain Mahan's phrase, was "the arch subverter" of Napoleon's designs: he baffled his great adversary over and over again; he very possibly averted invasion from our shores; his decisive victories at sea impelled Napoleon to adopt the Continental System, a main cause of his ruin. But had not Napoleon given a free rein to his insatiable ambition and lust of conquest, had he been a more prudent and wiser statesman, he would probably, for aught that Nelson could have done, have died lord of his immense empire: the power of England at sea could have chained him to the land; it could hardly have caused his tremendous overthrow. Captain Mahan's verdict, in the case of Caraccioli, is, I believe, in the main just; but I cannot accept his judgment on Nelson's conduct in the instance of the capitulation of Foote: this may be palliated, but in no sense justified. The style of this work, I have said, is admirable in the main; it is free from a certain stiffness visible in the "Sea Power" volumes; but a few of the author's sentences are still rather involved, and some of his words do not flow from the well of English undefiled.

Captain Mahan has properly dwelt on the early years of Nelson, for in his case, as in that of most eminent men, the qualities that make for greatness appear in youth; and the effect of circumstance, too, must be taken into account. Authentic anecdotes, well told in these pages, show that the boy gave proof, before he had reached his teens, of the intrepid courage and the high sense of honor so characteristic of the future warrior; and, notwithstanding the errors of his life, Nelson acquired in the home of his English parsonage the deep sense of religion which never left him, and was one cause of his hatred of "the Godless Frenchmen" of his time. In the first years of the life of Nelson at sea—that is, from 1770 to the end of the American War—as Captain Mahan has taken care to point out, we easily perceive signs of the heroic nature and of the activity and resource in war which the great master was ere long to develop. In his conduct at the attack on Fort San Juan we see the quick intelligence and the

readiness to seize the occasion, whatever the risk, which were among Nelson's most distinctive gifts; and, akin to this, the firm self-reliance, perhaps the best excellence of a true leader of men. Instances of dash and dauntless courage abound; but what was perhaps most characteristic of the man at this time, as Captain Mahan takes care to dwell on, was the influence Nelson acquired over those around him, and especially the high esteem in which his superiors held him, evidence of the magical effect of genius and of a nature especially commanding sympathy, not the least precious of Nelson's qualities. Nelson was too young when his active life began to have had much time for professional studies. Unlike Napoleon, he had not the advantage of a long and careful training in the art of war; and this, as Captain Mahan very truly says, may have been one reason that some of his military conceptions were far from perfect, and that he was hardly a naval strategist of the very highest order. On the other hand, Nelson was admirably versed in the practical work of his calling in all its branches. The skill and experience he acquired as a pilot when a boy may have stood him in good stead at the Nile and Copenhagen; and his early promotion, no doubt, encouraged the faculty of command and of bearing responsibility whatever the weight, so conspicuous in many passages of his career. And, as Captain Mahan has well shown, the ardent spirit of Nelson, even in his first youth, "o'er informed the puny tenement of clay." It is astonishing that so great a commander should have been so delicate and frail a man: he resembled the Grand Condé in this respect, with whom he had certain points in common.

At the close of the American War Nelson had made his mark as a most promising officer. Captain Mahan has added much to our knowledge of his life and career during the next ten years, especially as this bears on his character. Nelson steadily disobeyed his superior's commands on one occasion of great importance—the first notable instance of the self-confidence, more than once certainly shown in ex-

cess, which illustrated his daring and independent spirit. He enforced, against the directions of Hughes, the provisions of the famous Navigation Acts against American traders in the West Indies. It may safely be said that no other captain of his day would have ventured to take so audacious a step. Equally remarkable was his boldness and energy in denouncing and exposing the frauds of officials of the old Navy Board, who made large fortunes by abuses on our foreign stations. The intelligence and capacity he displayed in this matter attracted the attention and gained the praise of George Rose, the well-known intimate friend of Pitt. But Nelson had crossed and offended powerful interests; he had against him the great passive force of the routine of the service; and for a long time he was not only harassed by litigation at heavy cost, but was not a favorite with the Admiralty chiefs. From whatever reason, he incurred the censure of Hood, who had singled him out for praise in the American War; he certainly was disliked in the circles of the Court, not improbably, as Captain Mahan conjectures, owing to his intimacy with the future William IV., for some years under the Royal ban on account of his conduct when his father became insane. The most interesting passage, however, in the life of Nelson at this period was his ill-fated marriage, the cause ultimately of misery and public scandal that has cast a shadow over an illustrious name. Nothing can be more admirable, just, and discerning than Captain Mahan's treatment of this most unhappy subject. He does honor to the blameless life of the future Lady Nelson, to her patient endurance of cruel wrongs, to her noble silence under provocations that few would have borne; but he truly shows that she did not possess the qualities that would attract Nelson's deepest affections, and that she never reached the depths of his being and made them her own. The love that he felt for her, as his letters clearly show, was as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine; it never rose to the height of impassioned sympathy. Nelson, in fact, had not only the vehement spirit which turns away from a

weak nature, he had the imagination that makes ideals of women. Before he became acquainted with Mrs. Nesbitt he had had attachments which moved his innermost feelings; and her somewhat cold, emotionless, and commonplace nature made her no fit helpmeet for a hero of his enthusiastic character.

At the outbreak of the French Revolutionary War, Nelson, disliked as he was in high places, received the command of the *Agamemnon*, a ship that will always be associated with his name. This episode of his career is tolerably well known; yet Captain Mahan has thrown a good deal of fresh light on passages in it that deserve attention. Nelson was now for the first time in the Mediterranean, the theatre of his most important commands; and the experience he acquired at this time in that great inland sea stood him, he has informed us, in valuable stead. Our navy fought no great battle in those years in the waters that were to be the scene of the Nile, though two opportunities were certainly lost; yet Nelson became a man of conspicuous mark. He was the master spirit of the siege of Bastia, and showed no ordinary diplomatic tact in dealing with the jealous chiefs of the two services. The fall of Corsica, which might have had momentous results, is largely to be ascribed to him. As is well known, too, had he commanded in the place of Hotham, in March and July, 1795, he would probably have destroyed the fleet of Martin: the comments he made on his feeble superior's conduct were no empty or vainglorious boasts, and indicate what he might have accomplished himself; and had he overthrown the French fleet it is not unlikely that Bonaparte could not have invaded Italy and achieved his marvellous triumphs on the Adige. Captain Mahan's account of the indecisive action ending in the capture of the *Censeur* and the *Ca Ira* is different from that of French writers, but the state of the wind at the moment shows it is the more accurate. The most significant feature, however, of Nelson's career in the *Agamemnon* is what has been noticed already as distinguishing him even in early youth: he inspired his chiefs

with extreme confidence in him, and he was looked up to and loved by his officers and men. He was continually employed in independent commands, some difficult, some of real importance; he was the favorite lieutenant of men so different in character as Hotham, Hood, and Jervis, and he was the idol of subordinates and of a devoted crew.

Captain Mahan has dwelt at some length and with much effect on a passage in this phase of Nelson's career which had previously attracted little attention. The conquest of Corsica gave England a strong position on the flank of the French army that threatened Italy in 1795-96, and, had the British fleet been able to operate in force, the communications of the French along the Riviera might have been seized or paralyzed. But Hotham had lost the chance of destroying the French fleet, and he was compelled to keep it within Toulon with his own; and he was only able to detach Nelson with a petty squadron to harass and thwart the enemy. Nelson impeded the French movements to some extent; he checked the neutral trade that carried supplies to the French, disregarding again superior orders; and he always maintained that he could have defeated the right wing of Bonaparte's army in its march toward Genoa in April, 1796, had not Beaulieu made a premature attack—a stroke that would have prevented the battle of Montenotte, and perhaps changed the course of a magnificent campaign.* But Nelson's force was wholly inadequate: what he accomplished only shows what might have been done had the whole British fleet been able to descend from Corsica and to attack the French with real effect. The military projects of Nelson at this time, Captain Mahan acknowledges, were somewhat crude: he could not have stopped the advance of the French by occupying a position on their flank with a few thousand men; it was idle to suppose that Napoleon on the Adige would attempt to send a detachment to invade Corsica, and, curiously enough, that great commander had condemned some time be-

fore a plan to make a descent on the shores of Italy by a fleet co-operating with the army, which Nelson certainly thought possible.* Nelson, in fact, was never a great strategist—a strategist, at least, to be compared with Napoleon. A naval officer, he said, "had nothing to do with plans;" this was not the view of the designer of the campaign of Italy. Yet Nelson's heroic spirit was true to itself, and his keen intelligence did not fail him when he condemned almost unreservedly the somewhat feeble policy of abandoning the Mediterranean in 1796, when Spain had joined her arms with those of France. This, Nelson thought, deprived England of a chance of a great naval victory, and certainly subjected to French influence the weak States of Northern and Central Italy. It may, indeed, have affected the counsels of Austria, and had an effect on Leoben and Campo Formio.

These volumes contain a graphic account of the brilliant conduct of Nelson in the *Minerve*, when he threaded the Mediterranean in the teeth of hostile squadrons in overwhelming strength; was victorious in a fine frigate action; succeeded in carrying away the naval material at Elba; and returned after reconnoitring the French and Spanish coasts. His peculiar character, however, most distinctly appears in his resolve, upon the spur of the moment, to follow to the West Indies a Spanish fleet which he thought was about to attack our colonies; this was an anticipation of the chase of Villeneuve. Captain Mahan tells this anecdote, I think, for the first time. The fortunes of England had sunk to the lowest point they reached in the great war with France during the first few weeks of 1797. England had not a single ally on the Continent; her overtures for peace had been rejected with scorn; the enemy's fleets exceeded her own in numbers; she was threatened with national bankruptcy at home; disaffection was sapping her maritime

* This movement of the French right seems to have been disapproved by Napoleon.

* Captain Mahan, in a striking passage, vol. i., p. 218, has pointed out the analogy between a descent of this kind and Napoleon's famous projects of a descent on England in 1803-5. Nelson did not think an invasion of England at all impossible.

strength ; Ireland had only just been saved from invasion. The victory of St. Vincent was the first sign of the change of the tide of adverse events, a victory Jervis truly said "the country required." In his account of this memorable passage of arms, Captain Mahan, I have said, has kept, perhaps, too closely to the conspicuous and admirable part played by Nelson ; this, no doubt, was the biographer's purpose, but the narrative might have been more complete and ample without leaving the special subject of this work. The general features of the battle are, indeed, well described ; but Captain Mahan scarcely discusses the conduct of Jervis, particularly whether he acted rightly in directing the British fleet to tack in succession, a question of naval tactics debated ever since that day. But certainly Nelson struck the decisive stroke ; Cordova's fleet would probably have escaped with trifling loss had not Nelson wore the *Captain* out of line and flung himself into the midst of a mass of foes : this was one of the most notable instances in his career of his intuitive genius in making an opportunity his own, of his wonderful energy, and of his self-reliance, for he acted without, and even against, orders. Yet Nelson's boldness was not rashness : he was well aware of the inferiority of the Spanish ships ; he has said himself that the "combat was not in truth unequal" when he actually engaged three or four first-rates. No warrior ever knew better than Nelson what could and what could not be done on a given occasion.

I must pass over the attack on Teneriffe, one of the only two failures of Nelson in war. The effort made by the boats was a forlorn hope ; but Captain Mahan has remarked that had Nelson been in the place of Troubridge in the attempt to seize the heights, he would, not improbably, have been successful. Nelson was not rewarded as he had deserved for St. Vincent ; but he had become known as the most rising of our naval officers, and good judges had predicted his future eminence. The first part of his career may be said to have ended at this point : Captain Mahan has contrasted it with the second part in one of the

finest passages of this biography, which I regret I have not sufficient space to quote. Nelson, promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral, was soon given a Mediterranean command by the special directions of Lord Spencer, and with the cordial assent of Jervis, a leader of a very different type, but who thoroughly understood his great lieutenant's powers. From this time forward, as Captain Mahan has observed, the great struggle between France as supreme on the land and England as supreme on the seas went on ; and the triumph of England, on her own element, was indisputably due more to Nelson than to any other personage. The ascendancy of England at sea had been of late assured, but she had gained no decisive naval victory ; it was for Nelson to inscribe on her flag "Veni, vidi, vici." I could have wished that Captain Mahan had set forth more fully in this work, as in his "Sea Power," the essential difference between the hostile navies at this time, for this contributed certainly to the events that followed, though it does not detract from Nelson's merits. The French still possessed the better warships, but the Revolution had fatally injured the maritime strength of France : admirals, captains, and crews were ill trained and bad ; the French fleets were unequal to a great enterprise. The British navy, on the other hand, had gradually attained very high excellence : Jervis had made his fleet an admirable instrument of war ; it was now to fall into the hands of a great captain who, with subordinates of the best quality, was to show what it could accomplish to the European world. It is unnecessary to dwell on the long chase of the Toulon armament when Bonaparte made his descent on Egypt. A young Admiral had never a more weighty charge, and never was a difficult task carried out with more untiring energy and resource. Nelson was unfortunate in the first instance, especially in the accident that befell the *Vanguard* ; and his want of frigates deprived him, as he said, "of his eyes." But he rightly divined his enemy's purpose ; he pursued his quarry with the activity he alone possessed ; and though Napoleon showed his characteristic craft in

turning aside from his direct course toward Crete, Nelson would have caught him at sea had he had enough look-out vessels. That Nelson reached Alexandria before the French, as Captain Mahan has rightly shown, was due to information incorrect as regards time.

The memorable battle that followed is well known ; it was perhaps the masterpiece of naval warfare, the most scientific of Nelson's victories. The faults of Brueys have been often pointed out : he ought not to have been in the Bay of Aboukir ; he ought, when he had adopted this course, to have strengthened his van with heavy land batteries, as Bonaparte had expressly directed ; he ought, like Hood at St. Kitts, to have so moored his line as to have enabled its parts to support each other ; and, as Captain Mahan has remarked, he ought not to have left a wide interval between each of his ships, enabling a bold enemy to get in between them. The Nile could not have been won had the defence been better ; but it was one of the greatest of Nelson's merits that he took the measure at once of his unskilled opponent, and that he turned these bad dispositions to the very best advantage. Captain Mahan has not enlarged enough, perhaps, on the mistakes of Brueys, in order to make his account of the battle complete ; but he has admirably described the tactics of Nelson and the conduct of his well-trained, able, and experienced captains. Nelson had arranged the general plan of his attack long before : he expected to find the French fleet at anchor, and he had always intended to crush the van of Brueys, though probably Foley deserves the credit of doubling the hostile line and assailing it inshore. In the execution of a very fine conception, extreme daring was seconded by perfect skill and forethought, and every British captain conspicuously did his duty. The rapidity and boldness of the night attack disconcerted the terrified French officers, and was a stroke of the genius of a great captain ; but the admirable care observed in making the advance, the precautions taken to fight a battle in the dark, and the judicious order to anchor by the stern, which certainly

saved many British lives*—these are excellent examples of skill and prudence, and it may fairly be said that Nelson and his officers alike were worthy of each other.† The general result was that the French van was overpowered by a superior force, while the centre hardly assisted, at least for a time, and the rear was unable to fire a shot ; and though the catastrophe of the *Orient* precipitated the event, a decisive triumph was secured from the first moment. Had Nelson not been seriously wounded, not a French ship would have perhaps escaped : as it was, the Nile was, in Nelson's phrase, a conquest.

The Nile renewed the League of Europe against France, imprisoned Napoleon within his conquest, and struck a blow from which the French navy never recovered. It may have also prevented the descent on India, which Nelson, Captain Mahan points out, believed was not an impossible exploit ; he agreed in this respect with Napoleon, whose design has been generally deemed extravagant. It is lamentable to turn from this glorious triumph to the one deplorable episode in the life of Nelson. The frailties of genius may be often disregarded ; but the unhappy relations of Nelson with Emma Hamilton had a marked effect on his career for a time, and Captain Mahan has properly dealt with them in a discriminating and very impartial survey. He has, perhaps, given too much prominence to the gossip of fine ladies and gentlemen, who disparaged the cast-off mistress of Greville and could not endure her courtesan manners. But he has drawn a striking likeness of this remarkable woman : she was a consummate actress and a real enchantress, coarse and vulgar as she was in some of her ways, and she probably reached the heart of Nelson through her sympathy with his heroic nature. He fell under the spell of the siren, and her fascinations were made more potent by her adroit flattery, and by the author-

* See on this point, Lathom Browne, p. 198, *Life of Nelson*.

† See a most remarkable passage in this work, vol. ii., p. 42, on the danger and difficulty of the attack at the Nile, and on the admirable conduct of Nelson's captains.

ity she exercised over a brilliant Court, which lavished on him favors of all kinds, and stimulated his deep-felt hatred of the French. There can now be no doubt that Nelson's relations with Emma Hamilton became criminal; and the sin was aggravated by the deception which was practised on the unfortunate old man, who, though her husband, was led to believe that Nelson was his loyal friend. Captain Mahan has not palliated guilt and duplicity; but he has reconciled, in a measure at least, Nelson's conduct with his more noble qualities; he made a false idol of a most artful woman, whom he thought one of the paragons of her sex. The connection, however, with Emma Hamilton was attended with untoward results during the remaining part of Nelson's command at this time. It kept him at Naples when he ought to have been elsewhere; it led him to disobey a superior's orders, on one occasion when there was no excuse; it perhaps prevented him from being present at the siege of Malta. It exposed him, too, to just censure at home, and gave pain and offence to his best friends; and the consciousness that he was acting wrongly soured, in some degree, his nature, and made him morose and at odds with faithful companions in arms.

Nelson was the chief military adviser at the Court of Naples in 1798-99, and urged the premature advance on Rome, indisputably a strategic and a political mistake. He soon, however, found out what Mack was made of; and it may be said for him that the Neapolitan army considerably exceeded the French in numbers, and even made a goodly appearance. Captain Mahan has fully described the two incidents, in this part of the public life of Nelson, which history has most severely judged; the biographer has here been, I think, too lenient. The execution of Carracioli may, in itself, be justified: he was certainly guilty of a grave offence; but there are circumstances in his case that pleaded for mercy; and, as Captain Mahan admits, the proceedings were carried out with indecent haste, and wore a look of revengeful cruelty. The affair had much in common with that of the Duc

d'Enghien: the Duc was charged with acts that brought him within the reach of the law; but that does not justify the tragedy of Vincennes. I cannot concur with Captain Mahan in his estimate of the account of Nelson in the matter of the surrender of the insurgents at Naples. The capitulation had been approved by the British officer on the spot; it had been sanctioned by chief adherents of the Court; it was a contract for value in no doubtful sense; and whether it was executed or not made, I think, no difference. Nelson should not have repudiated a binding pledge of this kind, and handed over many victims to a miserable death; the reasons he alleged appear to me pure sophistry, and ought not to deceive an impartial mind. The only excuse that can be made for him is to be found, I believe, in the circumstances of the time. The age was one when public compacts and treaties were trampled under foot, over and over again, and when political passions raged furiously; it was the age of the murder of the French envoys at Rastadt, of the violation of the capitulation of Dresden, of the lamentable fate of Ney and Murat; and Nelson was not superior to influences of this kind. He was, in fact, a vehement partisan of the Court of Naples; and Captain Foote always persisted that, in this unhappy business, he was beguiled by the counsels of Emma Hamilton.

Nelson was under a cloud, in high places at least, when he returned to England with the two Hamiltons, and braved society by a scandal he did not try to conceal. The final breach with his unhappy wife followed: Captain Mahan has feelingly and tenderly described the scene. Nelson was soon engaged in the work of war again; but not improbably the prejudice he had inspired, notwithstanding his splendid feat at the Nile, may have been the cause that he was not in chief command in the arduous enterprise against the League of the Northern Powers. Captain Mahan has well sketched the masterly policy of Napoleon in forming this coalition; but, in the Baltic as on the Mediterranean seas, the great Englishman baffled our mighty enemy. Captain Mahan's account of the expe-

dition against Copenhagen, and of the decisive part in the operations played by Nelson, forms one of the best chapters of this work ; it is thorough, complete, and very graphic. Though impeded and crossed by a timid superior, Nelson was the soul of a very difficult venture ; on no occasion, perhaps, were all his powers made equally manifest in a combined effort. "Copenhagen," De La Gravière has said, "is his masterpiece as a great seaman." He thoroughly understood the inferiority of the enemy's fleet, and rightly urged an attack whatever their numbers ; he judged correctly that Parker could have detached a squadron against the Russian ships, and yet have been strong enough to subdue the Danes ; this was perhaps the best of his strategic conceptions. And his genius, resource, and strength of character were perhaps never more fully displayed than in his onslaught on the defences of the Danes. He selected the best point for the advance of the fleet ; it was better to double the Middle Ground, and to move from the southeast, than to enter the King's Channel by the Trekroner ; and, as invariably was the case with him, his preparations were matured with great care and forethought. Mishaps occurred in the battle that followed ; but Nelson's predictions were fully justified : the Danes were surprised and their right wing destroyed by an unexpected and crushing attack ; and had the British ships, as Nelson had hoped, been able to engage more closely, the struggle could not probably have lasted long. How Parker in the very heat of the action made, with great weakness, the signal of recall, and how Nelson refused to see it, is sufficiently known to every reader ; enough to say that had the summons been obeyed, Copenhagen could not have been a British victory, nay, might have been a British disaster. No less admirable was Nelson's presence of mind in making a suspension of arms at the right moment, and in drawing his disabled ships out of danger ; and his diplomatic skill was conspicuously seen afterward in his negotiations with the Crown Prince of Denmark. His personality has seldom made itself more distinctly felt than in this remarkable

passage of arms : had Nelson not directed the attack, Parker, in his place, would have certainly failed ; and had Nelson been in supreme command, he would not only have overpowered the Danes, but have annihilated the Russian fleet at Rével.

Nelson was made a Viscount for Copenhagen, but he felt indignant that a national reward was not bestowed on the fleet for its services, for reasons that can be hardly justified. The cannon of England and the death of Paul dissolved the formidable League of the North ; but France had emerged from the trials of 1799 ; Napoleon was her all-powerful ruler, Marengo and Hohenlinden had won Lunéville, and the State that before Zürich seemed about to perish had become again supreme on the Continent. Things were tending to a European Peace, yet the Power of the Land, before the contest closed, was once more to feel the might of the Power of the Sea. Napoleon left nothing undone to save Egypt and to withdraw his army from its shores intact, but in these efforts he altogether failed, though Nelson had no share in the result. In his reiterated attempts to effect his purpose, the First Consul, with characteristic skill, made a demonstration at a descent on our shores in order to mask his principal design, and Nelson was given a command in the Channel and was called upon to provide for the defence of England. He was beaten off in an attack on the French vessels at Boulogne, the second of the only reverses he met, but the most interesting passages of his conduct in these months—Captain Mahan has dwelt on them in detail—were the projects he formed to resist invasion from France. Like all great seamen, he thought that our best line of defence was at the verge of the enemy's ports, where his fleets could be attacked and defeated ; but he believed a descent was not impossible ; he insisted that we should have a second line of defence in a flotilla, seconded by a force on the land ; he did not accept the perilous and false notion that our fleets would secure absolute protection for our coasts. The plans, however, of attack he ascribed to Napoleon are unworthy of that great master of war. Napoleon

never dreamed of invading England with 40,000 men, separated at wide distances; indeed, in 1800-1 he did not contemplate invading England at all.

The Peace of Amiens was only a truce: the Powers of the Land and of the Sea came again in conflict; France and England rushed to arms in a death struggle. These momentous years were marked by the determined efforts of Napoleon to invade and to subdue England, by the failure of his profound designs, and by the great campaign and fight of Trafalgar, in which Nelson, who had become "the embodiment of the Sea Power of England," closed his splendid career by an immortal victory, which has ever since left his country supreme on the ocean. Captain Mahan's description of these memorable events is certainly the most striking part of his work; the capacity and the powers of Nelson have never before been placed in such full relief. The great seaman was, in fact, the real adversary of the great master of war. Nelson did not fathom the designs of Napoleon, but he frustrated them by his resource and energy; he was very probably the main cause that the descent was not made—no other British admiral could have conducted Trafalgar as he did, or have achieved so complete a triumph.

Captain Mahan has given us an impressive and elaborate account of the operations and the views of Nelson, in his long and arduous cruise in the Mediterranean before the final escape of the French fleet from Toulon. Nelson was for the first time in supreme command, and never was supreme command more completely justified. His system of blockade, as is well known, was not that of Jervis; he sought to lure the enemy out to fight; but he placed his fleet in positions in which it was difficult in the extreme for a hostile squadron to elude his attack, taking care, however, always to secure every point of vantage. His ships were very far from perfect; but he continued to keep them for long months at sea, in thorough efficiency, by his wise precautions. He was most careful to provide for the wants of his crews, and to keep them in a state of good health and training; and it is scarcely necessary to add that he in-

spired officers and men with his indefatigable and heroic spirit, and mastered their hearts by his extraordinary influence as a chief. The organizing powers of Nelson and his genius as a ruler of men are placed in these volumes in the clearest light; how they contributed to the final issue of events is sufficiently plain; and Captain Mahan has also admirably explained the diplomacy of the great Admiral at this juncture, especially his judicious attitude toward Naples and Spain, which hitherto has been scarcely noticed. As for the ideas of Nelson respecting the war as a whole, he thought, we have seen, that a descent on our shores was possible, but he did not believe that it was at all probable; and, misled perhaps by Napoleon's profound craft in placing an armed force in the south of Italy, he inclined to the conclusion that the Emperor's great aim was the East. But, if he was in error in this respect, Nelson, as Captain Mahan has well pointed out, did contemplate the possibility of an attack on Ireland and even on the West Indies, and had made preparations to cope with them. And it must be borne in mind that our mighty enemy had gained the initiative, and the immense advantage of an offensive which concealed his designs. And it should be recollected, as is remarked in these volumes, that when Trafalgar had brought all hopes of invasion to an end, Napoleon directed his attention toward the East—the very project which Nelson attributed to him.

These volumes contain a fine narrative of Nelson's memorable pursuit of the French fleet. Captain Mahan justly shows that had not Villeneuve put back, after his first effort, through stress of weather, he must have fallen into Nelson's hands. This is admitted, indeed, in Villeneuve's diary. The French Admiral escaped in his second effort; but had Nelson been better served by his look-out ships he probably would have brought his opponent to bay. When he was disappointed in this, he took a position, with admirable resource and judgment, which gave him the power of following the Frenchman east or west when the direction of the enemy had been ascertained. Nel-

son was retarded for weeks by adverse winds when it was known that his quarry was in the Atlantic; but his chase of Villeneuve to the West Indies was a grand specimen of daring and most prompt action. Captain Mahan has clearly explained the mode of attack by which Nelson hoped to defeat the allies. He intended to close in the head of their line, turning British seamanship and power of fighting, as at the Nile, to the best advantage. The odds against him were probably not very great, though he had but ten to eighteen sail of the line, so inferior were the French and Spanish fleets; but he had properly resolved to give battle whatever the risk. He felt the importance of crippling his immediate enemy; and no commander has ever better understood how necessary it may be, in the chess-board of war, to sacrifice a knight to take the queen, to lose even many ships to gain a paramount object—the very opposite in this of his weak antagonist. Had Nelson not been led astray into the Gulf of Paria he would certainly have so injured Villeneuve's fleet that it could not have crossed the Atlantic in force; and if so Napoleon's project would have failed, even though Ganteaume had escaped from Brest and made good his way to Martinique. And had Calder acted as Nelson's purpose was, and attacked Villeneuve boldly and with effect, the French Admiral would not have reached Ferrol, and Napoleon's combination would have been again frustrated. Nelson was, in fact, unfortunate in the first phase of the campaign; and, apart from the calms which helped Cornwallis, in keeping Ganteaume locked up at Brest, Napoleon was given, perhaps, more chances than he had a right to expect.

The presence of Nelson in the West Indies terrified Villeneuve, and made him return toward Europe. The French Admiral, as Captain Mahan has well pointed out, ought not to have gone as far south as the Azores; but this had little to do with the ultimate issue. Nelson pursued his enemy across the Atlantic again; he had not penetrated Napoleon's design, and he made for the Straits in the first instance; but with characteristic fore-

thought he despatched the *Curieux* to inform the Admiralty of the approach of the hostile armament, and thus may have prevented the descent. Barham had just time to detach Calder to intercept Villeneuve. Had Calder been a really capable man he would certainly have so crippled the allies that Villeneuve would have put into Cadiz, and the invasion would have again been frustrated. Calder's attack, however, was tentative and weak. Villeneuve was enabled to make good his way to Ferrol; and, in the events that ensued, he was given a chance, chiefly owing to a mistake of Cornwallis, of joining hands with his colleague at Brest and of entering the Channel in formidable strength. But Nelson here interposed once more. Having touched at Gibraltar, he had sailed at once northward, and had left the mass of his fleet with Cornwallis; and he then returned to England after a most arduous service, and one of the most memorable of pursuits at sea. His rapid advance toward Brest was one main reason that Villeneuve avoided Ganteaume and fled into Cadiz. The phantom of Nelson stood in his path; and the memory of the Nile prepared the way for Trafalgar. Owing to a series of accidents, Nelson had not reached Villeneuve; but the great warrior had paralyzed his irresolute foe, and Napoleon's schemes were scattered to the wind.

The last scenes of the great contest are well known. Captain Mahan's narrative is complete and brilliant. The instinct of England felt that Nelson was her great champion; scandals and misconduct were swept out of sight; the hero was soon in harness again, an Achilles of the deep to strike the decisive stroke. The acclamations that greeted him at Cadiz foretold his triumph; the "Nelson touch" inspired his officers and men to enthusiastic daring. Captain Mahan has described much better than any other writer the modes of attack conceived by Nelson; they were marked by characteristic forethought and skill. Curiously enough, Villeneuve guessed what they would be beforehand. Nelson's purpose was again to turn to the best account the fine seamanship and offen-

sive power of his fleet ; he abandoned the notion of an attack in a prolonged single line ; he resolved to cut off the rear of his adversary with a superior force, and then to complete the victory by an onslaught in successive lines. The accident of the weather, however, did not permit him to carry out this plan : he bore down in double column on the extended line of the allies, an inspiration of genius as affairs stood, rash as it would have been against a better fleet, and reluctantly admired by Villeneuve in despair. It is unnecessary to relate the events of Trafalgar : the battle was won by the leading British ships ; it ended in the annihilation of the French and Spanish fleets ; but the complete result was due to Nelson's tactics. The death of the great warrior in the hour of victory was rightly mourned as a national loss ; but Nelson's work had been done when he passed away : he had secured for England the supremacy at sea which she has since held unchallenged, and which may stand in history as his true epitaph. Strange was the riddle of humanity upon the closing scene, strange the mystery presented by our complex nature ! Nelson's last thought before he went forth to battle was a prayer to God and for Emma Hamilton.

Owing to considerations I have briefly noticed, Captain Mahan has, perhaps, given Nelson a higher place as a warrior than sober history assigns to him ; this is a biographer's venial error. Nor has Captain Mahan summed up in a few pages his final estimate of what Nelson was ; he has allowed a reader to gather it from his volumes. That estimate, however, is essentially just, and is far more complete than that of any other critic. Nelson was not a naval strategist of the first order ; he was rather the Suvoroff than the Bonaparte of the seas, as De La Gravière has happily remarked. But he was unrivalled in the conduct of battles at sea ; as a naval tactician he has no equal ; he directed naval war with an

energy and a clear insight which have placed him far above all other seamen. It is unnecessary to dwell on his heroic qualities, on the magic of his influence in command, on the ascendancy he acquired over his officers and their men : these are the commonplaces of a host of writers. It is the special excellence of Captain Mahan's work that he has brought out and placed in proper relief characteristics of Nelson hitherto not much regarded, yet that must be understood in forming a judgment on the man. Nelson in war had the inspiration of genius, but with him genius was always seconded by forethought, preparation, and careful attention to details. Nelson, too, was apparently daring in the extreme, but his daring was ever controlled by judgment ; he calculated chances with almost unerring skill ; if over and over again he ran great risks, no one knew better what risk could be safely run, or took better precautions against unnecessary risks. And Nelson understood better than any seaman of his time how essential it is to make sacrifices in order to attain a great object ; this was seen repeatedly in his career, and it is a gift of a very high order. Nelson's intellect, too, was more commanding and far-reaching than has been commonly supposed ; intense as were his prejudices, he had a great deal of the capacity of a diplomatist, even of a statesman. Of his services to England it is superfluous to speak : he was the master spirit of her triumphs at sea ; but for him she would not have gained the ascendancy on the ocean which she has held since Trafalgar. In these volumes we possess at last a brilliant, attractive, and, above all, a complete biography of the foremost of our naval warriors. Southey's sketch of Nelson is admirable of its kind ; Professor Laughton is a good commentator ; De La Gravière has written an excellent book ; but Captain Mahan has easily surpassed them all. Eclipse is first and the rest nowhere.—*Fortnightly Review*.

THE CARTHUSIANS.

THE exact connection between a white-robed monk, a bluish-gray cat and a liqueur which is made of various colors but is never blue or gray, is not obvious. But, as any one who consults a French dictionary may see, the word "Chartreux" or its feminine has the three significations. When we recall to mind that, little though it might have been expected, the monks of La Grande Chartreuse are the makers of the liqueur which bears their name, half the difficulty vanishes. But Londoners whose rest has been disturbed by the cries of the vagrants of the night will be slow to recognize any point of resemblance between them and reverend ascetics self-devoted to solitary silence.

A stern life of abstinence and industry is practised by the Carthusian fathers at La Grande Chartreuse, the headquarters of their order, a few miles from Grenoble. There a visitor can see them living to-day under rules which have scarcely varied in the seven centuries since St. Bruno left the world for the desert and founded the Carthusians. Alone among the great orders they have never needed to be reformed. "*Cartusia nunquam reformata quia nunquam deformata*" is an adage of which they are justly proud. The Carthusian order did good work in the middle ages in transcribing manuscripts and accumulating libraries; the fathers early acquired fame as horticulturists; later they began to apply their increasing funds to artistic and architectural works; Italy is indebted to them for the Certosa at Pavia and the great cloister on the site of Diocletian's baths at Rome; and they gave England the builder of our first Gothic cathedral. Prior Houghton of the London Charterhouse and a number of his monks in the early days of the Reformation faced torture in Newgate and death at Tyburn, for refusing assent to the king's supremacy in the Church, with a quiet courage worthy of Havellock, whose memory is one of the glories of the Charterhouse School.

Solitude, for good or for evil, is the Carthusians' rule. Prior Houghton

himself was twelve years in the Charterhouse without entering the city walls. The solitary life of the fathers is alleged in explanation of the fact that in spite of their exalted virtues canonization has rarely been granted to a Carthusian. An official apologist says that it can only be bestowed on those who have shown in addition to moral worth the power of working miracles, and that Carthusians do not work miracles, because the effect of their doing so would be to attract crowds round them and destroy the solitude of their life; in fact that, in one instance when a Carthusian after his death began to work miracles at his tomb, such crowds collected that the prior had to interfere and to appeal to the departed monk to cease from exercising his supernatural power. But our St. Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, is a canonized saint, and prior Houghton, though not canonized, has been officially declared "Blessed."

St. Bruno, the founder of the order, was a canon and distinguished teacher of theology at Reims. He was disgusted by the scandalous behavior of Manasses, the archbishop of the city, who had obtained his office by open simony. Bruno, with two other canons, accused him before a council at Autun. The archbishop retaliated by breaking into the canons' houses, pillaging their goods and chattels, and selling their prebends. They fled from the city. Bruno, weary of the world and its strife, began to think seriously of retiring into seclusion, and when, soon after, Manasses was deposed, he refused to succeed him as archbishop. His inclination to a life of retirement had been strongly stimulated, so runs tradition, by a startling occurrence which he witnessed in Paris earlier in life. He was present as friend and mourner at the funeral of Raymond, a theologian who had lived and died with a high reputation for sanctity. When in the course of the office for the dead the words from Job were recited, "How many are mine iniquities and sins!" the body of Raymond raised itself in the coffin, and, to the horror

of the onlookers, the dead man exclaimed, "I am accused by the just judgment of God." The ceremony was suspended, and, after an interval, the voice of Raymond was heard to say, "I am being tried before the judgment-seat of God." Again the ceremony was stopped, and, after a second interval, the bystanders heard the last and most terrible utterance of Raymond, "I am condemned by the judgment of God," as he fell back in his coffin to speak no more.

Resolute against accepting the archbishopric, Bruno, with a few companions, went southward into Dauphiné to seek advice and aid from his former pupil, Hugh, Bishop of Grenoble. The bishop was able to give most useful assistance. Among his domains he had a great tract of forest in the block of mountains (or *massif*, as it is most expressively called in French), which stands northeast of Grenoble, and rises sharply above the surrounding valleys. The woods were thick and pathless, the soil was sterile, the climate was inhospitable, and the spot was remote from human habitation. Here the bishop offered Bruno and his companions a chance of living away from the world. They gladly accepted the offer. Gloomy as the description of the spot is, it does not seem so uninviting as the site selected for the London Charterhouse. The founders of the latter, determined that living in it should be a true penance, chose a cemetery where a few years before 50,000 victims of the Black Death had been interred, and over their remains the monastery and the public school successively flourished. St. Bruno, with six companions, left Grenoble for their desert home in 1084 or a little later, and built for themselves cabins of pine branches high up in the mountains, and there devoted themselves to prayer and meditation. They were called Carthusians from Chartreuse or Chatrousse, the name of the district. A few years later the bishop sent them some workmen to build stone cells, but these were soon overwhelmed by an avalanche, and the fathers removed to a new building where the monastery now stands.

One of the greatest enemies of the

Carthusians has been fire. Their monastery has been burned eight times, and, though one fire was the work of fanatical Calvinists, an insurance company would think that they had more than their due share of accidents. The last fire was in 1676, and it was followed by the erection of the present building, which embodies a few older fragments. At the Revolution the monastery and its lands were seized by the State, the monks were ejected, and had to seek refuge outside France. Such furniture and movable property as they had were sold; their books and manuscripts were given to the public library at Grenoble. Fortunately no one was disposed to buy the monastery, and it remained ready for the community when they were allowed to return at the Restoration. The State retains possession of the forests and lands which formerly belonged to the order, and the fathers pay rent for the privilege of living in the house which their predecessors built, and feeding their cattle on the pastures which the early Carthusians reclaimed from the forest.

Among the treasures which the monastery lost at the Revolution was the book for visitors' names. In it was inscribed an *Alcaic ode* by Thomas Gray. The poet delicately hints that he should like to become an inmate of the house; but he must have forgotten its unfortunate liability to fire, for he had a special dread of accidents of this sort. His weakness was well known at Peterhouse, the college at Cambridge where he was living some twenty years after he wrote his *Alcaics*. It became known that he had ordered a rope ladder from Wapping; this was furnished with hooks for fastening it to an iron bar, which can still be seen crossing a window in one of the rooms which he occupied. Some younger members of the college saw the opening for a practical joke. They placed a tub of water under Gray's window one night and raised the cry of "Fire!" The rope-ladder was promptly hooked on to the bar, and the poet, descending in his nightgown as fast as terror would allow, soon found himself standing in the tub of water at the bottom. The Peterhouse authorities did not deal with the offenders as sternly as Gray

desired, and he consequently left the college.

The monastery can easily be reached from Aix or Chambéry. It was from Aix that our Queen visited La Grande Chartreuse in 1887, travelling by train to St. Béron, and then driving through St. Laurent du Pont to the monastery. The rules of the order will not allow a woman to enter the convent walls; indeed, formerly she might not even pass the gates far down the mountain side, for "the Desert," the tract of land, forest and pasture, held by the fathers, was entirely closed against the whole sex. More than seven centuries and a half ago, when the rules of the Carthusian order were first committed to writing under prior Guigues, it was enacted that no woman must ever come within their boundary. Divers instances from Old Testament history were cited to prove that association with women always kindles mischief, just as "a man cannot put fire in his bosom without finding his clothes in flames, or walk on red-hot coals without burning the soles of his feet." Nevertheless, when Her Majesty expressed a wish to visit La Grande Chartreuse, permission was courteously given. The prohibition is said not to affect crowned heads. Perhaps prior Guigues had a premonition that, centuries after his death, an Empress of the French and a Queen of England might wish to pay his house a visit, and providently made a suitable exception to the rule; or perhaps the prior in 1887, applying a principle well known to lawyers, held that his statutes do not bind sovereigns unless they are expressly mentioned. At all events, the Father Superior saw his way to allowing Queen Victoria the privilege of visiting the house which the Empress Eugénie alone of her sex had previously entered. He himself escorted Her Majesty through the buildings, and the Queen afterward visited the infirmary, a building formerly used as the convent hospital, but of late years tenanted by some Sisters, who entertain lady visitors while their male companions are in the monastery. One of the walls is now adorned by a portrait of the Queen, which Her Majesty sent to the Sisters as a souvenir, and they take a pride in describing the

Queen's visit to any "petite dame anglaise" who reveals her nationality.

From Grenoble a visitor can reach the convent by one route and return by another, both being well worth seeing. He can travel by railway as far as St. Laurent du Pont, and will there find *chairs-à-bancs* waiting in the tiny town where ten years ago the civic guard turned out in honor of the Queen, the band played the English National Anthem, the firemen fired a royal salute, and one of the youngest *citoyennes* presented Her Majesty with a bouquet of roses. A fine carriage road runs to the monastery, past the buildings where the famous liqueurs are made by the monks, or under their superintendence, just outside the old gate which used to exclude female disturbers of the peace. Forty years ago this carriage road replaced a difficult and dangerous track, by which the monks used to bring down their pine trunks slung between mules, and up which travellers to the monastery had to toil on horseback. The ravine through which the road leads is beautifully enclosed by walls of rock thickly covered with fir and beech, and a torrent dashes hundreds of feet below. The beauty of this gorge and the scenery around the monastery are associated with the name of Gray, who rode up it for the first time in 1739. He was then a young man of twenty-two, making the grand tour in the company of Horace Walpole. We have two letters of Gray's describing what he saw in terms of warm admiration. It was a complete novelty for the traveller to find mountain scenery attractive. Evelyn thought the Alps "strange, horrid, and fearful crags and tracts." Indeed, Gray's latest biographer thinks that he is justified in saying that it was on the occasion of the poet's ride to the Chartreuse that the picturesqueness of Alpine scenery was discovered. Gray had already given some indications of his taste for scenery. Two or three years before, when stopping at Burnham in the "Elegy" country, he had playfully described his enjoyment of the "mountains" and "precipices" in the wood of Burnham Beeches. But he was only half converted. When he crossed the Alps a few days after his visit to the

Chartreuse, his verdict on Mont Cenis was that it abuses the privilege which mountains have of being ugly. Though we may not agree with the judgment, the phrase, when applied to a mountain, is less severe than the epigram cited by Madame de Sevigné on which it is founded, and which referred to a man's privilege and a particular gentleman's abuse of it. Gray made another visit to the convent on his return from Italy, and then wrote his *Alcaic* ode in the visitors' book which perished in the days of the Revolution at the hands of a mob from Grenoble.

On approaching the monastery the ladies are left at the infirmary, some two hundred yards from the door through which the male visitors enter the Chartreuse. The monastery, when reached, is found not to be of great interest architecturally, though it is very extensive, for the outer walls enclose twelve acres; still the high-pitched slate roofs and ten towers are not ineffective. After crossing a large court the visitor mounts a broad flight of steps leading to the main building, and finds himself in the entrance hall. Out of this open four great rooms, the halls of France, Burgundy, Germany, and Italy. In former times, whenever the priors of the other Carthusian houses were summoned to attend a Grand Chapter at the principal seat of the order, the reverend visitors from the same country were lodged together in the appropriate hall. Now the halls are devoted to the entertainment of every-day guests, but ecclesiastics are served apart from lay visitors in a different room. The visitor who arrives about midday finds the table spread for his entertainment. The fathers only offer such fare as they may themselves partake of, and meat is forbidden them even in mortal illness. However they allow their guests a greater variety of dishes than their own daily portion consists of, and do not require him to drown his wine, as they themselves do, in many times its own volume of water. Soup, fish, omelette, vegetables, salad, bread, butter and cheese, fruits and wine, are placed on the table, and a glass of Chartreuse is offered to each visitor before starting on the tour of the monastery.

From the entrance hall runs a long corridor, over which is a gallery on the first floor, and, with the exception of the cells of the ordinary monks, all the principal rooms and parts of the monastery are entered from the corridor or the gallery. On one side of the corridor are the cells used by the officers, the vicar, the procureur, the coadjuteur and others, and the refectory, the kitchen and the chapel are opposite. At the end are the library and the rooms of the Father Superior, head of the house and general of the order. Though the chapel is on the ground floor, the visitor sees it from above, and he is only allowed to enter a gallery which runs across the end. The chapel is simple. It suffered at the time of the Revolution, when its marble altar was removed to the cathedral at Grenoble. The nave is divided into two parts by a screen halfway between the gallery and the altar. The fathers kneel on the side of the screen nearer the altar, and the places for the lay brothers and servants are on the other side of the screen and nearer the gallery. In the upper corridor we find the rooms in which the visitors are lodged if they wish to stay a night or two and have an opportunity of taking part in matins from the church gallery, and of climbing to the top of the Grand Som, the highest point of the "massif" of the Grande Chartreuse. A visitors' room is about fifteen feet by ten and of considerable height, with a red-brick floor and a pinewood ceiling, and is furnished with a deal table, a basin, a pitcher of water, a mug, a towel, a chair, a bedstead with sheets, blankets and counterpane, a prie-dieu and a couple of shelves. The stranger who occupies one of these rooms will be roused between eleven and twelve by the bell for matins, which begin at midnight and last till 2 A.M. No musical instruments are used by the order, and, as slow chanting is fatiguing, it is a point of honor to sing as slowly as possible. It is recorded by Dom Hendriks, a monk of the existing Carthusian monastery at St. Hugh's in Sussex, that prior Houghton, the intrepid opponent of Henry VIII., insisted on very slow singing in his London priory, and admonished his monks so effec-

tually that the night office sometimes lasted from midnight till half-past three. A single fixed lamp is to be seen in the church of the Grande Chartreuse at matins, but each father brings a lantern, and together they render darkness visible. A curious feature of the service is the frequent prostration of the worshippers, who, throwing themselves on the ground in profound meditation, with their heads resting on their hands and their eyes closed, shut themselves out more completely than ever from the world.

The chapter house is entered from the gallery on the upper floor. Here the Grand Chapter deliberates when the general of the order summons the priors of subordinate houses. The buildings contain portraits of the generals from the foundation of the order, and a series of copies of Le Sueur's pictures of scenes from the life of St. Bruno. Le Sueur, the "French Raphael," flourished in Paris in the first half of the seventeenth century, and was something more than a painter, for he also performed the duties of controller of the dues at the gate of Oursine. One day he had an altercation with a gentleman over the amount of duty payable by the latter, and in order to settle their differences, he consented to meet him in a duel on equal terms, and mortally wounded him—an unusual instance of condescension to a taxpayer on the part of a tax collector. The duel was fought outside the walls of the Paris Chartreuse. Le Sueur after the duel took refuge in the monastery, while his friends were employed in pacifying the dead man's family. Out of gratitude to his hosts, Le Sueur spent part of his time during his stay within their walls in decorating the cloisters with scenes from the life of their founder. The Paris Chartreuse is now no more, and the gardens of the Luxembourg occupy most of the site. Le Sueur's paintings are in the Louvre, and the mother monastery has copies in the chapter house. Among the scenes depicted is that of the funeral of Raymond, so that, though the story of his momentary revival is admitted to be legendary, it ought not to be passed over in silence. Among the other art treasures of the convent is a

series of views of affiliated houses, the Chartreuses past and present of France and other countries. Those representing the London Chartreuse perished in 1676, or in one of the earlier fires, and as the English house had been dissolved, they have not been replaced. The fathers, however, have some very realistic paintings on wood of the last moments of prior Houghton and the London Carthusians who were drawn, hanged and quartered for refusing to assent to the Act of Supremacy in 1535, and of the ghastly incidents which preceded the suspension of part of the prior's body over the gate of the monastery opening into Charterhouse Square.

The great cloister of the Chartreuse is probably unrivalled in extent. Each of the two longer and parallel walks is about seven hundred and forty feet in length. The dwellings of the monks open out of this cloister. They are called "cellules" in French, but do not correspond to our notion of cells. Each is a little dwelling. Every monk has on the upper floor an ante-chamber, a sitting-room, and a bed-chamber, all of course small, with a workshop underneath, and each dwelling has its own little garden jealously walled in. Every forenoon an attendant brings from the kitchen the monk's daily portion of food, and silently passes it through an opening in the outer door of the little dwelling. The inmate eats his dinner in his cell, and puts aside what remains for a second meal later in the day. Bread, butter, cheese, milk, eggs, vegetables or fish, and diluted wine form the fathers' usual fare, but in Lent and Advent they are restricted to vegetables.

The fathers, the monks who have taken full vows, do not in ordinary circumstances leave their cells except for the purpose of attending the services in church. After arising to attend matins, they return to their beds about 2 A.M. for a few hours, and then they rise to spend the day in prayer, meditation and work in their studies and workrooms, with intervals for the services in church, their simple meals, their household duties and the cultivation of their gardens. The latter gives

them a little physical exercise in the open air. Once a week they have a walk outside the convent walls, but they do not pass the limits of the Desert. On Sundays they dine together in the refectory, but in silence. They are, however, allowed to speak to one another in the afternoons of Sundays, on some feast days, and during their weekly walks.

The fathers' heads are completely shaved; the tonsure is complete, and not partial as in other orders. "Their spare diet, their rigorous seclusion and their habits of labor," says Mrs. Jameson, "give them an emaciated look, a pale quietude, in which, however, there is no feebleness, no appearance of ill-health or squalor: I never saw a Carthusian monk who did not look like a gentleman." They wear no linen. Their dress is a tunic with sleeves, over which is a large white garment, with a hood covering the head or hanging down the back at pleasure. This outer garment consists of two pieces, back and front, which meet over the shoulders, and are only joined by a band somewhat below the waist. This costume is said to be that of the peasants in Dauphiné and the adjacent provinces in the time of St. Bruno, and to have been imposed on the order as a mark of poverty and humility. On the rare occasions when they travel the monks wear hats and capes.

At the Grande Chartreuse there is a considerable body of brothers, laymen with more liberty of speech than the fathers, and useful for the outdoor labors and concerns of the monastery.

The exact composition of the famous liqueur which bears the name of the monastery is, of course, a secret; the monopoly is a very valuable one, and its fruits enable the fathers to be free-handed in their charity. The secret is said to be confided to five fathers at a time. The manufactory is situated just outside the Desert, and a large number of servants is employed there. If any of the fathers take an active part in the manufacture, a dispensation from the obligation of silence and remaining within the limits of the Desert would seem to be necessary. All such rules must have exceptions; the procureur or bursar, who superintends

the external affairs of the house, must be allowed to talk to the persons who come to see him on business, and the coadjuteur, who conducts visitors over the monastery, and who justifies Mrs. Jameson's praise of the personal bearing of Carthusians, is of course no dumb cicerone. The liqueur for general consumers is made of three kinds; the green, the strongest, is served to guests in the convent; the yellow is offered to the ladies who are entertained by the sisters in the infirmary; the third is white and the weakest. Young pine shoots and aromatic herbs of the Desert, mountain pinks, wormwood and mint, are among the ingredients. The fathers also make a medicinal variety of the liqueur, the elixir, and have the recipe for a mineral compound, called *boule d'acier*, which is sold at Grenoble and elsewhere, as a specific for cuts and sprains and bruises. They also compound a cordial which preserves teeth from decaying, prevents them from aching if they have decayed, and chases away the pain if they do ache.

When the visitor has finished the round of the monastery and made a provision for future conviviality by a purchase of liqueur, and, if his faith is strong, secured himself against the possibility of toothache and evil effects from sprains and contusions by a supply of the appropriate antidotes, his *char-à-bancs* can take him back to Grenoble by a fresh road with some noble views. If he catches his vehicle he will reach the city of the Dauphins in time for dinner; but Grenoble drivers are impatient, and have been known to start on the return journey from the convent before the appointed time. The Englishman who is inclined to spend part of the homeward drive in moralizing on what he has seen will probably think that, admirable as are the fathers and their works, their resolution and self-denial and manifold good qualities would be more productive in the world than out of it. As to personal holiness, Dr. Johnson, who qualified himself by a visit to the Paris Chartreuse, says, "It is as unreasonable for a man to go into a Carthusian convent for fear of being immoral as for a man to cut off his hands for fear

he should steal. There is, indeed, great resolution in the immediate act of dismembering himself, but when that is done he has no longer any merit; for though it is out of his power to steal yet he may all his life be a thief in his heart." The Doctor had a great desire to see the headquarters near Grenoble, and a "longing wish to leave some Latin verses" there, beside which Gray's would doubtless have paled into insignificance. He would, it is to be hoped, have found points on which he could honestly compliment the order. Some of the austerities of their life might have commended themselves to Johnson, who had "no passion for clean linen," but it would have been difficult for him to conform to the rule of silence. Admirers of Matthew Arnold need not be reminded of the ode in which the visit made by him to the Grande Chartreuse is recorded.

The Carthusians have sent forth from their great monastery one monk who played a considerable part in the history of the England of his day—St. Hugh of Avalon, Bishop of Lincoln. In early life he entered a priory at Villarbenoit, but soon showed an inclination to embrace the stricter rule of the Carthusians. The prior of Villarbenoit vehemently opposed his wish, and induced him to swear that he would abandon it. Hugh, notwithstanding his oath, soon found an opportunity of escaping from the prior's hands, and was received at La Grande Chartreuse. Here he lived an exemplary life, though one irregularity in his conduct is related. "The birds and wood-mice commonly called squirrels," said Giraldus Cambrensis, "were so effectually tamed by him that they used to come out of the woods at supper-time and share his meals in his cell and even eat out of his dish or hand." But this was more than the prior could allow, and he prohibited the young monk's intimacy with the squirrels. Hugh fasted with such severity as to injure his health; his doctor in later days ascribed his corpulence to his early austerity! In due time he became procureur of the Grande Chartreuse, and was holding the office when he was invited by Henry the Second to become

head of the Carthusian Priory at Witham, in Somersetshire, which was one of the houses which Henry founded after his penance for the death of Becket. Hugh came over to England, and remained at Witham as prior of the first English Carthusian monastery until he became Bishop of Lincoln. Later in life he found relaxation from the duties of his high office and the ceremonies of Court in occasionally returning to retirement in the cells of Witham. There the bishop would throw off the garment he usually wore, and put on a sheepskin dress resembling that of the monks, and try to fancy himself a Carthusian once more. He would live on the same fare as the monks, or even simpler; sometimes, in fact, he refused the weekly loaf, and, by permission of the prior, contented himself with the scraps which had been collected from the fathers' cells. On the other hand, when he rose in the morning he transgressed the strict rule observed by some of the monks and washed his hands, though he refused to use a towel for drying them. In conducting the business of his see and the performance of his episcopal duties he knew no fear, and the conflicts of Church and State brought him into frequent antagonism to three successive monarchs, Henry II., Richard I., and John. After St. Hugh had been Bishop of Lincoln thirteen or fourteen years he found an opportunity, during a journey made to France by command of the king, to revisit Dauphiné and his old monastery. He was welcomed by the monks, into whose mode of life he fell once more, living in one of their cells and submitting to the ordinary discipline of the house. The fame of the future saint had preceded him. Bishops, priests and laymen from all sides flocked to the monastery to see the distinguished visitor. It is pleasant to read that those whom he welcomed most heartily were the poor inhabitants of the neighboring villages, who remembered his kindness as procurator and almoner of the brotherhood, who, then as now, practised an active charity.

The good bishop was taken ill on his way home, and died soon after reaching London at his palace in Holborn,

the Old Temple, the home of the Templars until they removed to the spot which now bears their name. He was buried with great pomp at Lincoln in his cathedral, and a magnificent tomb was raised over his body—a striking contrast to the simple funeral and grave which awaited him if he had died a monk in his old convent. There the fathers are buried in the great cloister, and not even a stone marks their last resting-place.

Though his shrine has perished the

whole cathedral remains a memorial of St. Hugh, for he inspired and superintended its construction, and even worked in person as a stone-mason's laborer to encourage his assistants. Apart from the great beauty of Lincoln Cathedral, its value is unique in the eyes of our patriotic antiquaries, for they consider that, in this work of the monk from the Grande Chartreuse, England has the glory of possessing the earliest building in the perfected Gothic style.—*Temple Bar.*

OUTDOOR LIFE IN HOLLAND.

BY C. J. CORNISH.

THE town life of Holland is so highly organized and so picturesque that visitors, travelling by short stages from one quaint and populous city to another, through mazes of artificial dykes and canals, may well doubt if there is any wild outdoor life worth seeing in the country. It is a natural inference that the elaborate perfection of "Dutch interiors" whether in real mansions, or farm-houses, or on the canvas of Dutch painters, has been reached at the expense of the natural beauties which ought to surround them, and that in bridling the sea, and barring out the great rivers from their land, and keeping down the inland waters, the people have also banished most of the uncovenanted grace of natural scenery.

This view is only true in part. There are districts of Holland which are as wild as the sand-hills of Morayshire; others, though in the artificially reclaimed area, are peopled with birds and clothed with plants and flowers all characteristic of the peculiar land in which they grow; and apart from the special interest of the Dutch farming, flower raising, and canals, there is enough genuine wild country to delight the sportsman and naturalist. Any one residing in Holland for a time soon discovers that the Dutch themselves are well aware that this is the case, and that in their own way they appreciate wild Holland as we do wild England.

The country house, and the outdoor life and social enjoyments which we as-

sociate with it, are very dear to the gentlemen of Holland, but although the sentiment which orders the establishment is the same, the house and its management are thoroughly Dutch—not English. We seem for centuries to have had something of the gifts of Orpheus, and called the best trees and the rocks and the running streams up to our doors, while the deer, birds, and fish have followed them. Part of this success is due to the instinct for choosing the right sites for country houses, part to the endeavor, rarely absent, except in the case of some of the great palaces built in the eighteenth century, to adapt the house to its site and surroundings. Hence the delight and novelty of visiting the good houses even in a single county, or a single neighborhood. No two are alike, and each has something fresh to offer in garden, park, stream or woods. In regard to its country houses Holland differs both from England and from France. It is full of fine demesnes, not large in area, but maintained, and managed, as an English proprietor would wish his house to be, entirely with a view to the enjoyment of outdoor life. The country houses are not left in shabby splendor for ten months in the year, while the owner enjoys himself in the capital, as is too often the case where an old family has a *maison de campagne* in France. Many Dutch proprietors own both a fine town house in the Hague, where their arms and escutcheon may be seen

carved on the pediment, and a large country house only a few miles off. But since the court has almost ceased to exist as a social institution, the town house is shut up, and the owner prefers to live on his country property. There, however, he does not often own the broad acres of the English squire. These have usually been divided among his brothers and sisters, if he has any, by the action of the law compelling equal division of property among children. On the other hand what under the new English law of settled estates is called the "mansion house" and demesne remains his property. Most of these houses were built before the Code Napoléon was established in Holland, and were intended for the expenditure of good incomes, and designed with a considerable dignity and sumptuousness. By saving, and often by lucky investments in the Dutch East Indies, the owners of most of these houses are still rich, and can live the life they please without pinching, like many English country gentlemen. We are dealing with the social and not the economic side of outdoor life, but so much must be said to explain the conditions under which the Dutch country house is able to be enjoyed. It is also possible to be somewhat precise in describing the character of these demesnes, because, unlike the English squires, the founders of these houses had no variety of site to select from. They built either close to the sand hills or inland. In either case the site was a dead flat, and the charm of outdoor surroundings had to be created, mainly by planting woods, cutting lakes and canals, encouraging the growth of wild flowers, breeding poultry, creating gardens, and preserving wild-fowl, pheasants, and hares, which swarm in the "polder" meadows. On none of these objects, except perhaps the fowls, does Dutch taste spend the money and time necessary to give that finish and completeness which we understand to be meant when we speak of a house being "well kept up." It is not that the owner cannot afford it, but that he does not think it necessary.

There is an English belief that "Dutch gardening" is something very quaint, formal, and precise. The be-

lief must date from an earlier period of Dutch history. Even those two great adjuncts of garden neatness, the roller and lawn mower, are almost unknown in Holland. The gardeners live under the belief that the way to make a lawn is to cut it as seldom as possible, and never to walk on it. As the subsoil is usually loose peaty sand, the grass is always thin, and the edges ragged. A few tulip-beds and begonias and plenty of flowering shrubs make up the flower-garden, but the contrast of the ponds, canals, and tall woods, with the good brick mansion, makes up for the want of color. The house itself is nearly always built of small, very hard, red-brown bricks, like those used in the Elizabethan houses of England. The windows are tall, and the frames set in flush with the wall—another mark of good sense in building—and the roof is high and steep. Often the front has a handsome pediment, or a stone loggia and flight of steps. In this case there is generally a corresponding formality in the lines of canal or cuttings through the surrounding woods. But in most of these properties the canals wind almost without design among the clearings—they can scarcely be called lawns—and the thick wild coppices abut on both without bank or fence. These woods are the principal charms of the demesne. They surround every house of consequence, and differ from our English woods both in the growth of trees and underwood, and in the lesser vegetation of weeds and flowers. The greater part of the *haut bois* is elm, the *sous bois* mainly hazel, and trees and underwood alike are planted as thickly together as possible. This forces upward growth, and, like most things in Holland, has a definite purpose. The underwood is used almost entirely to make the fascines which form the lowest layer on which the great dykes are built, and experience has shown that it is desirable that these fascines should be as long as possible. They are bought by Government, and shipped by the hundred thousand to those parts of the coast where the dykes are being renewed. The high trees usually stand for about seventy years before being felled. A really fine ancient tree, like those in our parks, is seldom seen, ex-

cept in the great wood at the Hague. The subsoil of the woods is of the lightest kind, mainly black sand, never damp, harboring no mould or mildew or unwholesome rotten vegetation, but warm, dry, and covered with a wonderful growth of wild flowers. Red campion, yellow nettle, dead nettles, and wood-anemones grow to double the size which they commonly reach in England, and sweet-briar seems native to the soil. Soft sandy paths wind in every direction through the woods, and cross and re-cross the canals by nicely made bridges of lattice-work. It is difficult to define the boundaries of garden and wood, and pheasants, rabbits, and wild ducks roam pretty much where they please over beds and borders. These woods form famous playgrounds for the children. In one the writer found a small "clearing" quite surrounded by trees, in which the little boys and girls of the house had made their gardens in the sandy soil, and stuck them full of broken bits of chestnut with the young leaves on.

The Dutch proprietor does not, as a rule, amuse himself with a home farm. If he does, he probably has English relatives—for the connection between the upper classes of Holland and our own has remained unbroken in several of the leading families since the days of William III. But poultry-farming, or rather, the maintenance of a stock of rare or curious Eastern fowls, is a common hobby. These are kept in elaborately ornamented houses and runs, and with golden pheasants, peacocks, and other native birds, make a pretty addition to the live-stock of the house.

Whatever variety taste and tree-planting give to the demesne round the house, the adjacent ground is always the same. There is none of the gradual transition from park to meadow, and meadow to cornfields of an English mansion. The woods are bounded by a canal, or a ditch—a summer-house over the ditch being usually the last piece of "finish" added to the property. Beyond the ditch lie the "polders." These are the grass meadows, artificially drained, which form the normal scenery of the "cow-keeping" provinces of Holland. There they are

differentiated as dry polders and wet polders, but to our own way of thinking they are all wet. There is, however, a real difference, and when the eye becomes used to them the distinction is obvious. In wet polders the lines of water and grass are almost equal, and the vegetation is that of the marsh-side. The grass is coarse, and myriads of king-cups and cuckoo flowers cover the ground. In the bright sun of early summer the alternation of shining lines of water and of bright green and yellow between them is picturesque enough. Down these strips of dry ground the cows graze, two and two, like young ladies at a boarding-school out for a walk. The dry polders are cut for hay. There the lines of water are narrow, and they can be crossed on foot. But the Dutch farmers, good-natured and polite at all times, strongly object to trespass, and resent an excursion through their spring grass, even if it be only a few inches high, as strongly as an English owner would a trespass into a knee-deep hay-field in June. As the cows are kept indoors throughout the winter, the polders then lie perfectly quiet, and are full of wild fowl, not massed in numbers on separate sheets of water, but scattered everywhere up and down the ditches. Nearly half the wild ducks brought to the London market are shot or netted in the Dutch polders, and it is noticed that nearly 90 per cent. of these are mallards. In very hard weather they leave not only the frozen polders but the whole area of Holland, and fly across the North Sea to the coasts of Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk. This is because the Dutch coast offers no food for them, the entire sea-board being one vast stretch of sand.

In spring the coast birds, godwits, redshanks, peewits, and oyster-catchers, migrate to the polders to nest and bring up their young. Their incessant calls and whistles, and restless flight, suggest an idea of wildness and isolation which it is difficult to reconcile with the highly domestic character of the other animals which there cover the meadows; the jacketed herds of cows waiting to be milked in the open, while the barge waits in the dyke to carry the brass milk-can to market, and the

sheep, tethered on the embankments that they may not stray and drink the water below, in which lie the germs of "fluke" and other parasite creatures of the marsh.

Along the whole coast line of North and South Holland the change from this highly artificial area of polder and canal to a region, wild, uninhabited, and left almost entirely to the influence of nature, is as sudden as it is unexpected. When a Dutch gentleman feels the impulse which makes an Englishman rent a Scotch or Yorkshire moor, he hires an estate in the sand dunes. There in spring he can pass hours without seeing a human being, in air as crisp and pure as that of a Norfolk heath, surrounded by vegetation as characteristic and specialized as the *flora* of the Alps, and by a mixed and teeming population of the birds of the shore, the forest, and the moorland, all living and thriving among conditions of soil and climate to which they have adapted their habits much as the shrubs have modified their form and growth to suit this arid tract. Except, perhaps, in the sandhills of the Moray Firth, described by the late Charles St. John, we have nothing quite like the "dunes." They are no ordinary row of sand-mounds by the sea, but a tract of tumultuous ground, often extending for a couple of miles inland, where the visitor is surrounded by a bewildering profusion of broken, conical hills, sometimes rising to a height of 200 feet. The whole scene leaves a sense of confusion on the mind, which has a logical basis. These hills ought, according to the ordinary course of Nature, to be connected in systems, to be intersected by continuous valleys, and to conform to a certain order. That is the unconscious feeling which arises in the mind of any one who has lived among hilly landscape as it is ordinarily made. But here the usual process of the formation of landscape has been reversed. Instead of being carved out by water, the hills have been built up by wind, which night and day from century to century blows in a gray rain of sand-grains from the fringe of the North Sea, a rain which builds in place of destroying. It forms hills and hollows, but neither lines of hills

nor continuous valleys. Sometimes the polders run up to the very edge of the dunes, separated from them by a narrow ditch, on one side of which grow the plants of the marsh, on the other the herbage of the desert. More often a belt of sound meadows with a soil of mixed peat and sand intervenes. Sheep can be fed all the year round on these without danger from fluke. Then the dunes begin, at first in little rolling mounds, and gradually rising into steep hills and hollows. The seaward side undergoes a kind of cultivation. Wherever the sand is blowing, it is planted with little branches of maram grass, or "helm," as it is called in Holland. This is a State work, supervised by a kind of Local Government Board exercising general control over this natural barrier in the interests of the public. It can even compel owners to kill down the rabbits, if their numbers threaten to destroy the cohesion of the surface. But the greater part of the hills is covered by natural vegetation, so beautiful and so adapted to its place that the visitor is kept in a constant state of admiration as he recognizes its place in the general scheme of Nature round. When the sand begins to set among the "helm" it is soon covered by the *dwarfed vegetation* of the dunes. This reduction of plants to almost microscopic size is a common phenomenon of barren or inclement tracts. It is seen in the upper levels of mountains and on the fringe of the "barren lands" of North America. But there climate rather than soil is at fault. In the dunes the climate is perfect, and the soil only is deficient. The plants live on air, not by water, and flourish gayly in a kind of vegetable Lilliput. The first to appear are tiny spots and spores of moss, among and around which is fine grass hardly higher than the pile of plush velvet. Among this are wild pansies and blue violets, so tiny that an elf of the court of Queen Mab might wear them in his button-hole. A little scarlet-leaved creeper, with white blossoms and forget-me-not flowers of the brightest blue, but no larger than a pin's head, also grows thickly in the grass. Bushes dwindle to creeping plants. A dwarf-willow runs over the sand, and blossoms with

masses of green flowers, on which the bees work busily, *walking* from flower to flower on the sand. The birch becomes subterranean, descending on to and below the surface like a strawberry runner and throwing out leaves from the ground. Brambles do the same, and that beautiful bush the buckthorn, with gray leaves, orange flowers, and short thorns, dwindles to the size of rest-harrow. Further on in the dunes, where the hills grow higher and more breezy and the hollows deep and stifling, the vegetation increases in size until it becomes normal. The moss is thick and deep, the grass long and rank, the buckthorn forms thickets, and the willows are large enough to shelter innumerable small land birds. Dense copses of fir and pine cover the inner dunes, and in these the song of the nightingale, the call of the cuckoo, and the crow of the cock pheasant are heard from every side in the spring days. Hundreds of rabbits and big hares are moving in the hills, and pairs of partridges whirr up from the hollows. Peewits, oyster-catchers, and curlew also nest in numbers in the dunes; their presence might be expected there by any naturalist. But the number of singing birds and game birds in this apparently waterless region is quite astonishing. On the writer's first expedition into the dunes he pointed out this anomaly to a friend who had been some years resident in Holland, and remarked that the appearance of birds in this way is described by travellers in the Soudan and Arabian deserts as a sure indication of the presence of water. So it is in the dunes of Holland. When the North Sea canal was cut some English engineers were discussing the need for a good water supply for the Hague. As all the land is flat, except in the big sand-hills, a pure supply seemed an impossibility. A sportsman present, who knew the dunes well, declared that to his knowledge there *was* fresh water in the sand-hills. There were certain spots, he said, where the grass was always green, and where, after rain, hares and birds came to drink. This was found to be the case. The Municipality of the Hague acted on the hint, and cut a deep trench, some two miles

in length and twenty yards wide at the bottom, through the heart of the dunes four miles from the town. This is one of the many surprises awaiting the explorer of the sand-hills. After walking for miles in the waterless dunes he is confronted by this trench, like a deep railway cutting, at the bottom of which lies the long dark line of water, lapping against the timber which lines the lowest levels of the trench, and bordered by masses of burdock, willow-herb, meadow-sweet, and other stream-side plants. In autumn there is capital rough shooting in the dunes, especially in those belonging to the Queen of Holland. Teams of spaniels are the best dogs for use, as the cover is often thick, and the swarms of rabbits lie out in the "helm," buckthorn bushes, and little dwarf-pine copses. The great art of rabbiting in the dunes is to creep carefully to the top of the sand-hill, then run over the crest, and get a snapshot at the rabbits as they disappear on the other side. The partridges lie well in the hollows, and at certain times there are plenty of woodcock, which feed in the wet "polders" at night and lie in the dunes by day. There is another form of sport of a humble kind very dear to the poorer people, who have scraped out little farms of a few acres on the edge of the dunes, and grow crops of vegetables and potatoes on the peat uncovered by their labor. It is the catching of small birds on "vinkie baans." A "baan" is the Dutch name for any flat place, and "vinkies" are, of course, our "finches." In spring not a bird is molested in the country, except those, like the plovers and red-shanks, whose eggs are eaten, but in the autumn migration every small bird which arrives is, if possible, netted or snared. The tens of thousands of hen chaffinches which cross the North Sea are the main harvest of the season, as they are used to garnish dishes of pheasants and other game. The "vinkie baans" are smooth places levelled near the netters' huts. Call birds, birds in cages, and chaffinches tied to strings, surround the clap-nets; and in these from 200 to 300 chaffinches a day are taken, the wholesale price for which is 3s. 4d. a hundred. As the season goes on the number decreases but the price

risers; so the "vinkie baan" is still profitable. Woodcocks are also netted in the rides in the woods. But no one can do this without a license, and such licenses are only issued to landowners. In the absence of running streams the woodcock can find no food in Holland when a frost sets in. Till then they are plentiful through October and November, and even later in a mild season. Fishing does not rank high among the country pursuits of Holland; though as a business, on the coast, it is managed with great skill and profit. The salmon netting in the upper tidal waters of the Scheldt is also practised with great success. But there are no trout; and tench are the main object of the canal fisherman. In April the tench begin to move, and travel in great numbers to different waters from those which they lay in during the winter. Then they are netted, and later in the year, when they are in better condition, are angled for. But the people are habitually too busy to take readily to the contemplative recreation of the "bank angler." What they really enjoy is a fair, skating, or the one distinctly Dutch sport, the Harddriverij. This delightful word (pronounced "hard-drivry") is Dutch for a trotting match. It was from Holland, through the old Dutch settlers of the colony, before new Amsterdam was taken by the fleets of Charles II. and re-named New York, that our American cousins got their taste for trotting horses. All classes, from the nobleman to the farmer, grow excited over the survivals of the chariot race, and their level roads have naturally led to the breeding of horses exactly suited for gig driving at high speed. The breed is indigenous to Friesland, though many are bred in Guelderland. Most of the horses are shaped like a small edition of the English shire horse, short and compact, with very strong quarters and well sloped shoulders. They do not show the quality of the Norfolk or Orloff trotter, as the neck and head are coarser, and they have generally a good deal of hair at the heels; but for pace, over a short course, it is doubtful if either could equal them. The trotting matches are run in heats like coursing matches, except that in each a horse

must win the best out of three courses. At the Hague these races are held in a fine avenue running from the great wood to the "Maalibaan" or parade ground. The course is on pounded cockle-shells, and wide enough for two gigs to race abreast. A score of entries is not uncommon. The horses are owned by men of all degrees, count, baron, or farmer, and the gigs picked out with gold, and the animals decorated with ribbons make a fine show. The pairs go off with a flying start, at the sound of a bugle, and if the two vehicles are not level when they pass the line the bugle sounds again, and they start afresh. The horses are steadied, and as they once more pass the line the driver shakes the reins—for no whip is allowed, and the pair fly down the avenue at top speed, their hind legs tucked under them, and their forefeet coming out like pistons. When the final heats are run the excitement grows intense. Unlike our flat racing, the Harddriverij victory often falls to some comparatively poor owner of a trotter. The count and the farmer shout encouragement as their gigs rush by, and the friends of each are equally demonstrative in their different ways. If the farmer wins the success is celebrated that evening with an enthusiasm which could not be exceeded in Yorkshire. The Dutch are generally considered a phlegmatic race; but they keep an immense reserve of excitement strictly suppressed, and when this finds vent, not even Italians can be wilder. That evening half a dozen well-to-do farmers and their wives may be met dancing arm in arm down the Spui Straat, singing at the top of their voices, the owner of the winner beating time as he dances backward in front of them.

At the end of April or the beginning of May outdoor life in Holland is most enjoyable. The tulip fields still show the flowers of the later sorts, and the bird life is most interesting when the nesting season is beginning. Locomotion is so easy in a country where every road is flat, steam trams and light railways common, and the roads perfect for cycling, that all the varieties of country scenery may be enjoyed without sleeping away from the hotel.—*Contemporary Review.*

A DOUBTFUL ACQUISITION.

BY C. GRANT ROBERTSON.

"In der Liebe ist anders. Du verdienst sie weil du dich nicht darum bewirbst."—GOETHE.

As he sat in the *Pavillon Henri Quatre* waiting for his *déjeuner*, Everard West was wondering why he had come to St. Germain. It could not be the conventional joy of obeying the guide-book; for that does not appeal with exhilarating force to a man who has roamed over three-fourths of the globe: no, it was clear that his chief reason had been the commonplace desire to extinguish one phase of boredom by another. For bored he certainly was, in spite of surroundings worthy of inspiring even a *blasé* traveller. Here was a glorious morning in May, a comfortable seat, and a unique landscape. The trees of the forest in their tenderest green smiled coquettishly from the Terrace down the vine-clad slopes to the glittering Seine basking in lazy loops at their feet; thence over the plain the hot white roads stretched pitilessly under an ultramarine sky, past villages and chateaux, until they were lost in the sullen heights of Montmartre and Mont Valérien—a quivering horizon of battlemented haze only broken by the impudent tracery of the Eiffel Tower. Yet from this scene West turned away wearily, with the blasphemous comment that it would provide a fine artillery-ground. Within the *salle-à-manger* man was commendably vile. Tourists eating or expecting to eat are not fascinating, even when they include a French party whose *père de famille* was naïvely conscious of his red button, a couple of English parsons squabbling over Baedeker and their bill, three shrill emancipated American young ladies quarrelling with the waiter because he did not understand Americanese, and a quartette of French bicyclists in the most irrational English costumes. To this bilingual assemblage West formed a grim contrast. His wiry figure and keen face, tanned as only an Eastern sun can tan, not to speak of that honorable scar seaming his left cheek, proclaimed that he had some right to look as soldierly as he

did. As he sat beating a tattoo on the tablecloth, his wandering attention was arrested by the entrance of an obviously English pair—the man a delicate intellectual-looking young fellow, but as uninteresting as average intellectuality always is; the woman—well! despite her severely plain black and white dress and hat, there floated about her something of the subtle witchery with which birth and breeding when aided by art will always invest womanhood. She could not be more than five-and-twenty; "beautiful" she could hardly be called, and "good-looking" was an outrageously commonplace term to apply to that refined profile and girlish figure, which seemed so conscious of their sex. She was laughing merrily enough as she and her companion strove to convey their wishes in intelligible French; but with the sudden intuition which sometimes flashes across even men, West felt that those joyous eyes and smiling lips were at best a mask. What lay behind, who could say? But it was certainly not laughter. Yes; Life—Life which had carelessly scrawled its trite text on his own face—had begun early with her too. As she sat down she had cast from under her long lashes a negligent look round the room, and her eye had rested for a moment on the table in the corner. West perhaps had met her gaze with unnecessary sympathy, for it was hurriedly withdrawn, but in that brief second he had been overpowered by the uncomfortable feeling that between this young woman and himself there existed some mysterious bond. He began to survey her narrowly, admiring the pose of her head with its coils of brown hair, the easy vivacity of her gestures, the insinuated delicacy of her exquisitely appropriate dress and hat. He even detected her slyly taking stock of himself, and it was almost with a sense of relief that he settled that her companion was her brother, and swore to himself that he had never seen her before. Then

followed a shock. In drawing off her gloves she revealed to West's keen eye the unmistakable glitter of a wedding-ring. He promptly called himself an "ass"—or something worse. Why should she not be married? What was it to him where her husband was? Yet he was so annoyed that he left his lunch half-finished and retired to the Terrace. There, lapped in a nirvana of tobacco-smoke and sunshine, he made the amazing discovery that he was no longer bored by St. Germain.

He had hardly finished his first pipe when he was joined by the unknown woman's companion, and in five minutes they had exchanged newspapers and views on the beauties of the landscape. There was much of his sister's charm in this young man's smile as he remarked with a frank laugh—

"We must introduce ourselves, I fancy. My name is Jackson; by compulsion of no profession, by taste a dabbler in literature and a dram-drinker in history."

"And I," replied West, "am called West; by profession a soldier, by taste a piratical *condottiere*."

"What! *the* Captain West?" ejaculated the young man.

West smiled. "I don't know about the 'the,' but I must own to being a Captain West," he replied, somewhat brusquely.

"But I mean," persisted Jackson, "*the* Captain West, the West of the Illustrated Papers, the West who—"

"I may as well own up," broke in the other, hurriedly. "I can't help those confounded journalists making copy of me; but really—"

"I am in luck. You must let me introduce you to my sister" (it was his sister, then!), "if it won't bore you. For you know, of course, that half the women in England are off their heads to know you."

"That is why I am here. I couldn't—pardon me—stand all that absurd rot just for doing what any one would have done quite as well, and so I fled where as yet no one but yourself has discovered me."

Despite this naïve confession they continued to chat. When their pipes were finished Jackson suggested a stroll in the Forest to find his sister, and

West readily agreed. Fate clearly had ordained that he should make this woman's acquaintance.

They very soon found her, and West observed how she flushed when her eyes first fell on himself. He was, of course, not aware that his own tanned skin perceptibly browned a little too—if that were possible.

"Ida," said her brother, "may I introduce my new acquaintance? Captain West, my sister Mrs. Heathcote."

This time it was West's turn to start most unmistakably as her name tripped innocently from her brother's lips. He always prided himself on not having a nerve in his body, yet Mrs. Heathcote's searching eyes made him very uncomfortable. As their hands touched there again shot through him the weird feeling that in the dim recesses of the past there was a mysterious bond between them.

The conversation was at first irredeemably stupid. The weather, St. Germain, the Forest, Paris, the Americans—all had their turn. Young Jackson, however, was not to be balked, and before long West had to tell in embarrassed jerks the story of that wonderful campaign on the Indian frontier—the revolt, the great ride, the holding off of the fort, the sortie and its victory—with which England had been ringing. By the time that the fort was relieved they had regained the Terrace, now bathed in an afternoon sun. After all, it is not so very unpleasant even to a modest hero to dilate on one's achievements when the audience includes a young woman who will adroitly punctuate your stories with the silent homage of glowing eyes and deep-drawn breaths. Nor was the place so incongruous. True, the Forest was sinking into the blood red peace of a perfect sunset, and round them the nurses and children played in blissful contempt for the English tourist; but not so long ago this smiling valley too had suffered the long-drawn agony of a heroic siege, and had shuddered at the shriek of Prussian shells. In answer to Mrs. Heathcote's questions, West gayly rattled on from skirmishes with dervishes in the Soudan to dacoit-hunts in Burmah and the "twisting of the tails" of restless Indian tribes. South

Africa of course could not be forgotten.

"Then you have been in South Africa too?" Mrs. Heathcote asked with peculiar eagerness.

West smiled with dry satisfaction. "As far as I can make out," he said, quietly, "there are few countries in which I have not shed blood, either my own or that of others—generally that of others," he added, with grim humor.

Mrs. Heathcote was fingering nervously the white lace on her parasol; her brother also had become very attentive. West felt that the conversation had reached a crisis.

"You are interested in South Africa?" he asked, carelessly. "Perhaps," he went on, with an awkwardly light laugh, "you have shares in—"

"Oh, no!" she replied, almost petulantly. Her voice dropped. "I had—a friend who went out there." Then she stopped abruptly. But her look, West asked of himself, what did that look mean? There are some looks, surging up from the depths of the soul, whose tragedy no one can mistake—looks like those of a dumb animal in inexpressible torture—and this was one of them. He felt rather than saw that his questioner was on the verge of tears.

"Hullo!" he cried, jumping up and pulling out his watch, "six-thirty. I must be getting back to Paris. I had no idea it was so late."

Mrs. Heathcote rewarded his adroitness with a glance of deep gratitude, but she left her brother to speak.

"What! you are going back to Paris!" the young man said, in genuine dismay. "I thought you were staying here, and I was hoping—" he turned appealingly to his sister.

Captain West wavered. Why not stay? But he waited for Mrs. Heathcote to decide. She had, however, already divined the meaning of his glance.

"Oh, do stay, if you can!" she interposed, almost pleadingly. "You have not half told us all I want to know. You have still got to tell me all about South Africa."

With a little more coaxing he agreed to wire for his things. The piquant aroma of mystery which hung round

her stirred him vaguely; but even apart from this, an hour in her society had created in him a longing to sip a few more draughts of the refreshing spell which her voice and eyes had to offer. He flattered himself, too, that he had read in her looks that kind of interest in himself which deserves the reward of further self-indulgence.

Yet, when alone in his room, he took himself severely to task. "Come, come," he said, "you haven't come to Paris to make a fool of yourself over a woman who is already married—you, too, who have been wooed by women until you are sick of the sex. Dash it all!" with a vicious dab of the brush at his hair, "you know better than that. But I mean to see it out," he added, firmly. Then he broke into a long whistle. "This is rum, deuced rum," he muttered, as he produced his pocket-book and drew from it a scrap of yellow foreign notepaper. His fingers trembled as he looked at it, and he swore softly. The soiled fragment was merely the end of a letter, but the faded ink distinctly bore the signature "Ida Heathcote." "I thought I could not be mistaken," was his comment at last; "no wonder I jumped in the Forest." And he swore softly again. He stuck his hands in his pocket, sat down on the bed, and gazed stupidly at his boots. Presently an idea struck him. He hurried off to the *portier* and demanded the visitors' book. Once safe in the *fumoir*, he put his yellow relic beside the entry of the day. The recent writing, "*Mrs. Heathcote, England*," was certainly more fully formed, but even to the unpractised eye it was clearly the same hand as that which had penned the scrap in his possession. "And her name is Ida," he murmured. "Dash it all! this is rum. I am glad I am staying."

To his disappointment, however, Mrs. Heathcote did not appear at dinner. She had gone to bed, her brother apologetically explained, with a bad headache. So West perforce had to defer further unravelling of the mystery until a more favorable season. He tried to dismiss the subject from his mind, but when bedtime came he was reminded in the most provoking way that even "V. C." heroes are human.

West, who had slept on a rain-soaked ridge to the lullaby of a sputtering musketry-fire, found it impossible to sleep, and in the early morning, vanquished by the unusual struggle, he sallied forth to explore the Forest.

If St. Germain had looked splendid the day before, it was positively entrancing in all the cool glory of the rising sun. To eyes long blistered by the glare of Egyptian sands or the scorched plains of the Punjab, this sylvan paradise of winding paths and coy glades just awakening from their dewy sleep, this riotous maze of ever-changing greens, was an intoxicating dream. In this magic fairyland new charms revealed themselves at every step—now a peep of the Seine a dazzling ribbon of silver gray, now a vista of the plains reluctantly parting from the embrace of the dawn, now some unexplored copse wreathed in a broken aureole of dancing light. Before the soothing breath of the breeze, the carolled matins of the birds, and the lingering fragrance of the lilacs, the feverish visions of the night dissolved as before an enchanter's wand. In a fit of sheer ecstasy West had to fling himself on the grass, as if nothing but physical contact could enable him to drink deep enough of the beauty lavished all round him. Lying there he heard a bush rustle, and turning over lazily, found himself confronted by Mrs. Heathcote. He bounded to his feet, and they gazed shyly at one another.

"Your head is better?" he remarked, with a sedate twinkle in his eye.

She nodded brightly.

"The morning," she replied, "has made a headache impossible. But how early you are!"

"I am sorry," he answered, gravely, "to have disturbed your walk. Early rising is one of those vices which I acquired in the East, and I am not yet civilized or young enough to have learned to drop it."

"After that speech," she said, avoiding his quizzing eyes, "you can only pay the penalty of accompanying me." Accordingly they rambled off together. West observed that she had discarded her black frock for one of clinging gray, which harmonized to perfection

with the fresh tones of her complexion, so piquant a contrast to the sallow brunettes of Paris, and a sprig of lilac thrust with artful carelessness into her bosom supplied the subtle relief in color for which the eye craved.

Their conversation rapidly became confidential. "Do you know," she remarked, thoughtfully, in answer to one of his sardonic aphorisms, "I am going to say something rude—but will you tell me why a hero must also be a cynic?"

"A cynic! Pray explain." His voice rang with a reproachful note.

"Well, you are a cynic; that is to say, you value human motives very low."

"On the contrary," he replied, quickly, "I have a high opinion of my fellow-men. Generally speaking, they are at bottom a good deal better than they appear."

"And your fellow-women?" she slipped in, with a mischievous tilt of her parasol.

Captain West's face bronzed. "I cannot speak of women," he said, quickly, "I know so little of them."

Mrs. Heathcote stopped to confront him. "Is that quite candid?" she asked, boldly. "I should say that you knew a great deal about them—or fancied that you did."

"Oh, the latter of course," he said, laughing. "'Fancied' is the right word. What man can—"

"There is the cynic," she put in, smiling up at him.

"But really, Mrs. Heathcote, you must admit that—"

"I admit nothing of the sort. You say you take men as you find them. Why not be equally generous with women? Why insinuate motives when they don't appear?"

"Well, to be candid, because I am convinced that women are so different from men. All my experience—"

"Which you admit is small," she interrupted. Then she flushed. "I am bothering you. It is very extraordinary of me to talk like this; but you will understand, I hope—" She supplied the remainder of the sentence by an eloquent glance.

West was prevented from replying suitably, for at this moment Mrs.

Heathcote tripped on a branch which had caught in the bottom of her skirt. She turned aside to wrestle with the offending obstacle.

"I am afraid," she said, with excusable petulance, "I must go back. Walking is impossible with a loop in one's petticoat like that." She looked down comically at the edge of her dress. "I know what you are burning to say," she added, with a provoking side glance—"only another proof of the inferiority of the sex." She shook the delicate pink *ruche* impatiently.

"Cannot I assist you?" he asked, mischievously.

She glanced reprovingly at him. "To get yet another proof of feminine vanity—vanity, as usual, on a silken foundation."

West was searching in his pocket. "Old campaigners," he remarked, "can do most things. Let me relieve you of your silken inferiority." He had whipped out a pair of scissors.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, with a gay nod, "man, cynical man, can of course provide what woman needs." She stooped down to hold up to him with dainty gravity the pale pink frilling of her silk petticoat. West applied his scissors, and their hands met on the guilty frippery.

He had hardly begun to cut when he felt her start back with a sudden paroxysm of horror. "Good God!" he heard her gasp in a choking whisper which was almost a moan. He dropped the scissors like one shot, and turned to her. Her face was blanched into a death-like pallor, and she had almost fallen back against the nearest tree.

"What is the matter?" he asked, with the brusqueness of genuine fear. She recovered herself with an effort and looked at him, a strangely excited light in her eyes. "That ring!" she panted out, pointing to his left hand. "In heaven's name, where did you get that ring?"

West drew the ring off—a plain signet-ring with a small figure cut on its worn face. "You know it?" he queried, half to himself.

She took it with burning fingers and examined it. The pallor on her face deepened; he could see the pitiful heaving of her bosom.

"Know it!" she repeated with a bitter laugh. "Know it! It was my husband's. In God's name, where did you find it?"

"Your husband's?" he muttered, confusedly. They stared at each other in desperate silence. "It is a strange story," West at last stammered out, "a very strange story." Then slowly, "But I believe I am near the solution now. When you feel better I will tell you all I know; it is not much."

"I am quite calm now," she replied, bravely. And indeed he could not help admiring the magnificence of her self-mastery. Save for the pallor on her cheeks, she was as composed as she had been a brief quarter of an hour before.

"I am sorry to have alarmed you," she said, with the ghost of a smile on her still quivering lips, "but some day you will understand. Women," she added, "after all, I suppose, are different from men. But before we talk, suppose we finish off my skirt."

In that prosaic operation they found the necessary sedative for shattered nerves. Five minutes later, when they emerged on to the Terrace, they were apparently only an ordinary man and woman.

"I am quite ready," she said, in a low voice, as she sank into a seat. "But you must promise to conceal nothing—nothing."

"I promise," he replied, "and will be brief. I warn you, though, it is not a pleasant story." He shifted uneasily on the seat, and then began. "Some six years ago I was in command of the police on our South African frontier." ("South Africa!" she murmured.) "One afternoon I had ridden over to the inn in the town—we call them towns, you know—which was my headquarters, and there I came across two strangers. New-comers are always interesting, especially to a police-officer, and I can remember them distinctly—I have good reason to. One was a man of about thirty, a loafer if ever there was one, with that sort of face one would not trust round a corner—"

"And the other?" she broke in, eagerly.

"The other was rather younger—a gentleman, but—" he paused nervously.

"You promised to tell the truth," she said, reproachfully.

"Well, he looked as if—as if—pardon the expression—he had not been altogether wise in his life. I liked his face, but it was a weak face, and I pitied him for being found in such company as that other rascal was. I noticed particularly two things. He had a slight mole high up on his left cheek—"

She buried her face in her hands. "My husband," she said, with a sob.

"And he was wearing that ring. They rode away together shortly afterward, and I never saw *him* again. How, then, did I get the ring? Strangely enough. Some six months later I had news that a farm in my district had been raided, and it was my duty to collar the raiders. These things, you know, don't get into the English papers, and it is well they don't. They would cause complications. When I reached the farm there was not a soul in it, man, woman, or beast. But in the sitting-room I found"—his voice deepened as the memory surged over him—"that loafer, face downward, in a pool of his own blood. An assegai had gone through his back and had ended his miserable life. No one knew anything about him, and so we buried him in the farm-stead. I made discreet inquiries, but no evidence as to his identity was forthcoming. The only clew was the ring. I found it on his finger. How he came to have it I can't say: I only know that the last time I had seen it, it had been on the other man's hand. I kept the ring, and told no one. The miserable creature had ended miserably; that assegai had sent him and his story together into death. I kept the ring, hoping that some day I might meet its real owner, but from that hour to this it has remained with me. I can only suppose that the real owner died or was murdered—who can say?"

Mrs. Heathcote still sat with her face in her hands. "Thank you," she whispered—"thank you."

West was awed. A terrible consciousness of human helplessness in the iron grip of fate had numbed his mind. Presently he was able to add, "I ought perhaps to tell you that I did find some-

thing else. In one of the cupboards there was a coat, and in one of its pockets I came across this scrap." He fumbled for his pocket-book and produced the tiny relic of yellow note-paper. "Perhaps I was wrong, he went on, "but of that discovery also I told no one. It confirmed my worst suspicions, for the coat no more than the ring belonged to the dead man. But what was the use of publishing it? And so I kept it with the ring, and can now restore it to the writer."

She had looked up bewildered when he had begun to speak, and she took the soiled morsel mechanically from him. As her eye lighted on it her parched lips moved in pathetic silence. "It was the last letter that I wrote to him," was her brief comment, uttered in the hard voice which sounds most cruelly in a woman. Her eyes told more than her words; they were eloquent of long years of cankering pain and unceasing remorse.

West rose. Delicacy bade him leave her alone with her memories. "I shall make a fool of myself if I stay here," was his uppermost thought. He was slipping away, when she held out a hand.

"Thank you," she said, simply. "Some day you will be glad you kept that—that terrible story to yourself. Do not ask me to explain at present . . . and do not tell my brother yet: he is not so strong as I am, though I am a woman."

A mad desire to stay and offer her some comfort swept over West. He half turned back. She was sitting with her face still in her hands, and the morning sun played saucily on her hair and neck; but when he saw her fling herself on the seat in a blinding passion of tears, for the first time in his life he fled from a position in which it would have been braver to have stayed. "Well, I am jiggered!" was all he could say, when safe in his own room. "I have known some queer things in my day, but this beats all." He shook his fist at his face in the glass. "Own up, you fool, you are a damned ass! I don't know which was worst, in the wood or on that seat—'pon my word, I might be a beastly young sub! I'm hanged if I wouldn't

rather face Maxims or those cursed Boers than—What is there in the woman?" he wound up, beginning to pace up and down. "It is high time, Everard West, you were going."

Needless to say, having made up his mind to go, he did precisely the opposite. A week later saw him still at St. Germain, getting more and more enmeshed each day. The spring was kind. There followed a series of flawless days; and what happy days they were in that inexhaustible Forest!—days in which they explored haunt after haunt of undreamed-of beauty—days of *al-fresco* picnics, of childish gossip over old, unhappy, far-off things—the forgotten glories of Francis I., Henry II., and Diane de Poitiers, of "Notre Henri Quatre," of Anne of Austria and the pompous youth of the "Grand Monarque," of exiled Stuarts learning too late what charity meant: or maybe they lived breathlessly through fights with Afghans and Zulus, through perils in snow-bound mountain-passes, in waterless deserts, or the monotonous veldt, until these peaceful glades were alive with the ghosts of desperate men, and resounded with the unholy sob of shells and the pitiless crack of Martinis.

They had arranged to journey on together to Versailles, but it was not until the evening of their departure that Mrs. Heathcote broke silence on the topic which had brought them together. West and she had strolled out after dinner on to the moonlit Terrace to bid it farewell. But after a few commonplace remarks on the magic panorama slumbering before her, Mrs. Heathcote sat down on the seat, and by a quiet movement of her skirt invited her companion to do likewise.

"I may not get another chance," she began, calmly; "but I owe you—shall I call it a confession? I have been making up my mind as to how much I should tell you, and have now decided to tell you all." She stopped as if to gain strength, and West struck in hurriedly—

"I don't think you owe me any explanation. Had we not better forget the ring and its story?"

"So I have thought," she replied; "but no; on the whole, you had bet-

ter hear. I owe it to myself if not to you."

West nodded. "You are the best judge," he remarked, almost to his cigar.

"Let me begin from the beginning, then," she said. "I was born and brought up in a country rectory in an old-fashioned way. My knowledge of life was absolutely *nil*: at best it came from sheepish flirtations with a callow curate—every girl, you will say, I suppose, can flirt by the light of nature; at its worst, from the gossip of a few girls as wise as myself. I married my husband when I was a child of eighteen, who knew as much about marriage as any uneducated child of eighteen can." She stopped to draw her cloak about her with an expressive shiver. The next sentences came with a pathetic rush. "My husband was a mere boy, with much more money than was good for him or for me. Unlike myself, he had been educated on modern methods. We plunged into the whirl of society, and for a time I was as happy as any girl could be who discovers what wealth and social status can give her. Then came disillusionment. It must come, I suppose, to us all; it came to me when I was but a young wife. No doubt, if I had been brought up differently, I might have accepted my awakening with equanimity. Any way, I didn't. My husband was rich, and he was weak. Worst of all, he was as clay in the hands of every woman who chose to exercise her power; and women, God knows!—some women—can be merciless as well as vicious. We drifted apart; it was my fault—I didn't think so then, but I think so now—for I was too angry to put out a hand to save him. He knew he was—was not what he ought to have been. He loved me after his fashion—that I also believe now, but I didn't believe it then—and—and then he took to drinking. It is the old, old story; there were quarrels, and the breach grew wider. Our differences came to a head. We were both young and hot-tempered, and I had been trained to look on the life he was leading as worse than death. We parted—I returned to my father, and he, after a few solitary months in London, went to the Cape." Her eyes had

filled with tears, and she had crumpled up one glove into a tight ball—these were the only signs of what the recital was costing her.

"Before he left," she continued, "he came down to the Rectory—and I let him go. I was mad, drunk with indignation if you will, and I spurned him from my presence. He went; and the rest you know." Her voice had choked. "That ring," she added, drawing it softly from her finger, "had been a present from myself. I had given it him in those happy days of my courtship and girlhood, when love had first come into my life." The wistful cadences of her voice seemed to haunt the air with the balm of moonlight summer nights and lovers' vows. "That scrap of a letter which you found—ah! I am glad he got it, for in it I had asked him to come back, and let the past be forgotten."

She broke off, and turned to him with eyes that awaited his verdict.

Moved by a sudden impulse, he held out his hand. "I am both sorry and glad you have told me," he said, with deep emotion: "sorry to have given you the pain of telling a stranger what he had no right to hear; but glad because"—his voice wavered in spite of himself—"if I honored you before, I honor you still more to-night."

She glanced back at him, the flicker of a happy smile in her pain-stricken eyes, and took his hand. It was as if they had clasped hands over a grave. "It seems so long ago," she went on, presently, "that I can now talk about it calmly. I often wonder whether I am the same woman who went through that terrible ordeal. The past seven years have taught me much—they have taught me to forgive that poor boy all his foolish dissipation; and, thanks to you, I know that he had forgiven me. I was no fit wife for him—believe me, I was not. I ought never to have married him; but, like so many young girls, I mistook mere physical admiration for love. I now see that I never really loved him. If I had, I should have been more forbearing, for the quintessence of a woman's love is the divine gift of charity. Yes, yes," she added, almost impatiently, "it is; and the cruelty of my act lies here. My

marriage ruined his life, while it saved mine. It taught me that love is not something which comes to a woman unasked for—that is the view of most girls and some women; but it is hopelessly wrong. Love, like everything else worth having in life, is something you must *win*. You remember the saying of Milton about the beautiful life and the beautiful poem. Well—love, real love, can only be won by a woman, can only be inspired by a woman, when she makes her life beautiful. Ah! but I mustn't perplex you with my metaphysics—a woman's metaphysics," she added, with a smile. "You have your own creed, have you not? Supposing you go and fetch my brother, and forget all I have been saying."

She rose, still smiling, and the interview was at an end.

But if Everard West was reluctant to leave her before, he was doubly reluctant after that evening. And yet, abuse himself as he might, he could not point to any conclusive reason for staying. Mrs. Heathcote was not beautiful—that is to say, she had eyes whose mystery was inexhaustible, and a voice whose *timbre* had an uncanny way of vibrating long after words had been uttered, but most distinctly she was not beautiful—from the military point of view. West knew a dozen women who in beauty were vastly her superior, to talk to whom, however, he would not have walked across the Terrace. No; it was not her beauty which kept him at her side. But had Captain West been a psychologist, he would have recognized that in reality it was under the spell of character and personality he had fallen. He was only beginning dimly to feel that in a woman, as in a man, mind can be a far more potent wizard than mere beauty of face or body. Her care for her delicate brother; her touching ways for the infants on the Terrace; her child-like purity of thought, shining in every word and look; her virginal daintiness of soul, of which the twist of a ribbon in her hair, the posy of flowers in her belt, the subtle harmonies in her dress, seemed to be the outward and fragrant symbols—these were what stole with hourly triumph over him. She seemed to move, to think, to have her being

in an atmosphere which awed his senses and left him bewildered. Experience of life cannot be too dearly bought—that had been his own creed—and he had seen the world in its most naked and dirtiest aspects. But here was a woman who, like himself, had come into contact with human beings in their vilest phases, who had been forced to drink of sorrow and degradation, and who had come through the ordeal unscathed. Not one speck of mire had soiled even the hem of her robe; she had seen the mud, had walked through the mud, and it had been powerless to hurt her. West had known beautiful women, clever women, honorable women; he had been intimate with women who were neither beautiful, clever, nor honorable; he had been “in love,” as most men, a dozen times; but not until this week had he even dreamed of what reverence for womanhood could mean. It was as if a new sense had suddenly swum into his ken, and had trampled contemptuously on the philosophy which had taken fifteen bitter years to build. And then there would surge over him, as he tossed on his sleepless bed, the hot consciousness that this new light had dawned on himself, who had been—ah! what had he not been?

“May I tell you how glad I am we met you?” she surprised him by remarking one afternoon at Versailles as they had fled from perfunctory tramping through its fatiguing splendors to a seat in the gardens. “My brother has become a different man. I cannot be too grateful for the medicine of your society.” Her words touched him to the quick.

“I never know when you are chaffing me,” he replied, tilting his straw hat nervously over his eyes.

“That is unkind,” she replied, at once. “I meant it sincerely. You have given my brother a new lease of life.”

“He is not the only man who has been altered,” West boldly rejoined; “I too—”

“Might I not say something about chaffing?” she interrupted. “I thought cynics never altered. Cynicism is like the laws of the Medes and Persians, is it not?”

“But why persist in calling me a cynic? Is it quite fair?”

She looked at him in puzzled simplicity. “Perhaps you are right,” she said, thoughtfully. “Cynics, after all, are not enigmas, and you are a terrible enigma. Oh, yes, you are,” smiling down his protest, “and you delight in the fact. What foolishness it is to say women are riddles! it is men who are the riddles. Man, I am sure, is the last riddle that will be solved by woman.”

“But how does this apply?”

“Well—pardon my frankness—but I often wonder what you are going to do with yourself?” The interest in her eyes and voice was unmistakable.

“Do with myself?” he repeated, as if he disliked the idea. “Oh, I suppose do as I did before.”

“What! go back to spill more blood in South Africa? If I were you, that is just what I should not do.”

“May I hear what you would do?”

“Oh, certainly!” She fiddled with her parasol. “I should retire and—”

“Retire!” he laughed. “Retire and become a fat squire with an uncomfortable past—become a decorous citizen, subscribe to the Primrose League and growl at Democracy—live a life as viciously respectable as was lived in that deplorable monument of impeccable taste?” He waved his hand at the *façade* of the palace, which surveyed them with its chilly glare of self-conscious breeding. “Mrs. Heathcote, if you had lived my life you would know that *that* was impossible. I should be as much out of place in English country life as the Siamese ambassadors were at the Court of Louis XIV.”

“Impossible!” she echoed, warmly.

“You of all persons to use that phrase, you who have—” He winced, as he always did, at such allusions.

“I retract,” he said, slowly. “It might have been possible once; it is no longer so.” She was gazing at him questioningly. “I don’t think,” he replied, gently, “you quite understand what I have been. Perhaps I am a riddle, but it’s not of my making. There was a time when your ideal was my ideal; but, after fifteen years of cutting throats, it only remains for me to

continue cutting the throats that civilization in its own interest says must be cut. You tell me my view of life is all wrong—perhaps it is. I have never told you my story—I couldn't tell you all—but I will confide to you one episode. Have you guessed that I first went to South Africa because of a woman? That was fifteen years ago. I was a young sub, and knew everything. I was engaged to be married—in order to be jilted, I suppose. I was betrayed by a woman I had loved—vilely betrayed. So I went to South Africa and the devil together—I beg your pardon, I was forgetting. Any way, I had my chance of being domesticated, and I made a mess of it; and since then the women I have met have done nothing to make me alter my verdict on the sex."

He paused, expecting her usual reproaches, but instead she was looking at him with the tenderest sympathy. "I am sorry," she said in a whisper, "very sorry. We women have much to answer for. I had no idea that *that* was your story. Forgive me for having spoken so lightly." A smile broke into her eyes. "The riddle is solved," she said, quickly.

"And, like every bad riddle," he replied, "there is no proper answer." "Oh, no!" she rejoined, warmly, "the answer is yet to come. You simply made the same mistake that I did. You mistook physical admiration for love. Love can only be won."

"By the beautiful life," he interrupted, bitterly. "And my life has been so beautiful."

"Not altogether, I fear," she replied, half sadly. "But you have at least been unselfish—we all know that. Come, be honest, and admit that on that chord of unselfishness you can, if you will, build up the beautiful symphony."

"Ah! if I could only believe you. But I have no sister, as you have your brother, to train myself on. I have no one—no one."

She flushed. "No, not at present, but you can find a woman who would—" She broke off. Was it, West asked himself with a delicious throb, because she could not trust herself?

"And then suppose I made another

mistake? All women are not as you are—always saying they ought to be," he added, seeing her troubled look.

"Alas, no! I know that. But, believe me, there are women—" in her eagerness she put a hand on his arm.

He shrank back from her touch. The movement was cruelly pathetic. "No, Mrs. Heathcote," he said, almost fiercely; "your optimism does you credit, but I am too old to change now. I shall have to go back to South Africa. Men of my life are not made to make any woman happy. If I had married that girl, I should have made her unhappier even than she is to-day. I do not know the woman, unless—" he turned unconsciously toward her.

"See, there is Tom," she said, hurriedly, "waiting for us."

He accepted the reproof humbly. "Forgive me," he said, contritely; "I hardly knew what I was saying."

"There is nothing to forgive," she replied, in a low voice. As they rose he saw her eyelashes sweep her burning cheek, and they were wet with tears.

The next day he marched out into the hotel garden, where she was sitting with her Tauchnitz unread in her lap. He waved a slip of paper.

"I need your advice," he began. "There is trouble in South Africa, and they want me to leave at once. Shall I go?"

She looked up at him and caught a quick breath. "Yes, go," she said; "go with our good wishes."

He bit his mustache. "But yesterday you told me to stay at home."

"I thought," she replied, with a slow smile, "that your experience told you that women were fickle. You surely don't want further proofs."

"Then I must go?" he queried. She nodded, and without a word he went away to pack his things.

When he returned they chattered idly for some minutes. "I am going," he said at last, looking her full in the face, "because you bid me. If I had decided for myself, I should have stayed."

"You are going to South Africa because of a woman," she interposed, lightly.

"You are very cruel," he broke out.

"But you will come back," and she smiled up at him.

"Who knows? Even a Matabele shoots straight sometimes." Her smile faded away. The gray wings of the grim angel seemed for a moment to throw a shadow of pain across her face. "I want to come back," he went on, "for life is beginning to be worth living. May I tell you—in case I should not have another chance—that, thanks to you, I have recovered my belief in women?"

She flushed a happy red. "Then I shall look out in the papers," she answered, brightly, "because I shall see the belief in the telegrams."

He lingered. "Life is worth living," he repeated, sadly. "I only wish I had something to live for.

May I not hope?" he slipped in, pleadingly. A waiter came out with the unwelcome news that monsieur's *fiacre* was *avancé*.

He held out his hand. "Good-bye!" he muttered, huskily. She gave him her hand in silence and he raised it to his lips. She snatched it back, and then, as if repentant, drew off the signet-ring and handed it to him.

"I may hope, then?" he cried in a joyous burst.

"You will miss your train," was all she said. "*Au revoir!*" and without further words they parted. But as he drove away in the merry sunshine, the ring on his finger long continued to flash back the look of tender trust that had dawned in her moistened eyes.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

INDIA UNDER QUEEN VICTORIA.

BY A. C. LYALL.

THREE centuries are now very nearly completed since, in 1600, the East India Company obtained from Queen Elizabeth their first Charter, at the close of a period in our history during which the territory governed by the English Crown had been reduced, for about one hundred and fifty years, to an extent much smaller than before or since. For nearly three hundred years after the Norman Conquest the English kings ruled over great possessions on the European mainland; but we had lost them all (except Calais) by the middle of the fifteenth century. Scotland was still an independent kingdom; Ireland was a wild country in chronic revolt; the settled dominion of the Tudors was over little more than England, Wales, and the Channel Islands. The frontiers of the British Empire are now far in the interior of America, Africa, and Asia; and our little wars are waged on the slopes of the Afghan hills. In Elizabeth's day we fought on the Scottish border, or made a foray among the wild folk of Ulster or Kerry. But all through the sixteenth century the English people were increasing in wealth and power under the able Tudor dynasty, they

were finding England too small for them; so they took to commerce in distant lands, and in the course of the last three hundred years they have been building up again a transmarine dominion, though not in Europe. What was begun under Queen Elizabeth is still going forward under Queen Victoria, whose reign has seen the consummation of the long series of events and enterprises that have gradually acquired for us the Empire of India.

The last sixty years of Anglo-Indian history have been remarkably characterized by important affairs and great political changes. It is worth observing that at the opening of Her Majesty's reign a strong current of European politics was setting Eastward, for the Western Powers were just then turning their serious attention toward Asiatic affairs. Mehemet Ali, the Egyptian ruler, who could neither read nor write, had defeated the Turkish troops in a pitched battle, had seized Syria, was threatening Constantinople, and seemed likely to make an end of the Osmanli dynasty. The Persian Shah, backed and encouraged by Russia, had laid siege to Herat, the frontier fortress that commands Western

Afghanistan. In India the English Governor-General, Lord Auckland, had sent an army up the passes into southern Afghanistan, with the object of ejecting a strong Amir, Dost Mahomed, and of replacing him by a weak and unpopular nominee of the British Government. Runjît Singh, the founder of the Sikh dominion in the Punjab, had just died, leaving his kingdom to sons who were quite unable to manage the fierce soldiery by whom he had conquered it. From the Mediterranean eastward to the frontiers of British India the Asiatic nations were astir with news of war or of marching armies. It is true that our own Indian territory had been enjoying a long internal peace, that our northwestern frontier had stood unchanged for thirty years, and that Lord William Bentinck, who vacated office in 1835, was the only Governor-General under whom there had been no serious fighting at all. Yet upon looking back at the general political situation in 1838-39, it is not difficult to understand why, about the time of the Queen's coronation, we were verging upon a period of wars in rapid succession, to be followed by a great expansion of territory.

For the beginning of this reign coincides with an epoch in Indian military annals, when our troops were for the first time to march beyond the geographical limits of Northern India, and to cross swords with the hardier races of Central Asia. Except in the Burmese campaign of 1824-25, their battles had hitherto been fought entirely on Indian soil, and (since the French quitted India) against the forces of the native States. Up to this time, therefore, our wars had been local, but we were now entering upon a much wider field of action. The political circumstances and motives which brought about our first campaign beyond the Indus are connected generally with the troubled condition of Western Asia, and particularly with the rise of apprehensions that the security of our Eastern possessions was imperilled by the growing influence of Russia in the countries adjacent to India. As French intrigues and menaces had been to Lord Wellesley the justification for striking down the

Mysore Sultan and the Maratha princes, so the rumors of Russian advance through Central Asia led the Melbourne Ministry, in 1838, to issue orders for the ill fated expedition into Afghanistan.

The first pages, therefore, in the record of a splendid and memorable reign over India are darkened with the blots of impolicy and consequent disaster. In January, 1842, a whole division of the Anglo-Indian army, with a crowd of camp followers, was lost among the hills and ravines that separate Kâbul from Jelalabad; and posterity will long remember the solitary horseman whose failing strength just carried him to the gate of our entrenchments at Jelalabad, the only Englishman who escaped death or captivity. In the next autumn, however, Pollock marched up through the defiles that were strewn with the bones of our soldiers, reoccupied the Afghan capital, and wiped off, so far as skill and courage could do it, the stain upon our military reputation. But the attempt to advance permanently beyond the Indus, while the Punjab was still independent, had been altogether hazardous and premature. The English fell back upon their frontier along the Sutlej river; and the Queen had reigned forty years before the heads of our columns again pushed up into the Afghan highlands toward Kâbul, and ascended the Biluch passes on the road to Kandahar.

Thus the first years of the Victorian era witnessed an unfortunate beginning of India's foreign wars, and the retreat from Afghanistan was the first and only considerable step backward that has been made by Anglo-Indian arms or politics. It was followed immediately by Lord Ellenborough's occupation of Sind, which did little for our reputation though it may have restored the credit of our arms. Sir Charles Napier fairly defeated the Sind Amirs at Meeanee, and our conquest of their country gave us the only seaport (Kurrachee) on the whole Indian coast line that had not already fallen into our possession or under our control. But the transaction so far touched the national conscience that of all our Indian annexations in this

century, the conquest of Sind is the only one which a British Parliament has not ratified with distinct approval.

There are conditions of the political atmosphere in which the war-fever is contagious, and so we had little peace for the next fifteen years. Lord Ellenborough had scarcely cleared his troops out of Afghanistan before he was fighting with Gwalior in 1843. Then came, in the winter of 1845, the inevitable collision between the British forces and the mutinous, ungovernable Sikh army that was holding the Punjab by military terrorism. After some bloody and indecisive battles we occupied Lahore, and attempted to govern in the name of Runjit Singh's heir; until two years later another outbreak brought on fresh hostilities, which ended in 1849 with a shattering defeat of the Sikhs that left us undisputed masters of their whole country. The annexation of the Punjab, in the twelfth year of the Queen's reign, carried forward our dominion from the Sutlej river to the skirts of the Afghan mountains beyond the Indus, gave us command of all the passes leading into Central Asia, made our frontiers continuous with the natural boundaries of India, and finally extinguished the long rivalry of the native powers. No State now remained that could oppose the English arms; our political control extended throughout the vast region that is fenced off from the rest of the Asiatic continent by the mountain ranges which demarcate India geographically from the Arabian sea right round to the Bay of Bengal. Inside these limits political absorption and reconstitution now went on rapidly. The larger native States, formerly our rivals or allies, had for the most part been formed out of the fragments of the dilapidated Moghul empire, with title-deeds no older nor better than our own, by the force or fortune of ambitious chiefs and successful adventurers. As the English power grew, these States submitted or were subdued, so that the entire territory became again centralized under one sovereignty; and the empire established by the Moghul contemporaries of Queen Elizabeth, which had fallen asunder in the eighteenth century, was restored

by the English under Queen Victoria. Lord Dalhousie, after conquering the Punjab, went on absorbing several minor inland principalities, until at the end of his Governor-Generalship he crowned the edifice, as he believed, by the annexation of Oudh, the last great autonomous kingdom of Northern India. In 1852 he was drawn, unavoidably, into hostilities with the King of Burmah; and at their close he had wrested from Burmah its sea coast and the Irrawaddy delta. By this conquest the English not only secured an important waterway and an outlet for the commerce of Indo-China, but completed their mastery of every seaport and river mouth on both sides of the Bay of Bengal. At the moment of leaving India, in February, 1856, Lord Dalhousie was able "to declare without reservation that he knew of no quarter in which it was probable that trouble would arise in India."

But there is one political danger to which all Asiatic States are periodically liable, especially after a long and triumphant war time. An Oriental conqueror must enlist the fighting classes or castes; they are as essential to his victories as the best arms of precision are to military success in Europe; the milder races will no more serve his purpose than second-rate against superior artillery; he may preserve a nucleus of his own folk, but his army is never national; and when his work is finished, he has on his hands a formidable weapon which he cannot easily lay aside. This is why mutiny may be said to be chronic in all Asiatic camps; and this is what the British in India discovered by the terrible experience of 1857. The Bengal army had been constantly on active service for many years; the sepoys had become restless, arrogant, and suspicious of their foreign masters; they were offended at the dethronement of the King of Oudh, the country to which many of them belonged; and they really believed that the greased cartridge would imperil their caste. Their outbreak threw all Northern India into wild confusion: in the cities there was burning of houses and murdering of the English folk; in the country districts the armed peasantry plundered on the

high roads, killed the money-lenders, and fought among themselves. At Delhi a pensioned descendant of the Moghuls was placed on the throne; at Cawnpore the Maratha Nana Sahib headed the revolt. The whole of Oudh blazed up into insurrection. The story of this catastrophe, perhaps the most tragic in all English history, has just been related, finely and forcibly, by Lord Roberts, one of the foremost among the Englishmen still living who stormed Delhi just forty years ago. No more arduous or brilliant feat of arms has been performed under British leadership during the long reign of Queen Victoria, who has not forgotten that the honors were shared equally by English and Indian soldiers. Nor has a better example of stout-hearted resistance to heavy odds been ever given than by the garrison who held out in the Lucknow Residency through the summer of 1857. By the end of the next year this dangerous insurrection had been virtually put down; and thus ended the long succession of wars that had been waged within India for over a hundred years. They had begun in the south, where we first enlisted native soldiers; they were finished in the north, with the total dispersion of our mutinous regiments.

Thus the first twenty years of the Queen's reign witnessed, toward the opening and at their close, the two signal catastrophes of Anglo-Indian history—the retreat from Kâbul and the sepoy revolt; and no previous period of equal length had seen so many campaigns. It has been followed by forty years of complete internal tranquillity.

From the suppression of the mutiny, indeed, we may date the beginning of modern India. The ordinary government, in England, of the country had up to 1857 been mainly in the hands of the East India directors, whose administration was pacific, conservative, and economical. Upon foreign affairs they were hardly consulted; and they acquiesced under protest in the military expeditions and the annexations which were carried out by their Governors-General with the assent or by the orders of Her Majesty's Ministers.

In India, among the people of the outlying provinces the manners and ways of life had been little changed by the substitution of European officials for the representatives of Moghuls, Marathas, or other native rulers. The English system was more regular and efficient; life and property were safer on the high roads and in the villages; the roving banditti had been dispersed; the superior courts were just and incorruptible; the revenue was collected methodically. But the peasantry still lived in the old fashion; every village was stocked with arms; men travelled abroad with sword and matchlock; the great landholders mounted cannon in their mud forts; faction fights and gang robberies were not uncommon; and there were large groups of villages which no creditor or process-server could enter safely. In many parts of the country the ordinary relations of landlord and tenant realized the New Testament parable of the man who planted a vineyard, and in due time sent to collect the fruits thereof first his servants, whom the husbandmen stoned, and afterward his son, whom they slew. Roads were few and bad; the railways had not penetrated inland; the police was loose and untrained; and the higher public instruction had not yet made itself felt.

When the old Nizam of Hyderabad was moved by the British Resident to introduce some kind of sanitation into his crowded capital, he replied: "It has been for ages unswept;" and Northern India was in a very similar condition. Upon this state of things the insurrection had produced the effect of a great fire in an ancient city; it cleared the ground, let in the air, and made room for extensive reconstruction on modern principles of order, progress, and utility. First and foremost came, in 1858, the Act that extinguished the East India Company and transferred to the Crown the direct government of India. Of the constitution then framed we may say that it has proved a solid piece of workmanship, well balanced and co-ordinated, although the Bill passed during a period of political commotion and ministerial change. Mr. Bright's plan was to abolish the Governor-Generalship

and to mark off the whole country into five equal Presidencies, to be governed as compact States quite unconnected with each other, corresponding independently, like so many crown colonies, with the Indian Secretary of State. Such a scheme, which left both foreign and military affairs without any superior direction in India, and removed the administrative centre from Calcutta to London, may be noticed as showing how little skill in the art of political construction might in those days be possessed by a great English parliamentarian. On the other hand, one of the most important and valuable clauses in the whole Act was added on the motion of a private member—Mr. Gladstone.* All the naval and military forces of the Company were transferred to the Crown; and the native army was practically remodelled. In India Legislative Councils were established on a new basis; the criminal law was codified; High Courts of Judicature were invested with jurisdiction over all tribunals in the country; and the Governor-General, instead of being abolished, was materially strengthened. He was invested with the supreme dictatorial power of issuing under his own signature a law that might be in force for six months. It may be affirmed broadly that the statutes then passed by the English Parliament conferred a new constitution upon India.

The Proclamation which announced to all India, in November, 1858, the assumption by the Queen of direct sovereignty, made a strong impression at the time, and has always been regarded by the people as a kind of Charter. It is well known that on receiving the first draft from Lord Derby, the Queen asked him to revise it, "bearing in mind that it is a female sovereign who speaks to more than a hundred millions of Eastern people on assuming government over them, and after a bloody civil war, giving them pledges which her future reign is to redeem, and explaining the principles of her government." And the final text embodied all the suggestions then made by Her

Majesty. The Proclamation confirmed all treaties and engagements made with the native princes, strictly prohibited interference with the religious beliefs or worships of Her Majesty's Indian subjects, and desired that all, so far as might be, should be freely and impartially admitted to offices in her service, for the duties of which they might be qualified. Under such auspices, and with the new spirit invigorating all branches of administration, the work of pacification and reform went on rapidly. Oudh submitted and quieted down after two years' confusion; the talukdars were disarmed, and conciliated by a fresh revenue settlement. On every protected chief throughout India Lord Canning bestowed the Sanad or solemn written assurance of Her Majesty's desire that their government should be perpetuated, and that the legitimate nomination of successors by adoption, on the failure of heirs natural, would be confirmed. Thus the last titular representative had scarcely disappeared from his Delhi palace in the storm and stress of the mutiny, when a new monarchy was inaugurated, and the political reconstruction of the old empire's fragments was completed and ratified by a series of statutes and edicts.

For more than a century we had been dealing with the native States as enemies, rivals, and allies; some of them we had destroyed or disabled; a large group of the oldest chiefships had been preserved by our intervention; and all the remaining States had acquiesced in the British supremacy. They were now formally restored to their natural relation of allegiance to the new Empire of India. When Lord Canning, the first Viceroy, left Calcutta in 1862, he made over to his successors a government very different in character and organization from that which had been transferred to him six years earlier by Lord Dalhousie. The administrative machinery has indeed continued without substantial alteration; for in Asia, as in Europe, an executive system which has once taken root in a country survives conquests and revolutions. Our existing distribution of the whole British territory into districts, divisions, and provinces,

* The clause forbids, except upon emergencies, the payment from Indian revenues of the cost of any military operation outside India, without the consent of Parliament.

with jurisdictions expanding like concentric circles—the greater always including the less—is little more than an adaptation of the ancient *régime* under the Emperor Akbar, resting upon written law instead of upon autocratic will. Our land revenue assessments still respect immemorial usages and the institutions of earlier rulers. Nevertheless, the old order did really pass away when the Queen's assumption of sovereignty became the outward visible sign of closer union with the Empire at large. The change gave a powerful impulse to the country's moral and material progress at a moment when the ground had been cleared for reforms; and the administrative history of India during the next forty years may be described as a development upon the lines of advancement that were laid down in the years immediately following the sepoy mutiny.

It is impossible to take more than a rapid backward glance over the course of the events and transactions from that time to the present year of the Queen's reign. In 1864 there were hostilities with Bhutan, which ended with the cession to India of some borderlands. And between 1860 and 1878 we made numerous expeditions against the highland tribes beyond our north-west frontier. The most important is known as the Umbeyla campaign of 1863, when a combination of clans in the hills beyond Peshawar placed a British force in some jeopardy, and gave us some hard fighting. But these were merely punitive and protective measures, inevitable where a border line separates civilized districts from marauding barbarians.

When British India had expanded to its geographical limits, from the sea to the mountains, it might have been thought that our record of wars in Asia would be closing. Our command of the sea is unchallenged, and landward no country has stronger natural fortifications. But in the history of Asia during the last half century the cardinal point of importance is the growth and spread everywhere of European predominance; and at this moment every great Asiatic State, from Constantinople to Peking, is more or less under the influence or dictation of a

first-class European power. The result is a feeling of general insecurity, for the political settlement of that continent is evidently incomplete; while the kingdoms of Asia feel the pressure of formidable neighbors, and the European Powers are striving to hold each other at arm's length. England is an established dominion, it is a force that has almost spent its onward momentum toward conquest; but Russia is still engaged in filling up the vacant spaces of central Asia; she is still conquering and consolidating. For reasons of policy and strategy, the English, who like elbow room in Asia, have adopted, so to speak, an Asiatic version of the Monroe doctrine; they insist on maintaining exclusive political influence far beyond the limits of their own territory; and so they have taken under their protection Afghanistan. As a country's real frontier is always the line which its Government is pledged to defend, we have been latterly very solicitous about Russia's approach toward the Afghan lands on the Oxus. Russia, of course, marked the sensitive spot, and when in 1877 we brought Indian troops to Malta, she retaliated by a demonstration toward the Oxus. Sher Ali of Kâbul being just then much displeased with our Indian policy, accepted overtures from Russia, with the result that when a Russian envoy entered Kâbul in 1878, we declared war against the Afghan Amir. Of the campaigns that followed with their dramatic vicissitudes, the massacre of Cavagnari's mission, the adventurous marches to Kâbul in 1879 and to Candahar in 1880, nothing can be said here; our gains were the tightening of our hold on the northern passes, and a strong position at Quetta on the plateau of Beluchistan. We placed the Amir Abdurrahman upon the throne which he still occupies, and a few years afterward we made with Russia an arrangement of first-class importance, when we laid down by a joint commission the northwestern frontier of Afghanistan. The subsequent demarcation of a border line between Afghanistan and India is another step toward the political survey and settlement of all Asia; where it must be understood that the delimita-

tion of frontiers, like the conception of territorial sovereignty, is a very recent importation from the public law of modern Europe.

We have been steadily pushing forward our outposts into the tribal highlands on the British side of this border, and we have latterly swept within the radius of our protectorate Chitral, with all the petty chiefships beyond Kashmir on the southern slopes of the Hindu Kush.

In the meantime, while England has been closing up to the eastern frontier of Afghanistan, Russia has marched down to the northern border line; and the Amir's country is now caught between the mighty masses of two civilized empires. He is probably the last representative of the old-fashioned Asiatic despot, governing by pitiless force, admitting no diplomatic relations, trusting no one, and well aware that in his dynasty the succession has always been decided by the sword. All the treaties, negotiations, and fighting of the last forty years have brought us very little nearer to a solution of the complicated Afghan problem. When the Queen began her reign Russia and England had just sat down before the chessboard, and after many moves the players are still facing each other.

But although our situation on the northwest frontier of India has undergone material changes, the only great accession of territory since the Crown superseded the Company has been made in the southeast, by the conquest, in 1886, of Upper Burmah. We have annexed the whole basin of the Irrawaddy up to the mountains; we have brought into subjection a people very different from the races of India; we have carried our outposts up to a long line of open Chinese frontier; and we have come into very close neighborhood with the Asiatic possessions of France. We are now responsible, politically, for the peace or protection of a vast tract in Southern Asia, extending from the Herat and the Oxus right across India to the petty Shan chiefships lying along the Mekong river and the Chinese province of Yunnan. The attention of our explorers, diplomatists, and merchants is now turned upon that populous and fertile region of Southeastern Asia

where markets are now opening for competition between France and England. The scene of French and English rivalry in Asia has shifted, since the eighteenth century, further eastward; Siam is held, as in a vice, between the frontiers of the two nations, and both Powers are negotiating at Peking for the prolongation of their railways into Western China. The English dominion in Asia has now for its immediate neighbor on the north the largest military empire in the world, and on the southeast the nation whose sea power ranks next to our own.

From the foreign affairs of India we may turn to its internal condition. An immense accumulation of moral and material forces, accompanied by a great expansion of territory, has justified the assumption in India of the Imperial style and title. There is now no State in Asia more prosperous or so well organized; there is only one of equal military power. During the whole eighteenth century India was harassed by foreign invasions and exhausted by internal confusion. During the first half of the nineteenth century there was a process of mending and steady restoration, aided, in the greater part of this wide region, by longer periods of tranquillity than have been enjoyed by most European countries. In the second half of this century we have been engaged in improving the administration, developing the resources, and generally furnishing India with the refined apparatus of Western civilization. The long prevalence of security has perceptibly modified in our older provinces the aspect of the country and the character of its inhabitants; the faces of the people have altered with the changing face of the land; roads and railways, the post office, the school teaching, and to some extent the native press, have stirred everywhere the surface of the popular mind. The circulation of Western ideas and inventions is felt to some degree by all classes. The foreign trade of India has increased with the multiplication of outlets, eastward and westward; it has been largely affected by the exchanges, and it has caused a shifting of the economical supply and

demand which has seriously damaged some of the home industries that supported the poorer classes. In the decade between 1881 and 1891 the population of British India increased by over nineteen millions; and over the whole of India, including the protected territories, the increase is returned as equivalent to the total population of England. Of this increase three millions are accounted for by the incorporation of Upper Burmah in 1886. About two hundred and ninety millions of Asiatics are now more or less dependent on England for government or protection, while her influence for good or for ill extends beyond her outmost frontiers. It has been our recent Afghan policy that determined the surrender to Islam of the highland tribes in remote Kafiristan, which had held out, like Montenegro, against all previous Mahomedan invasions. The movements of European commerce, or a change of ministry in London, or any turn of the great wheel of England's Asiatic fortune, are felt far eastward in Siam; nor would it be too much to affirm that the destiny of half Asia hangs more or less upon the future relations between Great Britain and Russia.

Moreover, the multiplication of her people has stimulated migration beyond sea, so that India has acquired the command of a great labor market. Not only is there an exodus of laborers on their own score and venture, but there is a system of transmarine emigration, carefully regulated by law, to the colonies, British and foreign, from Mauritius and the Cape far westward across the oceans to the West Indies and Dutch Guiana. For the welfare and proper treatment of these emigrants the Indian Government has provided by strict rules, based upon stipulations accepted by the colonial authorities. And as the roving Indian is liable to British jurisdiction all over the world, so everywhere he can claim the good offices and assistance of British Consuls.

This brief and most inadequate survey of the expansion of India during the last sixty years will at least show how enormously our responsibilities have grown in magnitude and complexity under the Queen's reign. But

what effect, it may be asked, upon the mind and manners of this vast medley of races, castes, and religions, upon their social and political temper, has been produced by all these changes of environment? To have acquired dominion, with the aid and assent of the people, over such an immense country, and to have organized its administration, is a considerable political exploit; its success proves that the conditions were favorable, and that nations, like men, have great opportunities. The British rule came in upon the confusion bred out of centuries of governmental instability; it brought system and law to bear upon an incoherent mass of usages, traditions, and arbitrary despotisms. The English found themselves invested with a sovereignty of the single absolute kind so well known in the ancient world, with authority centralized after the pattern of modern Russia, where a strong Government presides over a wide and infinitely diversified territory. Representative institutions are treated in England as a matter of course; they are as natural as our clothes and our climate; and when I say that with us politics were for a long time everything, and administration up to recent days very little, I mean that contests for political power came long before our statesmen realized the duty of using that power for improving the condition and supplying the needs of the people. Now within India, under British rule, administration has for a long time been everything; and the people have taken a very small part in that true political life which reflects the character, feelings, and varying dispositions of the whole society. We began by great organic reforms; we introduced police, prisons, codes of law, public instruction, a disciplined army, a hierarchy of courts, a trained civil service, and so forth. We have laid out what is, perhaps, the largest system of irrigation in the world; we have spent great sums, mainly obtained from England on low interest, on productive public works. This was all done from above, for the people; to do it through the people was impossible at first; the initiation and superior control have been English; though it

must be understood that in all departments of Government (excluding the highest grades) the public business is carried on by natives. Latterly we have undertaken the gradual introduction of representative institutions, legislative councils in each province, and municipalities in all the towns; we are doing our best to facilitate the slow devolution of self-governing principles. But undoubtedly this is a very difficult operation. The task of devising machinery of this kind for an Oriental empire requires so much patient ingenuity that one need not be surprised if well-meaning reformers, at home and in India, are disposed to simplify it by importing British institutions wholesale. There is a tempting air of magnanimity about that easy way of cutting a puzzling knot. It is fundamentally true that by no weaker bond than common citizenship can we hope to hold together an empire more divided by race, religion, and climate than any other in the world's history. But it is also certain that as before you run a complicated locomotive you must lay the steel rails with the utmost care and skill, or disaster will ensue, so you must prepare the way cautiously for unfamiliar constitutional experiments that have barely succeeded up to the present time with any nation except our own. For in the event of failure and disappointment all the blame will be thrown upon a government which set up a political engine that it could not drive, in a country where the immense conservative majority of Indians rely entirely upon their rulers for guidance and safe conduct.

The Indian annals of the Queen's reign, written by an Englishman, are therefore necessarily a record of administrative improvements and foreign affairs. We may read through the excellent "Decennial Reports of Moral and Material Progress," which review, at regular intervals, the state of the empire, without obtaining much insight into questions that lie beyond the sphere of direct governmental operations.

Nothing could be more interesting, for those who study the art of governing distant dependencies, than to watch the course of our experimental meth-

ods in India; and at a time when all European nations are again, as in the sixteenth century, making a sort of partition of the non-Christian world, the English school of administration is coming into fashion abroad. Yet, although education is bringing the upper classes in India and England nearer to a common level of intelligence and culture, while capital, commerce, and even literature are creating a mutual appreciation of aims and interests, we have not that access to the people's ideas, or knowledge of their concerns, that is given by contact with what is really thought, said, and wanted; we are liable to be misled in these respects by orators and journalists who imitate but certainly do not flatter us. There is no mixed society in Asia, as in Europe, where difference of religion and of manners in the wider sense can be laid aside for general intercourse. The fact that the English in India live among themselves is not an exceptional circumstance, but is in accordance with the rule which everywhere marks off an Asiatic population into groups, isolated by diversity of usages, and often of languages. To no foreign observer, therefore, are sufficient materials available for making any sure and comprehensive estimate of the general movement or direction of ideas during the last forty years. And yet to omit altogether any reference to religious, social, and intellectual tendencies, in writing, however briefly, of a people so quick-witted and receptive as the educated Indians have shown themselves to be, would be to leave an awkward gap in the outline of even a hasty sketch of the Victorian era.

In the first place, then, it may be said that in the past sixty years we have accustomed the people to regular government, which has a very moralizing influence, and also that we have gradually instilled into the incredulous popular mind some belief in its stability. There have always been, and there are now, some very fair native administrators; but even under the best personal ruler good government has no permanence, for it will probably end with his life. Moreover, his very strength engenders instability, because a powerful despot, like the

present Amir of Afghanistan, levels all checks and impediments to his plenary authority, and with the ability to resist him disappears the capacity to support him; while in the case of Eastern kings, as of gods, irresistible power knows no moral law. The British Government is at least systematic; and during the past forty years it has been carefully husbanding its supports, by preserving (for example) all the native chiefships, and by endeavoring to extend limited representative institutions. We are now aware that universal British dominion is not the ideal state of things which it was to Lord Dalhousie, who lived at a time when liberal institutions and sound political economy were much more articles of positive faith, good for all men everywhere, than at present. We have also been slowly moulding the mind of all India to the habitual conception of law, which is a novelty in a country where written ordinances cannot be said to have existed before our time. The result has naturally been to inoculate the present generation of educated men with a taste for politics, which is also something new. Hitherto Asiatics have been used to concern themselves only with the question whether an autocratic ruler is good or bad, strong or weak; the device of improving a government by modifying its form has not taken root among them; their remedy, if things went intolerably wrong, has been to change the person. Now the English notion of political rights and duties is spreading among the more intelligent classes; and, of course, this is breeding the desire to obtain political power. The question is whither all this may be leading us, and whether any form of popular government has ever yet been invented that would answer upon so vast a scale of population and territory. It is no easy matter to devise such forms that will work safely and satisfactorily even in compact nationalities, where the essential interests and convictions are mainly identical. Much more hard it is to transport these forms, ready made, elsewhere, and to foresee how the leaven will ferment among the manifold varieties of race, religion, and manners that divide the citizens of the Indian Empire. The

difficulty is increased by the natural tendency of the progressive Indian politician to take up these questions from the standpoint provided by English education; so that instead of benefiting from his knowledge of indigenous needs and circumstances, we too often obtain little more than the imperfect reproductions of political wares and patriotic attitudes that have been borrowed from our own history.

Yet a reasonable party of progress, which understands the real situation of the Government, is forming itself; and, on the whole, it is certain that in the past forty years the political education of India has spread and advanced remarkably; nor can we doubt that the moral standard of the people has reached a higher permanent level. There are signs of a turning, among a few leading men, from the sphere of constitutional politics to questions of social reformation, which is a field into which the English Government can only venture very cautiously, and where it must not lead but follow. The problem of adjusting the mechanism of a modern State to the habits, feelings, and beliefs of a great multitude in various stages of social change, was first handled philosophically by Sir Henry Maine. He reached India in 1862, when the whole country was still vibrating from the shock of the Mutiny, which was reactionary in its causes and revolutionary in its effects. He saw that the customs and rules of native society were becoming modified naturally and inevitably, and his object was to facilitate the process by timely legislation. His speeches on the Bills that he passed for the marriage of native converts, for the law of succession applicable to certain classes, and for the civil marriage of natives, must be read to understand with what breadth and insight he treated these delicate subjects. He laid out our legislative policy in regard to them on large and luminous principles; and the whole spirit of our law-making, on social reforms, during the second half of the Victorian era, may be traced to his influence. He stood between England and India as an interpreter who understood the ideas of both societies, and could show how

often they belonged to the same train of thought in different phases of development. But the rules which govern family life are in India so inseparable from religious ritual and worship, that foreign governors must interfere only on clear necessity; and even native reformers touch these things at their peril. The generous efforts of Mr. Behramji Malabari to expedite the emancipation of Indian women, by correcting the evils of infant marriage and enforced widowhood, have met with serious opposition, mainly, perhaps, because India cannot be treated as one country; it is a region where a step forward may be possible in one province and totally impracticable in others. Throughout a very large proportion of the Indian population the re-marriage of widows has always been as lawful as in England; and where usage forbids it there is something to be said for a rule that provides, theoretically, for every woman one husband, although it allows a second to none of them. In that society the unmarried woman is an anomaly. A striking illustration of the very curious and antique customs which come for sanction before Indian legislatures is to be found in the recent Malabar marriage law. Among certain classes of South India the joint family consists of several mothers and their children or their descendants in the female line, all tracing descent from a common female ancestor, the relation of husband and wife or of father and child being altogether excluded from this conception of a family. The Act enables courts of law to recognize as marriages certain unions, made and terminable at will, which have hitherto been recognized in these classes by fluctuating usage, for in some cases the husband was little more than an occasional visitor. Here we have a glimpse of English law operating upon some of the most primitive elements of Hindu society; and the legislative proceedings show with what scrupulous caution even the native members of the Council who had charge of the Bill interfered to clothe these lax customs with decent legal validity.

How far religion itself, which is the base of Indian society, has become

modified during the last forty years, is a question to which perhaps no Englishman is qualified to make more than a conjectural answer. Two reforming movements have attracted some attention: the Brahmoism which was established in its second phase by Keshab Chander Sen in 1857, an eclectic system that is hostile to Pantheism, idolatry and caste; and the Arya Samāj, which undertakes, if I am not wrong, to restore a purified Hinduism upon the original Vedic foundations. Brahmoism seems to the European inquirer to be an exalted theism, suggesting a western rather than an eastern origin; and Keshab Chander Sen, although a teacher with high moral and spiritual aspirations, was apt to indulge more in rhapsodies than in clear doctrinal propositions. His lofty teaching was probably too vague for the masses; while the Brahmans know well how to prepare the slow but sure descent of divine personalities or types into the bottomless gulf of Pantheism. On the other hand, it is understood that in some branches of Hinduism the latest tendency is toward a high sacerdotal and ritualistic revival, connected, one may guess, with the increase of wealth and decorative tastes among certain classes, and with a tendency, observable in all religions, to define, fix, and regulate what at an earlier stage is left vague and undetermined. The movement may also signify a kind of protest from the orthodox party against the license given by the new education to personal conduct and opinions.

One fact is unfortunately not deniable, that the animosity between Mahomedans and Hindus, the friction at the points where their prejudices are most opposed, have by no means diminished latterly. This may be attributed partly to increased facilities of communication, which enable each community to correspond with other co-religionists, to compare notes, and to circulate grievances or to concert action. Moreover, the sphere of Islam is not, like that of Hinduism, confined to India; and our Mahomedan subjects are now much more closely connected than formerly with the religious centres of Western Asia. It has been said, however, that the causes of this

animosity, which has recently been shown in violent disputes over cow-killing, are not in reality so much religious as political—that the Hindus, who are much the more numerous, look forward to predominance in all State departments and in all representative bodies, while the Mahomedans deeply and justly resent any such possible subordination. The Arya Samáj, already mentioned, carries high the flag of advancing Hinduism in politics as well as in religion; and its missionary ardor has brought the party into sharp controversy with Northern Islam. We have to remember that the Maratha conquests of the eighteenth century represented a great rising of Hindus against Mahomedan governors, so that the tradition of rulership exists on both sides. But it is an old saying among Oriental statesmen that "Government and Religion are twins," which is interpreted to mean that rulership is intimately bound up with the protection of every faith professed by the subjects. And the British Indian Government, which is perhaps the only government in the world, outside America, that practises complete religious neutrality, has very strictly kept, since 1858, the pledge then given by the Queen's Proclamation declaring it to be "our Royal will and pleasure that none be molested or disturbed by reason of their religious faith or observances, but that all shall alike enjoy equal and impartial protection of the law."

It is true that a fine point has been occasionally raised by some case where religious custom has prescribed what the law upon higher ethical grounds is constrained to forbid. But in such conflicts of jurisdiction the secular authority must prevail, for nobody has ever doubted (as Sir Henry Maine said once) that "the purely moral view of questions is one of the things that are Caesar's." The general conclusion, so far as it is possible to collect evidence of religious tendencies, would be that the last sixty years in India have witnessed a gradual relaxation of caste rules, which were never so rigid as is commonly supposed, and that the external polytheism has been shaken by the mobility of modern life. Renan, in his book, *Les Apôtres*, affirms that

the religious inferiority of the Greeks and Romans was the consequence of their political and intellectual superiority. If (he says) they had possessed a priesthood, severe theologic creeds, and a highly organized religion, they would never have created the *Etat laïque*, or inaugurated the idea of a national society founded on simple human needs and conveniences. In India, where the atmosphere is still intensely religious, these Western notions of the State and of civic policy have never taken root. We do not know what future awaits Brahmanism when brought more closely into contact with modern ideas. Yet it seems certain that as in Europe the fall of the Roman Empire made way for the building up of the great mediæval Church with its powerful ecclesiastic organization, so, conversely, some large reform or dissolution of the ancient religious framework of Indian society will be necessary to make room for civilization on a secular basis.

In the higher branches of indigenous literature the Victorian period has little to exhibit. Throughout the greater part of India it had been at a standstill since the disruption of the Moghul Empire; and correct prose writing may be almost said to have come in with the English language. It would be a mistake to suppose that State-aided instruction in India began with the English dominion. The Court of Directors, writing as far back as 1814, referred with particular satisfaction "to that distinguished feature of internal polity by which the instruction of the people is provided for by a certain charge upon the produce of the soil, and by other endowments in favor of the village teachers, who are thereby rendered public servants of the community." And Lord Macaulay's celebrated minute, which in 1835 determined the Anglicizing of all the higher education, is not quite so triumphantly unanswerable as it is usually assumed to be; for we have to reckon on the other side the disappearance of the indigenous systems, and the decay of the study of the Oriental classics in their own language. The new learning has been taken up by other classes; it is now in possession of all the best Indian

intellects; but the inevitable consequence has been a lack of originality in style and thought; the literature, being exotic, bears no very distinctive impress of the national character.

In the domain of native Art we must strike a similar balance of loss and gain. Some important industries have multiplied and found larger markets, and latterly much attention has been paid to the encouragement of the finer Indian crafts. But the opening of safe and easy trade routes between Europe and Asia has drawn in upon the East a flood of cheap manufactures from the West. European capital and commerce, backed by steam, coal, and the pressure of a great industrial community, are overwhelming the weaker, poorer, and more leisurely handicrafts of India. Great Britain now deals with India mainly by importing food and raw material, which are paid for by machines and machine-made commodities that rapidly displace the slow production of native artisans. On the other hand, India's railways, factories, and public works find day labor for a very great number; and the outlets for raw produce are helping agriculture. But what is good for trade may be bad for art; and the decay of ancient callings, the shifting of workmen from the finer to the rougher occupations, the turning of the cottage artisan into the factory hand, are painful transitions when they come rapidly. Architecture, which has always been the principal method of artistic expression in India, is losing ground, partly through the influence of European buildings designed by engineers, and partly through the vulgarization of the literary faculty. In all ages the higher polytheism has been favorable to the arts of building and sculpture; but in these latter days the religious idea begins to find its expression more frequently in print than in symbolical stone carving of temples and images. On the other hand, the preservation of ancient monuments, which had been entirely neglected by preceding dynasties, has been taken in charge by the British Government all over India. Yet, on the whole, the spirit of the Victorian era, which was first military

and administrative, then industrial and scientific, cannot be said to have been favorable to Indian Art.

In so very brief a review of a long reign it has been impossible to do more than touch lightly upon salient points and draw general outlines. The nineteenth century has been pre-eminently a law-making and administering age; but perhaps nowhere in the world during the last sixty years have so many changes, direct and indirect, been made in the condition of a great population as in India. As Maine has said, the capital fact in the mechanism of modern States is the energy of legislatures; and that energy has found an open field in India, particularly for the settlement of the executive power on a legal basis, and for adjusting it to a variety of needs and circumstances. The distribution of the whole Empire into provinces has virtually taken place in the Queen's reign. Up to 1836 there were only the three Presidencies of Bengal, Bombay, and Madras, with their capitals at the old trading headquarters of the Company on the Indian sea-coast. There are now ten provinces, besides the Government of India, which superintends them all. In regard to external relations, before 1837 they were chiefly with the native Indian States; for, although we had kept up and turned into political agencies the Company's ancient commercial stations in the Persian Gulf and at Bagdad, at that time British frontiers nowhere touched the Asiatic kingdoms lying beyond India proper, except on a wild Burmese border to the south-east. Our extreme political frontiers now march for long distances with Persia, Russia, and China; they touch Siam and French Cambodia; and the diplomatic agencies of the Indian Government are stationed on the Persian Gulf, in Turkish Arabia, and round westward by Muscat, Aden, as far as African Somaliland. The foundations of this empire were laid long ago by men who clearly foresaw what might be done with India; it has been completed and organized in Her Majesty's reign; the date of the Queen's accession stands nearly half way in its short history, being exactly eighty years

after Clive's exploit at Plassey.* And the permanent consolidation of the union between Great Britain and India will demand all the political genius—the sympathetic insight as well as the

scientific methods—of England, co-operating with the good will and growing intelligence of the Indian people. —*Nineteenth Century.*

A VILLAGE DISCUSSION FORUM.

BY WILLIAM WOOD, D.D.

It was a rough night in the middle of March. The long frost which had lasted in the Midlands, almost without intermission, from Epiphany, had partially given way, and the dirty swathes of snow, once so spotless and bright, lay along under the hedgerows and by the churchyard wall, where the southern sun had failed to reach them. Countless tiny rivulets trickled down the lane, here and there beginning to coagulate and crystallize again in little yellow puddles as the north wind grew keener and the darkness drew on. The village street showed little light to guide a stranger over the rough stone pavement by the house doors. Now and then a heavy-footed laborer with his tools on his back clanked down the road and turned in at his cottage. The door opened, and a flash of light from within revealed for a moment the somewhat dismal scene, and then was swallowed up in darkness. But lower down, toward the brook, where what was by daylight a Blue Lion swung overhead on its creaking signpost, a bright glow came through the red curtains of a latticed window, crossed by the clearly marked shadow of a man's head, to which, from time to time, another shadow rose mysteriously, bearing some rude resemblance to a pewter pot. Other shadows, less defined, from the further part of the room, crossed the blind irregularly, as though some one were gesticulating, while, from within, a chorus of half-a-dozen voices trolled forth the burden of a favorite song :

"I wish there was no prisons, I du, I du."

Let us step inside.

* Battle of Plassey, June 23, 1757. The Queen's accession, June 20, 1837. Diamond Jubilee, June 22, 1897.

The singer, who had just come to the end of his song, announced the name of it, according to never-failing custom, in the fashion of an "aside" to his nearest neighbors, and while the audience applauded his efforts and their own, sought a modest retirement in the quart pot which he raised to his lips.

"An' that's a very good song, Billy," said a light-haired, blue-eyed man of forty or thereabouts—"a right good song, an' there's a good time coming when there won't be none, for we shall all get our rights."

"Ah!" replied the singer, smacking his lips and rubbing them with his coatsleeve, while he refilled his pipe. "I wonder what the quality 'ould say, an' those old beaks therselves, if they had a taste of 'em! They'd have the beds made softer, belike—ah! by goy they would!"

The man addressed as Billy—Billy Watford was his full name—settled down as he spoke with much contentment into his seat by the fire, and slowly puffed at his pipe, the landlord handing him, as bound to courtesy by his relation to his guests, a lighted screw of paper.

But although Mr. Watford expressed so decided an objection to prisons, it must not be supposed that he had a long or repeated acquaintance with their interior. He was an honest, if rough, boatman on the canal, his barge at present embedded in the ice above the lock, where it had been fixed, like the ship of a polar voyager, for some weeks. His own knowledge of jail had been derived from two experiences only—once when he had had "a month" for complicity in a poaching adventure, and once when, for the comparatively slight offence of knocking his wife overboard (it is true Mrs. Watford was very

"aggravatin'," and had a tongue of her own), he had undergone "ten days" at Oxford. I may here remark that strangers to our parts were sometimes led to imagine university education to be carried out more widely and with apparently less result than might have been looked for, when they heard of this or that rough having "gone to Oxford" in such a year. As to "Billy," his red, sunburnt face, although not at all the type of either the undergraduate or the Don, served as a sufficient "testamur" to his character. His dress, an odd mixture of the navy and the sailor, seemed to suit his amphibious life—a blue jersey with rough jacket over it, wide breeches fastened behind with a buckle, thick nailed boots, and his short bull neck surrounded by a bright red cotton handkerchief—such was Mr. Watford.

"You're right there," said the first speaker, a man who prided himself on his superior knowledge and advanced opinions, "an' when the prolytayries gets their dues, we'se give the bloated landrobbers a taste of 'em—that us will!"

"Well, but, Master Harding," interposed the landlord, "I thought you was all for peace and good-will to men, an' not only no prisons like, but no pleecemen, an' all the land divided, same as in the Old Testymen, an' then, I'm thinkin', you'd have no quality to send to Oxford, nor no jail there to send 'em to."

"Ah!" said Harding, "that'll be so in the long run, you know. But when us get our rights, us mean to give the pa'sons an' squires a turn first, just to let 'em see how they likes it. When that's done, we'll settle down like brothers."

"I'd like," exclaimed Mr. Watford, taking his long pipe out of his mouth and spitting in the embers, "I'd like to see that blessed old beak as gave me a month of it a-doin' of his own time and a-takin' of 'is exercise round the yard."

The thought was an amusing one, and Billy, who was not a bad fellow at bottom, burst into a loud laugh.

"There's one thing as I don't understand," said a new speaker, who sat in the corner of a settle and sipped from time to time a glass of hot spirits

and water. "P'r'aps some of you gentlemen could have the kindness to explain it."

He spoke in a deliberate and rather drawling voice, and the company half turned to regard him. It was an old man, thin and small of stature, with a wrinkled face and puckered lips. His light gray eyes peered out humorously from each side of a hooked nose, and with the small compressed mouth gave him something of the look of a parrot. He wore an old-fashioned coat with brass buttons and corduroy breeches, and had the general appearance of a small farmer. Such, indeed, he had been once; but the few freehold acres which he had inherited near the village, comprising a half-dozen cottages, had dwindled to one moderate-sized paddock and the house he lived in.

"I want to know," he repeated, "how you and your friends are going to divide the land, Mr. Harding. You said we was all to live like brothers. Do you mean we're to go share and share alike?"

"Yes, that's it," replied Harding. He was a frozen-out thatcher, as Billy was a frozen-in boatman, and he professed to resent much his present want of employment. "The land of England belongs of right to the people of England, and no man has a claim to more of it than his neighbor."

"Well," rejoined the old man, "but how are you goin' to give it him? There's you and your brother, now. You start fair, each with your piece—though I suppose if a man takes bad ground he'll get a bit more of it. But what? your brother Jim ain't got no children, an' you have a good dozen. Then you've got to have a bigger piece because o' that, and him a lesser one. And p'r'aps, as your children was born, other folks as had next pieces to yourn wouldn't be willing to give 'em up. It fair baffles me to think how you'd arrange it. There 'ud be a nice pickin' for lawyers" ("lye-ers" was our mode of pronouncing) "with all your breakin' up an' sales."

"Aye," said a leather-aproned man on the other side of the fire, who was obviously the village blacksmith—"aye, Mr. Harding, and 'ow do you mean to do wi' the housen? Be they all to be

divided? Why, the women in our row they're alls a quarrellin' an' combing each other's hair cos they can't agree about the pump and the pigstyes, an' they say as one's more favored nor another. There'd be the dickens to pay about choice o' housen."

"That's alls the way wi' them as knows nothin' o' the rights o' man," replied the thatcher scornfully. "The principle's good; what's the use o' findin' fault wi' the ticklers? You'd 'ave a man not strike on's anvil till he knew where the sparks 'ud all go to, you would?"

"If I'd made a horseshoe," said the blacksmith with a sneer, "I'd never try to fit it on a jackass."

"Come, come," interposed the old man who had first started the socialistic difficulty, "don't let's have any words about it. Let's hear what Mr. Harding has to say to us. We was askin' him about dividin' the land."

"Well, Mr. Spicer, then I'll tell you. For I used to think like you, as it wouldn't be easy to find a bit o' land for everybody. You'd want a fine sight o' surveyors, and miles o' measuring chains, an' they'd be at it all day long, an' walkin' over the ground just when you was puttin' in your tatures, mebbe. An' I asked that gentleman as come down to tell the men they was to strike, so as they might get their rights out o' the farmers—I asked him, but quite civil like, about this, an' whether he thought as it 'ud do without dividin' up, like as when a benefit club breaks. An' I said to him, 'How would it do if we was to send chaps to Parlyment as 'ud make a law that there was to be five farmers where now there's one, and each one o' these to have ten laborers where now there's one, and make him pay each of 'em a pound a week, and no one to work more nor eight hours, an' keep all Saturdays like Bank 'olidays?'"

"Why, you've left your own trade out, Mr. Harding!" said Mr. Spicer.

"Nay, but I didn't. For I said there might be a law passed as would stop anybody using slates on the housen, when thack's a deal better covering."

"Aye, and make my boss give me my boat for myself," exclaimed the captain of the *Sweetheart*. "What right has

he to own eight on 'em, I'd like to know?"

"Well, and what did the gentleman say?" asked Mr. Spicer.

"Oh, he said as all these things had been thought on, and as they'd settled at the club in London as the whole basin (I think that were 'is word)—as the whole basin as society stood on was rotten, and there'd be no good o' nothin' till us found another. An' there wasn't to be no dividin' at all, because there wasn't to be anybody as had anythin' for hisself—"

"Nobody to have nothin' for hisself!" exclaimed the bargee. "Well, I never heard the like o' that!"

"No!" said the thatcher scornfully. "We was all to work for the common good—those was his very words. We was all to be collectivists."

"What was you to collect?" interposed the landlord, whose mind moved slowly, and who had not yet grasped the theory.

"That was just what I asked the gentleman. And he said, 'How slow you country-folk be to take in an idea!' Well," says I, "but will you explain a bit?" An' 'e says, says 'e, 'Did you never see such a thing as a beehive?' An' I says, 'D'ye mean to make a fool o' me?' An' 'e says, 'Well, an' how much honey has each bee to hisself?' Well, I says, 'I never 'eard as he had any.' An' isn't he contented?' says he. 'Aye,' says I, 'so he mut be, but I never axed him.' Well then, he answered, 'we shall all be like bees, all happy and contented like, and nobody sayin' as anythin' belongs to 'isself, and all workin' for the commonwealth.' Those was his words."

"And who's to divide the honey at the end of the year?" asked the blacksmith.

"Why, the Gover'ment, I suppose," answered the thatcher.

"Oh, there's to be a Gover'ment, then?" said the boatman. "I thought there'd be none o' those topping folk, beaks an' that sort." Mr. Watford's desire for the coming revolution was beginning to subside.

"O' course, Billy, there must be somebody to do it."

"An' be us to 'ave the blessed bosses a lordin' it over us, just as they does now?"

"Don't you see," said Harding, "as it makes all the difference whether we appint the managers or they appints themselves? Them as pays calls the tune. That's what I say. They'd be like delegates. Only they'd not be delegates o' one union, but delegates of us all."

"I don't think much o' they Union delegates, as you call 'em," interposed the blacksmith, whose occupation did not readily admit of trade combinations and limitation of working hours. "I met one on 'em last week, when I was on a job up country at Ponder's End, an' 'e seemed to be 'aving a good time, 'e did! Leastways 'e was livin' like a turkey cock does afore Chris'mas, callin' o' the landlurd for just whatever pleased 'im, beefsteaks an' beer an' wine, an' blaggardin' too if they wasn't brought smart, be goy! An' when I axed who the gentleman was, they said he was a delegate a goin' to help the poor colliers against their oppressors as wouldn't give 'em a livin' wage. 'Well,' I says, 'I'd like such a wage,' says I, 'as 'ud keep me a livin' in your style.'"

"What did he say to that?" asked Mr. Spicer.

"He answered me quite round like," replied the blacksmith. "'There's some folks works wi' their heads,' says he, 'an' some wi' their hands, an' those as works wi' their heads is worth more nor those as works wi' their 'ands. For why,' he says, 'you go on 'ammering, 'ammering, 'ammering all day long, and blowin' of your bellows, an' frizzlin' o' horses' feet, just as your father did, and you don't know how to raise the price o' your work, cos you ain't got no Blacksmith's Union. Well,' he says, 'it's the likes o' me as shows men how to combine and make the masters pay 'em better.' An' then he cries to the landlurd, 'Bring me a bottle o' poort!' I don't know much o' they unions," added the speaker, "but I know what I'd rather be nor a blacksmith!"

"Well now, there again," said the thatcher. "You don't look deep enough into things. What Mr. Watford says, and what you says, Mr. Gray, is only suited to the present. You can't change everythin' all at onst no

more nor you can mend your thack before you've got your haulm. We'se goin' to alter all these things by-an-by. There'll be no unions in those days, cos we'll be all in one union. Nor there'll be no capitalists, for there'll be no capital. Share an' share alike, that's what I say. There's enough money in England to pay every man a good livin' wage."

"Do you think, Harding," asked Mr. Spicer, "as you'll get men as have saved a bit o' brass and mebbe bought their houses, like your brother Jim has, I'm told, to be willing to give 'em up? aye, and Jones the grocer, too, at the corner? and all those as have put their money into benefit clubs? Will they be willin' for others to have the dividin' of it? We don't start fair, it seems to me, for some workin' bees in the hive is like bumble bees, and I'm told as they work on their own account."

"Well, in course, they won't like it, but they'll have to put up with it," said the other. "You be all so much for perticlars, an' that's where you fails. The principle's good, I say, an' the perticlars must be made to fit into it, like. There isn't nobody as can please everybody, and the majority is to settle the business."

"That seems a bit hard on the minority."

"Ah, so it would be at first, but that wouldn't last long, and soon there'd be no minority."

"Why, how's that to be?" asked the blacksmith. "In my house I'm the majority, I tell my wife when we has a difference; but, bless ye! she's up agin like a hinjin rubber doll, an' the majority is often more nor willin' to go out into the forge an' say no more about it."

"Well, what I mean," replied the thatcher, "is this. Things 'ud be a bit contrairy at startin', but when we've gone on a bit, they'd come straight. That's what the last week's *Hargus* says. You an' Mr. Spicer there may hargufy as you like, but when it comes to votin' you'll have to shut up if the majority's agin you. An' when we've outvoted you times after times, you'll see it's of no manner of use for you to vote at all, and you'll just shut up. And we shan't vote then, as I'm told,

just to send some bloke as calls himself a Liberal into Parlyment, to live in London like a gentleman, and to be fed up same as a queen bee. We shall just represent ourselves and vote straight for what we want, whether it's short hours or long wages. That's the ticket!"

"And is every one to be paid alike?" somebody asked from behind a cloud of tobacco smoke.

"O' coorse he is. Why shouldn't I be gettin' my pay now from the Government? It's not my fault as I'm not at work. And there's Billy there. He has his wife and childer to keep all the same whether the cut's stopped or it isn't. Look at my twelve childer too. They're bound to be kept by somebody, I guess. They was born in England, and England's bound to keep 'em."

A murmur of applause greeted this declaration of the rights of Englishmen.

"Aye," repeated the speaker, encouraged by the sympathy of his audience, and bringing his fist down on the table, so that the glasses rang, "and if a poor man like Jerry here"—he pointed to a lame man with a red nose in the corner of the room—"can't do the same work as another, is that any reason why he should be cast away to starve in a country like this, as is a-runnin' over wi' money? Blast it all! I say. We bain't agoin' to stand it no longer!"

"Then you'd pay the unemployed?" asked a man with red hair and of a general scarecrow appearance, who supported himself in the summer by odd jobs and generally took up his winter quarters in the workhouse.

"O' coorse we'd pay 'em! It's all along o' the bloated aristocrats and capitalists as they don't get work. What's the state for, if it isn't to find food for the people?"

"Ah," said the blacksmith, "but how be you to find out which wants to work an' which doesn't? There was a man come last week to my dur, a tramp 'e was, seemin'ly, an' the missus axes 'im what 'e wants? 'I be the unemployed,' says he, 'an' I wants summut on ye.' 'Well,' she says—for she's a kind-hearted woman though she has a tongue—"Well,' she says, 'I'll see if

I've got a crust o' bread for ye an' a bit o' cheese.' 'Nay,' he says, 'I don't want none o' your scraps, I don't. I want some brass.' 'You've brass enough in your face,' she says, 'an' I can see by the look on ye wheere the tuppence 'ud go to!' 'That's my bizness,' says he, 'an' none o' yourn. I'm the unemployed, an' it's your bizness to relieve me.' 'Well,' she said, 'there's my 'usband in the shop, an' the 'prentice is gone for a 'oliday, an' one of our lads is ablowin' for 'im. If you'll take a turn at the bellus, he'll pay you for the time, he 'ull.' 'Nay,' the chap says, 'I've done no work for five year and I ain't agoin' to begin. It's only fools an' jackasses as does 'ard work. So be you goin' to give me annythink, or be you not?' 'No!' says the little 'ooman, for she's a deal o' pluck and stands up to me the whiles—"no!" she says, 'an' you may go your way for an idle vagabone, you may!' 'May I?' says he, drawin' a clasp-knife out of his pocket, 'why, I'd rip you up in two minutes, I would!' And, wi' that she calls out, 'John, John!' through the little windy as looks on the forge, and when the chap saw me comin' in with a 'ammer in my hand—lawks! he was off like a shot out of a shovel! Well now," continued the smith, "what be you goin' to do wi' the likes o' those tramps as is unemployed, and doesn't want to do a stroke for an honest livin'?"

After this long speech, which was listened to with great interest by the audience, some of them even refraining from putting the long-stemmed pipes to their lips at the critical periods, the blacksmith dipped his honest and bashful face into the pewter and took a good pull at the contents.

All looked at the Thatcher.

"Seems to me," said he, "as none of you 'as given your minds to think out the matter. Socialism isn't agoin' to change men all at onst. It's like vaccination, and some won't take on. We're all to work, as I told you, same as bees in a hive, and all to share alike, and if anybody won't work when he mowt work, he'll be like to clem. Drones 'all have to tumble out, and that pretty sharp too."

"Then," replied Spicer's thin voice from the corner, "I see that even when you've divided up all the land and houses, and settled equal wages all round, and forbid any man to work more than six hours a day, and paid full wages to those that can't work because they're ill, or for no fault of their own—you'll still want a lot of relieving officers to pay the wages, and lawyers' clerks to keep the accounts, and beaks to settle which of the unemployed are to be kept alive and which are to die like the drones do. Aye, and if a man says as he doesn't care for your six hours' law, and he'll work a bit longer time on his own account (say he's a shoemaker and does his work at home), you'll want the pleeceman to nab him, and the prison to put him into, and, belikes, a lot of other things, pretty much as we have 'em now, only under other names. So what Billy was a-singin' about there bein' no prisons don't hold good, and mebbe you'll want more room in 'em. And what do you say to some parsons and sextons to bury those as you've starved to death?"

"Ah! by gow," remarked the scarecrow, "an' us 'ud want somewheres to live in in the winter—not but what I'd like summut better nor the skilly!"

"And then," continued Spicer, "if other countries didn't do the same as us, and made things cheaper by working for less and working longer hours, how the dickens are you to keep them from sending their 'made in Germany' spades and shovels over here and keep our own folk from buying of 'em? And if the foreigners didn't see it as we do, we should have to fight them, I suppose, and that 'ud mean soldiers and sailors, cannons and ships, and all the rest of it. What would your happy hive say when the wasps come to rob their honey?"

"I'd like to catch a scaly furriner in my forge!" ejaculated the blacksmith, and a murmur of applause greeted his menace.

"Listen to me, for a set of fools as you are," suddenly exclaimed a voice from the other side of the ingle.

All turned to look at the new speaker. He was a little man, sharp-featured, with sunken eyes and lanky black hair, and wore a somewhat thread-

bare coat. Hitherto he had taken no part in the discussion, but the keen dark eyes beneath his broad forehead had eagerly followed each interlocutor in turn. By occupation he was a tailor, but his work was chiefly done for a large "sweating" firm, Lewis & Zacharias, in the neighboring town.

"Listen to me," he repeated. "Mr. Spicer's quite right. What's the use of your peddling socialistic quackery? We need something more than that kind o' doctoring—we want a drastic remedy. You'd treat the spots of a man who'd got the smallpox instead of curing the disease. You'd do away with one set of bloodsuckers and get a bigger and a worse! Are mankind always to be babies and want dry nursing? Not so! You don't see that the whole plan of governing one man by another, whether you call it monarchy or socialism, is rotten to the core. We don't want governing at all. Who governs the birds or the fishes?—nobody as I see. Who supplies their police and pays their wages?—nobody. And why should we be different? We don't want a state at all, much less a state such as you would have, that is to manage everything for you, like a set of molly-coddles—that's to tell you how long you're to work, and what you're to have for it, how long you're to sleep, and when you're to get up and be off to some blessed state workshop! Aren't we men enough to know how we're to eat and drink and amuse ourselves without licensing laws and pettifogging enactments? Why should the state provide schools and food and wages? The state means nothing but the citizens who compose it. We don't want any state at all, or any 'classes.'"

"Well, Mr. Brettel," said the landlord, who liked to give impartial encouragement, "you was alls a man to speak out, an' you knows summut more o' foreign nations nor most on us. Tell us 'ow you'd like to settle things."

"P'raps," continued the tailor, "I'd better begin at the beginning."

"Aye, do," was the general chorus.

"Well, if you was to see a hundred babies at once, all of the same age, could any o' you tell, apart from their clothes like, which of 'em belonged to gentle-folks and which to the laboring

classes? Do you think the Prince o' Wales when he was born looked very different from you or me?"

"Not he," was the answer.

"But out of those hundred children, which of 'em is the prisons made for, and the hard work, and the scanty fare, and the potten houses? Which of 'em is the policeman kept for, I'd like to know?"

"Why, the blessed coppers is kep' for the likes of us," said the bargee. "Blow 'em if they ain't!"

"Yes," resumed Brettel scornfully, "and why so? Because the poor furnish the criminal classes. They start at a disadvantage. It's all part of a false system. We're all born equally good. All we have to do is to keep so. What makes a lad take to stealing, or a man commit murder, but because of the inequality of our conditions? That's what makes us what we are. It's our environment, that's what it is. It's how we're treated. Why, I've known a horse as seemed that vicious you could do nothin' with him, but when the master got a kinder groom he was as gentle as a lamb, a child might have handled him. That horse was all right when he was a colt—it was the treatment made him what he was."

The horse illustration developed a little difference of opinion in a corner of the room, where a tight-breeched man began to give some of his own experiences to his neighbors, but the landlord called for silence, and Mr. Spicer rapped the table to enforce it.

"Let's hear Mr. Brettel out," said the latter.

"What I was saying," continued the speaker, "is this. It's the sight of inequality that causes crime. The wrongs done by society come back on society, like crows to their nests. We don't want society at all, neither with your upper classes, as you have them now, nor with your thousands of delegates and policemen, as Mr. Harding would have it. And there's the weak part of his system, to my mind. What's the use of 'stablishing a system for one country as others won't agree to? What's the use of making things if you've no market for your goods? Why, if it costs a shilling more to make a spade in England than it does

in Germany, because you work shorter hours and get better wages, who'll make the spades and picks for South Africa but Germans and such like? And what holds in one thing holds in all. Then, again, if our food's to come across the seas, and other nations have a quarrel with us, how are they to be stopped robbing it on the way? Brummagem 'ull have to shut up and all the Black-country men 'ull be out of work if we've no trade for hardware and nobody 'll buy our dear coals. No! Socialism has been tried and been found wanting. If you have it under the best conditions and yet confined to a particular nation, it meets you with the same everlasting problem, and leaves you without capital, or intelligent workers, or market for your goods."

"You seem pretty hard on my plan," said Harding. "Let's hear yours."

"It's pretty much the opposite," answered the tailor. "You want the state to do everything: we want the state to do nothing. We don't want any state at all. You'll never tinker the business and make a good job of it. 'Clear away all the upper classes,' says Mr. Harding there, and I say the same. But don't start your class system under other names and go in for the old policy of coercion. Clear away, I say, all laws and government, and that not in one country alone, but all over the world. And then start fair. There'd be no breaking of the laws if there was no laws to break; there'd be no need of policemen, or armies, or navies, and instead of men seeking to cheat one another, and each nation trying to get the advantage in trade and territory, every one would be brother to all the rest and never think of injuring him. There'd be no longer English and Russians, French and Germans, Spanish and Portugese, but we should all be one family and live as such. Every one would do just as he liked, and nobody interfere with his neighbor."

A storm of questions poured upon the speaker, what seemed most to provoke disagreement being the proposed abolition of nationalities, and a lively altercation sprung up among different portions of the audience, Billy Watford's voice being the loudest in protest against being made into "a Rooshian

or a Prooshian." In short, the noise became so great and the disputants so interested in the discussion, that for a few moments no one noticed the appearance of the village policeman, lantern in hand.

"Come, gentlemen," he said good-naturedly, "it's ten minutes past clos-

ing time, and my orders is strict to enforce it. Thomas," he added, turning to the landlord, "we're bound to end your 'appy meetin', unless you've applied for a special license to Petty Sessions."

Exeunt omnes.

—*Temple Bar.*

JOWETT'S LIFE.*

BY LESLIE STEPHEN.

THIS life of Jowett by two of his most enthusiastic and sympathetic disciples satisfies many demands of the art of biography. Jowett himself loved Boswell's model work as it deserves to be loved, and would have made it the standard of excellence. The unique combination of circumstances which enabled Boswell to turn out a masterpiece has not, and probably never will, be repeated. Jowett, in spite of some resemblances, noted by his biographers, was not a Johnson; and the biographers—the remark is, perhaps, equivocal—are clearly not Boswells. Boswell had the tact for selecting only such trifles as were characteristic; and I fear that they do not fully share that quality. Still, with the help of Jowett's letters and written meditations, they have brought us face to face with the man, and should enable us to form a distinct portrait of a very interesting figure. One result may be emphatically recognized at the outset. Nobody can lay down these volumes without feeling that Jowett deserved the affection of his friends. He had his weaknesses, like Johnson; but we feel in his case, as in Johnson's, that the core of the man's nature was sweet, sound, and masculine. This is part of the explanation of a problem which, I must confess, has often appeared to me as to others, to be rather enigmatic. What was the secret and the real nature of Jowett's remarkable influence? I had not the advantage of coming within his personal sphere, nor even of belonging

to his beloved University. I had, however, the good fortune of knowing at an early period some of the group, among whom, as we are told, "there sprang up what outsiders termed a sort of Jowett worship." That group, it is added, did not form a "mutual admiration society." One reason is obvious: the bond of union was personal. The worship of Newman or of Carlyle meant, as a rule, sympathy with certain dogmas or the acceptance of a particular set of shibboleths, which at once marked a man as representing a distinctive tendency in theology or politics. This could certainly not be said of Jowett's worshippers. Jowett did not himself accept any articulate philosophical doctrine. The admiration, therefore, was mainly for the man himself; and might be common to people who, starting from a general liberalism—to use the vaguest possible word—had reached very different conclusions; and might be followers of Comte, or of Hegel, or even careless Gallios, capable of very sharp criticisms both of their master and of each other. The outsider, meanwhile, was a little in the dark as to the precise nature of a tie which united the central member to disciples who dispersed along so many diverging radii.

The problem was the more difficult to a member of the sister University. An interesting essay might, I fancy, be written upon the nature and origin of the difference between the Oxford and the Cambridge spirit. Whatever the cause, one distinction is marked. Oxford has long been fertile in prophets; in men who cast a spell over a certain number of disciples, and not

* *Life and Letters of Benjamin Jowett, M.A., Master of Balliol College, Oxford.* By Evelyn Abbott and Lewis Campbell. London, 1897. John Murray.

only propagate ideas, but exercise a personal sway. At Cambridge no such leader, so far as I can remember, presented himself in my time; and, moreover, Cambridge men were generally inclined to regard their apparent barrenness with a certain complacency. Spiritual guides are troublesome personages. A prophet, perhaps we thought, is apt to be a bit of a humbug, and at any rate a cause of humbug in others. We had some very vigorous and excellent tutors, but they were rather anxious to disavow than to assert any such personal influence as is independent of downright logical argument. Perhaps this was partly due to the mathematical turn of Cambridge studies. At the time when Oxford was dimly troubled by the first rumors about German theology, Cambridge reformers were chiefly concerned to introduce a knowledge of the new methods of mathematical analysis, to which Englishmen had been blinded by a superstitious reverence for Newton. That was an excellent aim; but, of course, you cannot appeal to men's "souls" in the name of the differential calculus. Even when Cambridge men took to the study of classical literature, they stuck to good, tangible matters of grammatical construction without bothering themselves about purely literary or philosophical interests. They did not deny the existence of the soul; but knew that it should be kept in its proper place. It may be an estimable entity; but it also generates "fads" and futile enthusiasms and gushing sentimentalisms. It should not be unduly stimulated in early years, but kept in due subordination to the calm understanding occupied with positive matters of fact. The opposite view is indicated by a remark of Jowett's upon Dr. Arnold. Arnold had his weak points intellectually, says Jowett, "but in that one respect of inspiring others with ideals, there has been no one like him in modern times." Arnold, beyond all doubt, was an admirable person; and few cases of "influence," as understood by Oxford men, are more remarkable. Considering the shortness of his life and the limits of his position, the impression which he made upon his contemporaries is not short of surprising. To the

average reader of to-day it is probably interpreted for the most part by *Tom Brown's Schooldays*. That is a charming book, even when one's schooldays are over; but it then suggests certain misgivings. The Rugby men had their weaknesses. "What a good man Walrond is!" said Professor Sellar to Matthew Arnold. "Ah!" replied Arnold, "we were all so good at Rugby." "Yes," retorted Sellar, "but he kept it up." They all, as it seems to an outsider, "kept it up." The very tone of voice of a true Rugbeian implied, modestly but firmly, that he was endowed with a "moral consciousness." He had a quasi-official right to share the lofty view which he had imbibed at the feet of the master. He always seemed to be radiating virtuous influences. A conscience is, no doubt, a very useful possession in early years. But when a man has kept one till middle life, he ought to have established a certain *modus vivendi* with it; it should be absorbed and become part of himself—not a separate faculty delivering oracular utterances. The amiable weakness of the Rugby school was a certain hypertrophy of the conscience. It had become unpleasantly obtrusive and self-assertive. In other words, they were decidedly apt to be moral prigs.

Jowett's influence was not exactly of this kind, but before asking what it was I must say something of one problem which is forced upon us by this book. Jowett was a man of wide philosophical culture. He was prominent in Oxford society during some remarkable intellectual changes. He lived there for some fifty-seven years. As an undergraduate he was a looker-on at the singular and slightly absurd phenomenon called the Oxford Movement, and keenly interested in the contest finally brought to a head by his friend W. G. Ward. Soon afterward he was a leading tutor, at a time when the most vigorous youths at Oxford were inclining rather in the direction of J. S. Mill, and some of them becoming disciples of Comte. His edition of St. Paul's Epistles made him an arch heretic in the eyes of the High Church party, and his simultaneous appointment to the Greek Professorship gave

the chance, of which its members were foolish enough to avail themselves, of putting him in the position of a martyr of free thought. His share in the *Essays and Reviews* (1860) made him a representative man in a wider sphere. Though we have now got to the stage of affecting astonishment at the sensation produced by the avowal of admitted truths in that work, nobody who remembers the time can doubt that it marked the appearance of a very important development of religious and philosophical thought. The controversy raised by *Essays and Reviews* even distracted men for a time from the far more important issues raised by the publication of Darwin's *Origin of Species*. Jowett, then a little over forty, was no doubt old enough to have some settled convictions, but young enough to be fully awake to the significance of the definite invasion of the old system of thought by the new doctrines of evolution and historical method. When, in 1870, he became Master of Balliol he was succeeded in the tutorship by his attached friend, T. H. Green, who introduced the Hegelianism which has since become so conspicuous in English philosophy, and had already been studied by Jowett. What may be the true meaning and tendency of these varying phases of opinion is a question to be answered by the rising generation. This, at least, is evident—Jowett was a man of mark and intellectual authority at a time when vital questions were being eagerly agitated and the most various conclusions reached. What had he to say to them? Will the future historian of English thought be able to show that any of the important contributions to speculation bear the impress of Jowett's intellect? The movement of the different currents of thought is too wide and complicated to be explained by any individual influence; but we might look to such a man as the best representative of some definite tendency, or at least as having been a valuable expounder of some important aspect.

Is any phase of speculation marked by Jowett's personal stamp? That is the question which one naturally asks about a man who is a well-known writer

upon philosophy, and one can hardly deny that the answer must be unequivocally in the negative. Jowett's biographers hold that he might have said something very important if he had found time. He had himself a lasting ambition to be a teacher. He had a habit of drawing out plans for future work. At the age of seventy he laid down a scheme for eight years of work: one year upon Plato, two upon Moral Philosophy, two upon a Life of Christ, one upon Sermons, and two upon a History of Early Greek Philosophy. We admire the sanguine spirit of the man; we feel his illusions to be pathetic; we envy the power of believing that at the fag-end of life, tasks can still be achieved which, taken separately, might well require years of devotion at the period of highest vitality. To most of us elders any similar fancies are as impossible as fancies of a sledge-journey to the North Pole. We may most sincerely regret that we cannot cherish them. We might do more than we shall ever actually do if we could only continue to aim at a mark beyond our range; and it must be placed to Jowett's credit that the impulse to work remained so vigorous when all capacity for achievement was so soon to leave him. But, also, one cannot help asking whether Jowett at his best, and freed from the calls upon his energy, which took up so large a part of his time, could really have done anything great in these directions? What could a Life of Christ have been in his hands? "Can I write like Renan?" he asks himself; and the answer is too clear. Could he have emulated the industry, close scholarship, and minute criticism of a German professor? That is, perhaps, still more out of the question, and one cannot feel that his failure has lost us anything more than an elegant essay balancing inconsistent theories. Jowett's biographers think that he could have written something of great value upon Moral Philosophy. Happily a man may be an admirable moralist in practice, though very vague in his theory of morals. Jowett might have been an excellent "moralist" in the old Johnsonian sense—a forcible propounder of practical maxims for life and conduct

—but however good the spirit of his discursions into ethics, they certainly do not even suggest any new solution of the old difficulties.

In speaking of Jowett's general position in these matters, Dr. Abbott remarks that he had written passages in his edition of St. Paul's epistles, "such as no other man of his age has put on paper." Later distractions, however, made him "wander into other paths." He spent years upon his translations of Plato and Thucydides. He was overwhelmed (it is not wonderful) by the greatness of his self-imposed tasks; and the "harsh reception of his theological work" disheartened him and made him fear that his writing might do as much harm as good. "His sensitive nature received a wound from which it never quite recovered." These remarks are characteristic, and illustrate painfully the difficulty of seeing one's self as others see us. It may not be strange that Jowett could not understand the impression which he was making; but to any one else the probable reception was obvious. I confess that I cannot see in the essays upon St. Paul what Dr. Abbott sees in them. A cordial admirer, I fully admit, is more likely to be right than one who looks from outside and in a spirit of antagonism. I cannot, indeed, believe by any effort that the passages quite deserve this lofty eulogy, but I gladly admit that Dr. Abbott probably sees real merit to which I am blinded by prejudice or want of sympathy. I read the book, however, when it first appeared; I have turned to it since to verify my impressions; and I confess that I am afraid that they are such as would inevitably occur to any man of plain understanding. One instance will be ample. Jowett writes an essay upon the theory of the Atonement. He holds that the theory as ordinarily stated is repulsive. No unsophisticated mind will accept the doctrine that a just God pardons sinners in consideration of the suffering of a perfectly innocent man. In other words, the dogma accepted by the Salvation Army, or even by Butler, revolts the conscience. He tries, therefore, to restate it in a variety of ways, and admits that the doctrine, turn and twist it as you

will, remains morally objectionable. He suggests by way of escape that the erroneous version is produced by turning rhetoric into logic and mistaking a metaphor, one among many, for a kind of rigid legal formula. That may be true; and we will also suppose that St. Paul meant no more than a metaphor. But a "metaphor," unless it be a mere phrase, ought surely to indicate some truth that can be indicated, if not accurately formulated. It is pathetic, and it was once very puzzling, to see how Jowett plays hide-and-seek with this ultimate difficulty. One point is clear to him: the death of Christ was "the greatest moral act ever done in this world." It was greater, let us say, than the death of Socrates or of any Christian martyr. If so, it was the most stimulating of examples. But to say that it was merely this is obviously to deprive it of all the old theological significance. It is to say nothing which might not be consistently admitted by Renan, or even by Voltaire, or by the most thorough-going Agnostic. Jowett can only reply by referring to a "mystery," though he admits that "there may seem to be a kind of feebleness in falling back on mystery, when the traditional language of ages is so clear and explicit." It amounts to saying, he admits, that we not only know nothing, but apparently never can know anything of the "objective act" of reconciliation between God and man. Meanwhile the true difficulty is to see why there should be any mystery at all. The whole mystery is created by straining metaphors and "turning rhetoric into logic." Why not drop it?

The difficulty, of course, is not peculiar to Jowett. I mention it to illustrate the difficulty of the intelligent youth who in those days tried to adopt Jowett as a guide. Such a one fell, if I may adapt one of Johnson's phrases, as though his master had pushed him over a cliff and advised him to fall softly, or perhaps assured him that he was not falling at all. Before this time Jowett had been flirting with Hegelianism, and, without becoming a thorough-going disciple, was apparently attracted by the opportunities afforded by that system of saying and unsaying

a thing at the same time. He puts aside all logical difficulties on the ground that somehow or other contradictory assertions may both be true. "The notion that no idea can be composed out of two contradictory conceptions seems to arise out of the analogy of the sensible world." A thing cannot be both white and black (rather white and not white) at the same time. But there is, it appears, no absurdity in supposing that the "mental analysis even of a matter of fact should involve us in contradictions." He imagines the "old puzzles of the Eleatics" to be still insoluble, and infers apparently that we may assume without further trouble both that the will is free and that it is not free. To some philosophers, I am aware, this has a meaning; but to common sense it presents itself simply as a very convenient plan for taking both sides of any important question. In later years, indeed, Jowett, while still having a certain leaning toward Hegel, became suspicious of metaphysics generally. Some knowledge of metaphysics, he says, "is necessary to enable the mind to get rid of them." Metaphysics ought, as he was always saying, to be subordinate to "common sense," whereas Coleridge had said that common sense should be based on metaphysics.

The effect was that he decided to treat all problems in what he calls (in reference to free-will) the "only rational way," that is "historically." You are, that means, to accept beliefs as facts without troubling about their reasons. The result of this method is curiously given in some notes of 1886, which, as Dr. Abbott tells us, were his "last reflections." This, says Jowett, is the age of facts which are "too strong for ideas," and of criticism which is "too strong for dogma." The Christian religion may change till miracles become absurd; the "hope of immortality" mean "only the present consciousness of goodness and of God;" the "personality of God, like the immortality of man, pass into an idea;" "every moral act" be acknowledged to have a "physical antecedent," and "doctrines become unmeaning words." Yet, he says, the essence of religion "may still be self-sacrifice"

and so forth—"a doctrine common to Plato and to the Gospel." This (which is, of course, a rough private note) surely amounts, as the Germans say, to emptying out the baby with the bath. Christianity will be evacuated of every element which is not common to Plato. Indeed, we may go further. Jowett proceeds to speak of partly accepting Mr. Herbert Spencer's Agnosticism; and though he always spoke with dislike of Comte and of Darwin, it is hard to see what positive objection he could make to either.

I confess, therefore, that I am simply puzzled when I find Jowett proposing a belief in "the best form of Christianity," and his biographers fully accepting the statements. A Christianity without the supernatural, without doctrines, without immortality, and without a "personal God" seems to be merely an alias for morality. Neither can I share Professor Campbell's objection to a phrase of Carlyle. Carlyle, as we are reminded, had proposed an "exodus from Houndsditch," and yet "the moment some one within the camp spoke words of truth and soberness" (that is, in the *Essays and Reviews* article), broke out with the phrase "the sentinel who deserts should be shot." J. S. Mill, on the other hand, as we are reminded, approved of clergymen who remained within the Church so long as they could accept its formulæ "with common honesty." I agree with both Mill and Carlyle. The prosecutors held sincerely that the essayist was preaching doctrines utterly inconsistent with Christianity. They not only held this sincerely, but I cannot doubt that they were right in their belief. Accept Jowett's version and the Christian services will become an elaborate mystification. "Prayer," he says " (for fine weather and so forth), as at present conducted, is an absurdity," or "an ambiguity of the worst kind." How then could he join in prayers, which involve absurdity and ambiguity at every clause? How at least could he complain that men believing in the absurdities should try to turn him out? To them he appeared as a "deserter," or rather a traitor within the camp, and rightly so if judged by the inevitable consequences

of his actions. Mill, no doubt, was also right in saying that Jowett was justified in remaining so long as he could do so in "common honesty." He did not himself intend the consequences of his actions. His friend Stanley, who, as Carlyle used to say, was always boring holes in the bottom of the Church of England, was yet firmly convinced that he was helping the ship to float. I do not doubt the absolute sincerity of his and Jowett's conviction. But their fellow-passengers, who thought with equal sincerity that they were sending the ship to the bottom, inevitably desired to throw them overboard. Their good intention was no proof of the soundness of their calculation. Undoubtedly they meant well. "Destroy the Church of England!" said Charles Buller, according to one of the best stories in this book. "You must be mad! It is the only thing between us and real religion!" Free the Church, that is from the fetters of Parliament and lay jurisdiction, and you will hand it over to the fanatics. There is doubtless much truth in the epigram, and if for "real religion" we read "fanaticism" Jowett might have accepted the saying. He wished to keep the element of natural belief—of "sobriety and truth"—within the Church; and while he could do so, consistently with "common honesty," he was personally justified. But there is another danger. When men of his ability defend the use of superstitious observances as "metaphorical" or popular versions of truths, they may be playing into the hands of the superstitious. They sanction a device which can be turned against them. Other people will combine superstition and reason to the profit of superstition. Divines have lately discovered how to accept the critical results which shocked readers of *Essays and Reviews* and yet to accept the whole theory of priestly magic. The compromise may result in the enslavement of reason instead of the neutralizing of superstition. I know not what may be the result to the Church of England, but the enterprise attempted in the best possible faith by Jowett and his friends, seems to be injurious to the higher interests of intellectual honesty. It was a hope-

less endeavor to hide irreconcilable contrasts and pretend that they did not exist.

Jowett sincerely held "Christianity" to be in some shape the great force on the side of the moral elevation of mankind. When removing what seems to others the very essence of the creed, he really supposed himself to be only removing "incrustations." That he could hold that position sincerely implies, as I fancy, an intellectual weakness admitted by his biographers. He catches aspects of opinions and expresses them pithily, but he never can concentrate his mind or bring his doctrine to a focus. His writing becomes discontinuous, he wanders round and round problems without distinctly answering them or bringing the whole to an issue. He plays with philosophical principles without ever exactly saying Yes or No. And, therefore, he would seem to be less qualified for exercising an influence than more vigorous, if more one-sided, men. What are you to make of a guide who, so far from saying which is the right path, objects to decidedly committing himself to any one? His pupil Green could at least declare that Hegel would take us out of the labyrinth; but Jowett could only think that perhaps Hegel might lead to some interesting points of view—not really better than others. Maurice's disciples, again, complained, we are told, that Jowett would persist in silence about their leader. "I shall never join," he said in answer, "with that modern Neoplatonism—it is so easy to substitute one mysticism for another." The same view perhaps made him dislike Carlyle and Froude as romantics, if not charlatans. Newman and the later ritualists represent for him the natural enemies of common sense. But then where would common sense lead? Voltaire, we may say, was an incarnation of common sense, and of Voltaire Jowett asserted, "somewhat perversely," that he had done more good than all the fathers of the Church put together. The "perversity" is obvious, for Voltaire's desire to crush the "*infame*" was clearly not to Jowett's taste. The school which perhaps represented most clearly the development of the eighteenth century

philosophy was that of J. S. Mill, but of the Utilitarians Jowett always spoke with marked dislike. Young men, as a rule, like a leader who has some distinct aim, good or bad, and if Jowett were to be judged by that test one would say that no one of his time was less qualified to be a leader. To a distinct view of the importance of some solution he seems to have joined the profound conviction that no conceivable solution would hold water. "He stood," says one of his pupils, in a rather different sense, "at the parting of many ways," and he wrote "No thoroughfare" upon them all.

Jowett's influence, then, was hardly that of a consistent or confident guide in speculation. It was not less real and perhaps something much better, though to define it precisely would require a personal knowledge which I do not possess. There is abundant proof in these volumes of his great power of attaching men of all varieties. All his friendships, we are told, were lifelong. In spite of oddities and little asperities, he never apparently had a personal quarrel. Like Dr. Johnson, he loved women and children, and felt as strongly as the doctor the importance of "keeping his friendships in repair." From the earliest Oxford days he formed close alliances; as the old friends dropped off, he drew new recruits from his pupils; and he kept up intimacies with many who had passed to wider scenes of action. A man who is "nicknameable" must be a good fellow, and the phrase "Old Growler," with its vague suggestion of a surly but trusty watch-dog, fits a man who could attach in spite of external crustiness. There is only one aspect, however, upon which it may be permissible for an outsider to dwell. Jowett, it strikes one forcibly as one reads, was the last and one of the finest products of the old school of "dons." He came to the front before the old system had been thrown into distraction by University Commissions, and though he was an important leader during the subsequent changes, he was never in perfect sympathy with reformers who would radically alter the system. I have often wished that some skilful hand would draw a portrait of the old college don before he

is finally numbered with the dodos. I present the suggestion to any one in want of a setting for a novel of "sixty years since." A college don was for the most part a young clergyman anxious to succeed to a living and marry a wife. For him, a fellowship was a mere step on the path to comfort. But some men, by external fate or idiosyncrasy, were doomed to permanent celibacy. Then they took one of two paths—either they acquired a taste in port-wine and became soured or mildly (sometimes more than mildly) sybaritical; or else they accepted the college in place of a family, and felt for it a devotion such as an old monk may have had for his convent. It was their world; their whole "environment;" the object of a local patriotism as intense as could ever animate patriots in a wider sphere. A touching anecdote tells how Whewell, the typical Cambridge don, begged when dying to be raised in his bed that he might have one more glance at the great court of Trinity. That was the last flash of an enthusiastic love for the scene so intimately associated with boyish aspirations and manly energies. Jowett's love of Balliol was equally intense, and is the most characteristic part of his career. Balliol had absorbed him. "The college," he said, "is the great good and comfort of my life." "Make the college beautiful," was one of his last sayings. Some men have joined equal devotion to a college to a really low ideal of its true functions, but Jowett's ideal was worthy of a man of keen intellectual interest in the great problems of his day. His college deserved devotion; it had an almost unique position; and, as outsiders must grant, had "produced" a longer list of eminent men than almost any rival that can be mentioned. The phrase "produced," too, had more than its usual propriety. It is generally equivalent to "not extinguished," but it is undeniable that Jowett somehow acted as a positive and lasting stimulant upon his pupils.

This dominant passion seems to explain and to reconcile us to Jowett's obvious foibles. To the old dons of the narrower variety the college became an ultimate end; if it taught

young men it deserved gratitude for undertaking a troublesome and strictly superfluous duty; and any attempt to tamper with its constitution in order to make it a better school was regarded as a sacrilege. Jowett was free from this superstition in its extremer form. He felt as strongly as any reformer that colleges could only justify their independence by thorough educational efficiency; but he was equally clear that in point of fact their efficiency could only be preserved by maintaining their independence. The characteristic college system was admirable in his eyes. An undergraduate is not to be a mere student, after the German fashion, but the member of a little corporate body, imbibing a spirit of loyalty, and subject to the discipline and the judicious direction of the college-tutors. This was the valuable and even vital part of the English University system, which in Jowett's hands, more than in any one's, was a reality. He never, we are told, got over the shyness caused by his temperament; he was capable of persistent silence and of decisive snubbing; he could tell a youth who addressed him to hold his tongue rather than talk such nonsense; and one can very well believe that he was not universally popular. Everybody is not grateful for having his knuckles rapped at the right moment, though the rap may represent a sense of duty overpowering reluctance to speak. At any rate, the tendency to administer a good tonic, bitter or not, became part of his nature. He was, as Professor Campbell puts it, an "irrepressible Mentor." He had experience enough to know what is the general fate of good advice, especially when the recipient has no longer the malleability of youth. But he advised at all hazards, in season and out of season. When he sees a friend in danger of relaxing his zeal, even under the pressure of sorrow, he cannot help applying the goad. He may help his friend at least to "pull himself together;" and no doubt there are times when it does a man good to have a thorough shake. The advice, too, seems always to have been prompted by genuine goodwill which generally disarmed resentment. One feels, however, that there is a cer-

tain humorous side to the propensity. When a man sees his old schoolmaster, he generally looks back upon the old emotion of awful reverence as a quaint memory which has no living force left in it. But in Jowett's mind the relation seems to have presented itself as though it were as permanent and indissoluble as marriage. Once his pupil, you were not the less his pupil, though you might have become a judge, or a bishop, or a Cabinet Minister. You were absorbed in State affairs instead of the study of Plato; but you would still be the better for a friendly crack of the old whip. Jowett was charged with having thought too much of genius in early years and of success in later. He measured a man by what he achieved and not by his capability of achieving; and was accused of being a little too fond of the "great." This, again, coincides with the natural view of the college-tutor. He loves his pupils, it is true, but he always loves them as members of the college. He wishes to raise a harvest of first-class men, and believes a first-class to be an infallible indication of merit, and must be more than human if he does not exaggerate its importance. He wishes to see the college-boards ornamented with long lists of men distinguished in their later career; to turn out men whose portraits may be hung in the college-hall; and naturally thinks of it as a personal injury, or, which is the same thing, as an injury to the college, if some man of genius fails to obtain tangible honors. It is not that the genius is necessarily inferior—and Jowett could recognize, when it was fairly put before him, the inadequacy of success as a test of merit—but that the genius has not fulfilled the true final end of man—the glorification of his college. A man might fail at the Bar or in Parliament, and yet be successful in the eyes of "all-judging Jove;" but even Jove could not think much of a man who failed to promote the interests of Balliol. Unless he could do something for the college he was of no use in the world. Jowett's interest in his pupils was most admirable; he spared neither time nor trouble as a tutor; he did more for his men as a master than all the Cambridge heads

of houses put together; he was the most generous and open-handed of men, whenever the opportunity offered; if his shyness made it hard for him to be on easy terms with some of his pupils, he could at least be an "irrepressible" and inexorable Mentor. It was the intense interest of a captain in his crew; and the friendships, doubtless most genuine, were not simply personal. Jowett, one fancies, could not separate himself even in thought from Balliol; membership of the college was not an accident superadded to him or his friends, but an essential part of their personal identity, and therefore it was impossible to abstract from their effect on the college. Perhaps, one may guess, this went for a good deal in his own appreciation, if it existed, of "the great." Jowett, as Professor Campbell remarks, became so practical from the time of his coming to rule the college that some people thought that he was losing his interest in theology. He threw most of his energy into the task of improving the college, materially as well as morally. He spent his own money upon new buildings and new cricket ground, and so forth, and appealed to all his old friends to support him. He had, that is, to acquire the great art of stimulating the flow of subscriptions, and seems to have become, if the word may be allowed, a most accomplished "tout." Naturally, for this purpose, as well as for advancing the interests of his pupils, the support of the great and rich was of the highest importance. They were the predestined milch-cows who had to be skilfully manipulated. It is impossible to learn that art thoroughly without regarding your victims with a certain complacency. In order that their power and their purses are to be turned to the right account, one must cultivate their sympathies, and, without undue subservience, of which there seems to be no ground for accusing Jowett, one must adopt the mental attitude from which the value of wealth and influence receives fair recognition. They must be courted, not from snobishness or personal motives, but from a hearty appreciation of their utility as possible supporters of the good cause. Another peculiarity of the don has

some meaning too. The old college don often professed to look down upon the outside world; but was conscious at heart that the world is a little inclined to retort by calling him a rusty pedant. He was never better pleased than when he could fairly show that he too was a man of true literary and social culture—able to judge the last poem or novel, as well as to lecture upon Plato and Æschylus. Jowett's cordial spirit of hospitality was fostered and stimulated by this sentiment. He drew all manner of distinguished people to Balliol Lodge in later years; he would show them—as he could well show them in the time of H. S. Smith—that Balliol too was a centre of enlightenment; and he could prove to Oxford in general that a college might be attractive to the foremost statesmen and men of letters. He could do so, of course, because his hospitality was thoroughly spontaneous, and his friendship with eminent writers, such as Tennyson, Browning, and George Eliot, rested upon genuine appreciation. But a certain additional flavor was given by the collection in the shadow of the old college buildings of people at home in circles wider than the academical.

Jowett was Balliol and Balliol was Jowett. His foibles—they do not seem to have been very serious—were consequences of this tacit identification. To make the college as great a factor as possible in the higher ranks of English society, to extend and strengthen its influence in every direction, was to fulfil the main purpose of his life. And that—as might be illustrated by the history of larger societies which have tried to influence the outside world—involves a certain amount of mutual accommodation. "To do much good," says Jowett, in 1883, "you must be a very honest and able man, thinking of nothing else day and night; and you must also be a considerable piece of rogue, having many reticences and concealments." "A good sort of roguery," he adds, "is never to say a word against anybody, however much they may deserve it." That is a version of some very orthodox phrases about the wisdom of the serpent and being all things to all men. Jowett in

this sense may be called a bit of a "rogue;" only remembering that his roguery meant no more than a little difficulty in distinguishing between the interests of Balliol and the interests of the universe. In one direction it brought him into collision with a more advanced wing of reformers. Pattison imagined that the primary end of a university was to diffuse intellectual light, and inferred the propriety of devoting college revenues to the "endowment of research." There, as we find, Jowett had his reserves. He drew the line distinctly at the point at which the interests of the university might conflict with the interests of the colleges. To divert money from "prize fellowships" to professorships was to sacrifice a stimulus to students and a certain bond of connection between the colleges and the outside world in order to enable a few men to devote themselves to "minute philosophy" and elaborate pursuit of useless knowledge. He looked with suspicion upon certain tendencies of modern Oxford. The present teaching, he says (about 1878), is "utterly bad for students," but "flattering to the teacher." The old-fashioned college-tutor, if he did his duty, gave "catechetical" lectures; that is, he dealt with students individually, stimulated their minds and investigated their progress. The new professor gives smart lectures, lets the pupils pick up what crumbs they can, but aims at winning praise for his eloquence and does not care whether his hearers are really able to follow him or at most catch the art of stringing smart phrases into a leading article. He is, in short, thinking about himself instead of his college, and has lost the old corporate spirit which was so fully imbibed by Jowett. Jowett's conservatism may have been well or ill-judged. I am only concerned to say that it was at least characteristic. The old college system which he had worked so efficiently must, he held, in no case be lowered in efficiency. He looked rather coldly, for example, upon the movement for women's education, because he thought it likely to interfere at various points with the old order, and evidently thought that Pattison's ideas were calculated to hamper the colleges

without better result than endowing facile orators and useless investigation of trifles. It would diminish the educational power of the colleges in order to help the accumulation of useless knowledge dear in the eyes of dryasdust.

The question as to the true theory of universities is a wide one, and I will not venture even to hint at any opinion about it. What is plain is that Jowett substantially adhered to the older doctrine. Even if "research" were really stimulated by substituting professors for college tutors its value was doubtful. "Is learning of any use?" he asks, and he replies that it is worse than useless except as a stimulant to thought and imagination. He thought that Green's lectures did harm by diverting lads from "poetry and literature" to wandering in the barren fields of metaphysics. Young men, the implication seems to be, should not aim at conquering any province of knowledge—the conquest must be superficial or won at the price of one-sided and narrow development. A premature specialist is a mental cripple—a prodigy made by bandaging the vital organs. And what is true of metaphysics and "learning" is equally true of theology. If Jowett's influence upon the outside world was, as I have suggested, not altogether good, it might well be excellent in the college so understood. A man with a definite creed is tempted to instil it into his pupils. He will give them a ready-made set of dogmas and try to frighten them out of obnoxious lines of inquiry. Jowett at least could not make the college into a caucus for the support of a sect. As Pater reports, part of his charm was owing to "a certain mystery about his own philosophic and other opinions." He was throwing out suggestions, not imposing opinions; going about like a Socrates cross-examining and dislodging old prejudices with a happy impartiality, not dogmatizing or enlisting recruits for any definite party. The college was to be a gymnasium to strengthen the mental fibre, not a place of drilling according to any regulation. What was a defect in a philosopher might be an excellence in a teacher. Of the disciples of Newman, half were permanently enslaved without

ever looking at the doctrine from the outside, and the other half, who ultimately rebelled, suffered permanently from the dislocating effect of the revolution. Jowett's pupils had at least not to lament that their minds had been put into a strait-waistcoat, injurious even if ultimately thrown aside.

In this sense we may understand Jowett's "influence" as identical with the influence of the college which he did so much to mould. You might not learn anything very definite, but you were subject to a vigorous course of prodding and rousing, which is perhaps the best of training for early years. Jowett is judged from a wrong point of view when we try to regard him as a leader of thought; but his influence was excellent as an irritant, which at least would not allow a man lay himself in intellectual slumbers. You might be propelled in any direction, but at least you would not stand still. How much has been done by Balliol is not for me to say; but Jowett's real influence is to be found by considering him as an intrinsic element of Balliol. And this may suggest a final remark. The last ten years of life, as Jowett frequently remarked, are the best: best, because you are freest from care, freest from illusion and fullest of experience. They must

no doubt be fullest of experience; they may be freest from care, if you are head of a college, and have no domestic ties; but unluckily the illusions which have vanished generally include the illusion that anything which you did at your best had any real value, or that anything which you can do hereafter will be even as good. One of the advantages of Jowett's identification of himself with his college was perhaps that he was never freed from this illusion. He won the advantage at a heavy price—the price of not knowing the greatest happiness. But a man who is swallowed up in a corporate body, which will outlast himself, acquires a kind of decorative immortality. His own life is only an element in the more permanent life. His work could be carried on by his successors, as the buildings which he helped to erect would remain for future generations. A man in that position might naturally, but as his authority and his experience grew with age, he was stamping himself more effectively upon the organism of which he was a member, and in that sense, hope, in spite of Dryden, to receive from "the last dregs of life" "what the first sprightly runnings could not give." That is an enviable frame of mind.—*National Review*.

HAMLET.

FROM A STUDENT'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY B. N. OAKESHOTT.

IN the December number of the *Fortnightly Review* there appeared an interesting article, by Mr. Beerbohm Tree, maintaining with some skill the commonly accepted theory that Hamlet, as drawn by Shakespeare, was of sane mind.

The difficulties of such a contention are well shown by the facts that Mr. Tree has to admit on several occasions that the conduct of the "sane" prince may fairly be described as the "result of hysteria," that more than once he found it necessary to introduce special

imaginative stage treatment to give a semblance of reason to Hamlet's action, and that, referring to the prince's visit to Ophelia described in Act ii. sc. 1, he says seriously: "The interview probably took place immediately after Hamlet's meeting with the ghost," when the whole internal evidence of the play itself shows that an interval of from six weeks to two months had elapsed.

I propose, as briefly as may be, and avoiding "supersubtlety," against which Mr. Tree protests, to see wheth-

er this commonly accepted theory is consistent with a reasonable interpretation of Shakespeare's work.

Hamlet, when the play opens, is not an unformed youth, but a man nearly approaching his thirtieth year, of whom, therefore, some stability of character and calmness of judgment, some repose, in fact, might fairly be expected.

Surely, in the healthy mind of a man arrived at years of discretion, youth, accomplishments (for he has "the courtier's, scholar's, soldier's, eye, tongue, sword"); popularity (he is "loved of the distracted multitude"); prosperous love, the crown and blessing of a young man's life, and his recognition as second in the State should have gone some way toward outweighing his natural sorrow at the death of his father, and modifying his bitter disappointment at the unwomanly conduct of his mother. Yet Shakespeare brings him upon the scene profoundly melancholy, his spirits and mental energies depressed to almost hypochondriacal dejection, wishing

"That the Everlasting had not fixed
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter."

And in this condition, when, by morbid brooding, inveterate introspection, intense study, he has lost due sense of proportion in his circumstances and environment and his mind is tottering on the verge of insanity, he goes to meet his father's ghost.

The harrowing tale is told, a rush of ungovernable emotion seizes Hamlet, wringing from him a flood of passionate expression, culminating in the words:

"O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain."

But the tension has been too great, collapse succeeds excitement, the thread of purpose, passion, coherence is lost, and the overwrought brain relieves itself in the words:

"My tables—meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a
villain;
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark."

Such an anti-climax, a remark so trite, trivial, and incongruous, written at such a time, and commented on so lightly with "So, uncle, there you

are," goes even beyond Mr. Tree's idea of what constitutes sanity, and he compares it with "light-headedness from physical exhaustion," "a condition of hysteria," and goes on to say, "This same hysteria continues through the following scene."

It does not occur to Mr. Tree that such a condition was eminently unsuitable for coming to an important decision, and he seems quite unconscious that before Hamlet announces the purpose,

"I perchance hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on,"

"the antic disposition" had already announced itself in the "wild and whirling words," "Well said, old mole," "Art thou there, truepenny?"

"There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark
But he's an arrant knave."

From this point onward, says Mr. Tree, Hamlet "feigns madness in order to be the better able to play the detective."

Now, the end proposed was not a great one, simply to confirm what had already been revealed to him; his decision was sudden, spasmodic, unreflecting; the means chosen unfitted for the end in view and did nothing to further that end, while it entailed natural and obvious evils which no sane man could overlook. The more successful his feigning the less likely was it to serve his purpose, for the more isolated must he become and the more effectually must he undermine his own influence. He must inflict infinite pain and distress upon his friends, stand in the way of his own ambition, concentrate observation and anxiety on his every word and act, and give to his usurping uncle opportunity and colorable reason for getting rid of him. As a sane man, second in the State, popular, surrounded by influential friends, he was safe and powerful; this safety and power, we are asked to believe, he knowingly threw away by seeming to strip himself of his high prerogative of reason and masquerading as a lunatic.

What then were his qualifications for such a purpose, and how came he by them? It is not the custom of Shakespeare to demand from his audience

belief in the impossible. He might have given credibility to this theory of feigning by some hint of studies, circumstances, or experiences, by means of which Hamlet acquired that mastery of apparently natural irrelevancy; those quirks and quips of expression, those pathetic repetitions—"Except my life, except my life, except my life," and so forth; that physical restlessness which led him to walk "four hours together" in the corridors of the Court; that art of piteous and profound sighing, which together afford almost irresistible *prima facie* evidence of insanity. Instead, however, he starts his hero fully equipped by nature with the "effects defective" necessary for his task. That Hamlet was successful in convincing friend and foe alike that he was mad is only too evident, but the measure of his success is the measure, not of his skill, but of his misfortune.

Hamlet has become the symbol of the irresolute, the inconsistent, the vacillating, moved hither and thither without helm or guidance by every current of event or wind of passion; a creature of circumstance, a toy in the hand of chance, a predestinated failure. But "unstable as water" in all else, he is consistent and persistent only in this, that from the time he took out his tablets in the first Act to the time of his apology to Laertes, immediately before the end of the tragedy, he maintains this so-called "feigned madness." He accepts and continues "his antic disposition" unquestioningly, as though it were a dispensation of providence, and it hurries him on through futility to tragic death. Never once in all his soliloquies does he question its wisdom or necessity. Is it possible that Shakespeare could have drawn a character so inconsistent in itself, in which a rash resolution, taken in a moment of passion, becomes the dominating power of his life, without implying at the same time that the apparent choice was not real, that the "antic disposition" was the result not of will but of fate, and that his hero was not to be adjudged responsible for his crimes, his brutality, and the misery he caused?

Moreover, may it not be asked, If

Hamlet feigned "in order to play the detective," why, when his uncle stood self-confessed, did he not resume the attributes of reason? His madness being real, the position is natural enough, but if feigned, its continuance is an absurdity.

The "sweet reasonableness" of the assumption of Hamlet's sanity is perhaps best illustrated by his conduct to Ophelia.

In the funeral scene (Act v. sc. 1) he exclaims, with every appearance of truth and fervor:

"I loved Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love
Make up my sum."

Here was a prodigious, almost incalculable, affection; yet what had been his conduct? How had he shown his love?

No doubt up to the time when his "hysteria" or "feigned madness" became chronic, he had been passionately attached to her; had laid at her feet the myriad-tinted treasures of a poetic imagination, the accumulated riches of a most sovereign reason, the devotion of a noble heart. By his gifts, his graces, his nobility, he had twined himself round that pure heart, till she lived in and for him.

Would not a sane man take every precaution to inflict as little pain and trouble as possible upon this, his nearest and dearest friend? Would he not even run some little risk to shelter her so far as he could from the effects of his plan? Yet, after his fatal choice, the first recorded interview is that from which she fled affrighted to her father. Hamlet's appearance and action throughout bear all the symptoms of madness, most of which could doubtless be feigned, but not successfully without patient practice and elaborate rehearsal, and even then I do not see how he could feign to be "pale as his shirt." Of course, if he prepared himself by careful training, it is but one step further to make up his face with the necessary pigment or chalk; but few, if any, of those who accept Hamlet as sane, realize that they therefore accept him masquerading in this brutal and artificial manner before the woman he loves; wantonly inflicting on her the pain which such an exhibition

must necessarily cause. And for what?

His reputation of madness was already established, and if, as has been said, he wished to divert his uncle's suspicion by suggesting love as the cause of his strange behavior, was it not one of the basest of villainies on the part of a sane man to offer up as a victim to his whim for aping the lunatic, the peace of mind, the heart, the very life of his most loved lady?

To turn to Act iii., scs. 1 and 2 of which seemed to Mr. Tree to demand the introduction of so much "imaginative stage treatment" in order to give to Hamlet's conduct even a semblance of sanity, and which scenes, moreover, are perfectly intelligible and consistent as Shakespeare wrote them, unless treated with a preconceived idea that Hamlet is sane.

The Prince enters and speaks the marvellous soliloquy beginning "To be or not to be," of which Mr. Tree says "every word uttered by him is sane." The subject is suicide. It is one of the most ordinary and expected symptoms of madness in an intellectual man. To plunge into the boundless flood of speculation suggested by it, to toy with the pros and cons of suicide seems as natural to the overwrought brain of a student as swimming to a fish. The mere tendency is reason for grave fear, and when, as in this case, suggesting causes are utterly inadequate, may almost be taken as *prima facie* evidence of a "mind diseased." What in all this wonderful speech has relevancy to the speaker himself? What has he had to do with "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune"? When has he had to bear "the whips and scorns of time," and the rest of the catalogue of evils that may drive their victim to "his quietus make with a bare bodkin"? The only resolution he has ever formed has been "to put an antic disposition on," and this has never been "sickled o'er by the pale cast of thought"—for it has been and is persisted in throughout, and, so far as I can find, there is no single suggestion anywhere that Hamlet gave it one moment of thought at all.

In the midst of his speculations and

reflections, he confronts the woman to whom he has addressed those words: "That I love thee best, O most best, believe it." And this "sane man," without any provocation or reason, so far as the incidents and dialogue of the play itself are concerned, proceeds to deny his gifts, repudiate his love, insult the lady and her father, and, as Mr. Tree puts it, "pours out a torrent of words which sear her soul, and rushes from the room." No wonder Ophelia unpacks her heart with that beautiful and pathetic lament beginning

"O what a noble mind is here o'erthrown."

She, at any rate, was not sufficiently "supersubtle" to suspect that her princely lover was simply ranting and raving "for his own edification," or "exercising his ingenuity and wit" upon one of his dupes. As written by Shakespeare, the whole scene is explicable on only one hypothesis, which is that Hamlet was not responsible for his actions, was in fact mad; and this is absolutely consistent with the preceding and following scenes.

Under Mr. Tree's "imaginative stage treatment," Hamlet is reminded by a medallion which he wears, that his duty to his father is paramount, and therefore seemingly he is justified in his lie, "I never gave you ought," and in all the callous cynicism of word and act which followed. No one, however, has yet pointed out in what way that duty could prompt or necessitate such conduct, or in what way the conduct furthered the performance of the duty or could be expected to do so.

Moreover, in the immediately preceding scene, Hamlet had been unable to see what was his duty, had suspected the very source of his information as to his father's murder, and had come to the conclusion, "I'll have grounds more relative than this." So we have it that, according to his own words, the question of whether or not he had this duty to his father was to be held in suspense for the time being.

"The play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king,"

and yet that duty was so self-evident as to justify deliberate, cold-blooded

cruelty to one who, neither then, or at any other time, stood in the way of its performance.

So far as the conduct of the Prince to Ophelia during the "Play scene" is concerned, it is absolutely hopeless and inexplicable on the assumption of his sanity. The abominable coarseness of his remarks is so utterly opposed to his naturally noble nature, so grossly inconsistent with anything we have been led to expect from him, so inconceivable from a man of his culture and refinement, and so unsusceptible of imaginative stage treatment, that it is simply passed by as part of his feigned madness with the comment, "I conceive the words to have been directed really to the king's ear." Yet, as matter of fact, and not merely of wish, or hope, or opinion, every one of the remarks in question was addressed to Ophelia. She has to reply to them as best she can, and there is no suggestion in the play itself, so far as the worst and grossest of them are concerned, that the king either did or could hear them.

One is very loth to believe that any sane man would wilfully and wantonly insult the woman he loved and repudiated by taking advantage of his position as a prince, and his privilege as a pretended lunatic, to assume the part of a chartered libertine and pour into her ears broad jokes and lewd suggestions. The charge is utterly loathsome and repulsive.

On the other hand, it is, to any who have witnessed it, one of the most painful and distressing features of mental disease, that those who while sane may have been "as chaste as ice, as pure as snow," may, and not seldom do, develop debasing lasciviousness.

Indeed, the play itself shows that Shakespeare was aware of this symptom of mental disorder, and when, in the following act, he has to depict Ophelia with "mind o'erthrown," although he does it with a gentle and loving hand, casts over it the glamour of poetic fancy, and leaves his audience impressed with the innate innocence and purity of her heart, he puts into her mouth a lewd song she could never have sung when sane.

In Act iii., sc. 3, where Hamlet

comes unexpectedly upon his uncle praying, and has the opportunity of forthwith taking his revenge, the sentiments expressed are so diabolical that one can scarcely conceive of their being entertained by a sane man. It is easy enough to say that these were only an excuse for his own irresolution, a salve for his conscience, a premium on procrastination, but the practical comment on them comes immediately after, when he stabs Polonius under the impression and in the hope that he is killing the king.

It is noticeable here that believers in Hamlet's sanity apparently see nothing exceptional or unusual in killing one of the most prominent men of the court in the presence of the Queen, and going on with the conversation with as much indifference as if one had upset a bowl of gold-fish.

If I read this scene aright, there is in it an important development of Shakespeare's picture of Hamlet as insane. In the first Ghost scene the ghost was distinctly objective; he was seen and heard of Marcellus, Bernardo, and Horatio, as well as of Hamlet. Here, on the other hand, it is at least as distinctly subjective; it is heard and seen of Hamlet alone, despite his efforts to call his mother's attention to it. She neither heard nor saw anything. Her senses were seemingly normal, and if there had been anything objective to see and hear there seems no reason why she should have known nothing of it. If Shakespeare had intended his audience to believe in the sanity of his hero, and to give credence to his subsequent statement that he was only "mad in craft," surely he would not have left the impression that this vision was simply a mental hallucination, especially as the sight of her dead husband and the words he used must have given additional force to Hamlet's appeal to his mother's better self.

It is little to the purpose that Hamlet explains:

"That I essentially am not in madness
But mad in craft."

Most madmen, unless absolutely raving, can give a reason of one sort or another for the mistaken judgment of

their friends, or their own abnormal conduct, but most betray themselves at once, as Hamlet did. Does it seem particularly sane that, having given this explanation to the Queen, having therefore no object to serve in keeping up the farce before her, he should go on with

"I'll lug the guts into the neighbor room" ?

The man who, having absolutely no purpose to advance by feigning, could behave and speak thus before his mother in reference to the unfortunate victim of his own rashness, the father, moreover, of the woman he professed to love, must be either the most brutal and callous of villains, or, what in charity one would rather believe, a madman.

Scenes 2 and 3 of the fourth Act are taken up largely with conduct and words of a similar character. In them Hamlet revels in gruesome witticisms over the body of Polonius, and shows absolutely no sense of the gravity of his act, of moral responsibility in relation to it, or of possible consequences following from it. He takes no steps for his own protection, makes no attempt to seek the advice of his friend Horatio; and all this seems to impress Mr. Tree as speaking strongly for his sanity. Why so? It would be difficult to say. For the course pursued was, of all that were open to him, the one most certain to result in his own destruction.

Passing on to the Churchyard scene, we find Hamlet, in the company of Horatio alone, the unwilling spectator of the approach of Ophelia's funeral. There is no need for feigning or pretence, for he is with his only confidant, his faithful and self-chosen friend. In the procession he sees Laertes for the first time since he slew Polonius and drove Ophelia to madness. What is his remark? Merely, "That is Laertes, a very noble youth;" not the slightest sign of sorrow, regret, self-reproach; no indication of any grasp of the immensity of the calamities he has caused. And again, after his struggle with the man he has injured, and his rhodomontade over Ophelia's grave, he says, addressing Laertes,

"Hear you, sir,
What is the reason that you use me thus?"

We have then the fact that whether before the King and Court, in the publicity of such a scene, or whether in private conversation with his bosom friend, he has the same indifference to, and the same unconsciousness of, the results of his acts; and this incapacity for measuring and realizing the bearing of ill deeds done is one of the best known and most startling indications of an unsound mind.

Concerning the last Act little need be said. To Mr. Tree, the "exquisite grace" with which Hamlet makes his *amende* to Laertes seems eminently satisfactory, eminently *sane*. To most men the fact that Hamlet knew himself to have been sane all through and shuffled off his responsibility by the statement that he had been mad would seem to be simply adding lying and insult to injury. No sane man could have hit upon such an excuse and used it with any expectation of its being believed.

When the end comes, the tragedy is over, Fate has worked itself out, the King and Queen are dead, and Hamlet himself is dying—the mania which has afflicted him is dissipated, the strain and pressure of the haunting one idea is removed from his brain, and in this hour and article of death Hamlet's himself again, and passes from the scene in a manner worthy of the innate nobility of his character.

And now naturally arises the question, Why is it that all professed believers in the sanity of Hamlet join hands with those who hold him to be insane, and consciously or unconsciously refuse to apply to his conduct the same canons of judgment that they would unhesitatingly use to another character?

The onlookers at the scene in which Hamlet brutally insults Ophelia and breaks her heart are overwhelmed with pity for that "most loved lady;" but though they see perfectly well that such conduct is not necessary for and cannot further any preconceived plan, they never feel anger against the man. When they hear him in the Play scene polluting her ears with his wanton jokes and coarse suggestions, without the shadow of excuse or palliation, they experience no sense of disgust.

When he kills Polonius and exercises his ingenuity and wit over the dead body of his victim, by descanting on "a certain convocation of politic worms," they feel no repulsion. When they see Ophelia, distractedly weaving her garlands, and distributing her symbolic gifts, they weep for her, but do not execrate the *sane* man who by his folly has brought her to such a pass.

Yet if Hamlet was sane, surely the responsibility lay on his head. He was under no compulsion; he chose his own time and his own manner for carrying out his scheme. Surely if this were Shakespeare's design he would have taken some means to justify his hero to his audience and to have shown that, while he was conscious of his folly and guilt, he sorrowed over it and bitterly repented it.

But he does nothing of the kind; his art is so great, so overwhelming, that he secures his end without leaving any option to his readers or hearers. Whatever theory they may hold, however they may deceive themselves by "supersubtlety," however anxious they may be to show that so intellectual a man must have been sane, they all inevitably recognize him not as the responsible guide and sane director of his own acts, but simply as the greatest of all the victims of a tragic fate.

Shakespeare demands from all for his hero, admiration, on account of his intellectual power, his culture, his versatility; love, for the innate nobility of his character; sympathy, under the complicated and untoward circumstances in which he is placed; and pity, profound pity, a pity that shall waive the right of judgment, because the finger of God was upon him and he neither knew nor felt the culpability of his acts.

Granting this, the play is simple; the contrast between Hamlet the philosopher, meditating and reflecting upon all things in heaven and earth; Hamlet the artist, instructing the players; Hamlet the scholar and wit, indulging in verbal fence with the courtiers; and Hamlet, under the influence of his mania, trampling under foot his own interests and the well-being of his friends, is natural and intelligible, and one can only sympathetically re-echo the touching requiem of Ophelia over his dead reason:

"O what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!"

and endorse the verdict pronounced by Polonius:

"That he is mad, 'tis true; 'tis true, 'tis pity,
And pity 'tis 'tis true."

—*Westminster Review.*

ON JOURNALISTIC RESPONSIBILITY.

BY NEIL WYNN WILLIAMS.

THE occupation of a high position in this world must inevitably carry with it the onus of serious responsibility. The personality of a corporate body is not exempt from this law of consequence any more than the individual; and that which rules the one and the other, also holds dominion over those loosely knit aggregations of men that gather around the loadstone of a common object in life. It is thus that there comes to the producers of the "written word," whom the world knows as the English press, together with position and position's emoluments, a responsibility which extends from the present backward into the

past, and also forward into the future. The press may be called upon for an accurate reproduction in words of the past; for a highly finished photograph of the circumstances of the present; or may be, for a discreet and intelligent sketch of the probable future. In the first and second instances the essence of its responsibility will flow toward, and rest, upon its accuracy; but in the third instance its responsibility will be limited in a great measure to righteousness of intention.

Responsibility, however, has limits. And as the individual is answerable to his fellow-men, as well as to his own conscience, for that which he may do

and write, so it comes about that an aggregation of men pursuing a common object, like the English press, is subject to that narrower though oft-times more highly colored responsibility which assumes that there is a self as well as a public. The editor looks to the proprietor, the proprietor looks to the balance sheet; and it is the balance sheet of a journal that eventually limits, and that should limit within the bounds of a high commercial morality, the journalistic responsibility for the soundness of wares supplied to the public. "For money received, value given," is no bad principle to work under in these days of fierce competition. Nor does it argue a pause in evolutionary improvement; there are too many presses at work for old-fashioned produce to pay its producers. That which is bright and smart, will only be bright and smart till the coming of something brighter and smarter. And then, in editorial opinion, is the time to turn the page to popular demand.

If the public were to consider the personality of their editors, they would doubtless be astonished to find that in nine cases out of ten the editor is to them a shadow without a name. Of the tenth, they are perhaps acquainted with his name, and even beyond—that he is a politician holding such and such views. Yet the editor is the executive force that gives character to a journal. He it is who, day by day, forms and leads their opinions for good or ill. He it is who gives them fact, and assumes the greater responsibility of commenting upon it. Such a broad rather than narrow editorial anonymity is to be deplored, for, concealed midst the shadows of public heedlessness, editorial responsibility loses lustre. That the editor is known to the few, that he may be known to the many on inquiry, has not as yet embodied him to the public gaze. Possibly, it remains for the "New Journalism" in the fulness of time to include with its "signed" articles a rare but weighty editorial address. And by such profession of journalistic creed would the public be enabled to judge more accurately on its merits the mental pabulum offered to them day by day, and week by week. The smartness that inclines to run tow-

ard vulgarity of phrase and thought would exhibit its bias, and give alarm to the supporters of pure English and wholesome reflection. The license that with time must degenerate into lubricity of print and tale, would give its unconscious warning to those who would otherwise step down the ladder of purity upon rungs so closely set as to cause no fear. While, finally, the independent editor, working to his conscientious view of the public weal, would gather honor to his name—honor that would bring power and the rewards of power. Of a truth, there are but few editors who exhibit the courage of their convictions behind the veil of the partial anonymity which now prevails. A while back, and a remarkable proof occurred in support of this assertion, when a solitary evening paper—an exemplar to the whole English press—refused to report the unsavory details of a notorious trial. It was garbage in which the editor would not traffic. And to his name should be the credit of acting where others only shrugged their shoulders in deprecation, as they drew in the pence of a public which, like a child, at times requires protection from itself.

In character, whether pertaining to man or journal, it is the salient points that primarily arrest the attention and determine the judgment toward approval or disapproval. Hence, a public buys a paper for its speciality of politics, literature, science, the arts, or some one of the various class allurements. It becomes a regular subscriber to such journal, and, so to say, seeks its company, with the very frequent result of coming into close touch with the subsidiary characteristics of the journal. Such a friendship or acquaintance leaves a mark upon the public, yclept press influence. It has been urged of late that the political influence of the press is decadent, that it converts antagonistic opinion but rarely. There should be an extensive measure of truth in this view, when columns of the press are devoted to the chronicling, *à la Grecque moderne*, of political personalities and parliamentary buffooneries—and this to the exclusion of healthier matter. Nevertheless, the politics of a journal do deter-

mine a large public to purchase in the first instance, and so far the politics of a journal are perhaps paramount. But with the journal held in hand, its minor characteristics develop a power out of all proportion to their projection. And the germ of this strength resides in the virtue of the *printed* word—a virtue illustrated in the coarsest of coloring by the following anecdote from real life:

He was a gardener, and had just read Gulliver's Travels. "Is it true?" said he. "I say it is, 'cos it's printed; but my wife says it ain't." It was explained that it was Dean Swift who had written the work in question; but that the Yahoos had had no corporate existence outside satire. "Then, what a liar that Dean must have been," said the gardener, with conviction.

Allowance having been made for the vivid realism of Swift and for the illiteracy of the gardener, this anecdote still has point with reference to the public. For the authority inherent in the printed word appeals to each and every public through their own particular journal. And the literate who would be sceptical as to the veracity of that which he would designate as a "rag," yet preserves faith in the daily paper or weekly review. Hence it comes about that the attention which is paid to press utterance invests with importance even the commonest subject so soon as it is handled by the journalist. It is not always that the journalist himself realizes this; familiarity blunts his perceptions. He spices a paragraph reporting some crime with a sensational condiment, thereby rendering the crime more pungently notorious. It is borne out of sight on the wings of his journal, but it comes to ground. Should the journalist feel a responsibility for the past as he writes the headline "Epidemic of Crime" to a future series of paragraphs?

Even the short story, so often a minor feature of the journal nowadays, may possess an educating or debasing influence beyond its fictile value for amusement. It may suggest as well as narrate; it may be superbly English in its virility of sentiment, or bastardly French in its approximation toward the unclean of the boulevards. In

fine, it may live to the tone of the journal in which it appears.

There are periods when the thinking power of two great nations is centred upon their mutual attitude toward each other, in presence of diplomatic complications, that require but little encouragement to run to the seed of hatred and all uncharitableness. Under such circumstances the responsibility of the press of either country toward the righteousness of truth is very great, and it becomes a duty, upon the fulfilment of which may depend the lives of thousands, to weigh and ponder carefully the effect of comment upon the facts that are brought to public notice. It should bethink itself that written words sway the multitude to good or evil temper; and that the voices of those who can "read between the lines," who can think broadly and charitably, may easily be lost in the furious outcry of political "party" as it gathers up the quotation that had been better left unquoted. Beneath the dropsical potentiality of the lowering war cloud, the foreign correspondent should write with discretion. And if ever, it is then that he and his journal behind him should refuse to pander to that craving for unhealthy excitement which burns in the breast of the home-keeping "Jingo." Nor need this line of conduct necessarily entail the loss of "Jingoistic" custom to the clever pressman who knows his business, through its most delicate ramifications. There is a policy which is capable of diverting the inconvenient attention of a public from its object by interesting it in another. It is a policy of "trail the red herring across the scent," and it is not unknown to a journalist of parts, or even to a Government when in difficulties. To define it further would be a work of superfluity; for the beneficence of a counter-irritant is generally understood in these days of a widely diffused intelligence.

But to concentrate attention, again, more especially upon the English press. In any broad comparison between it and its neighbors upon the Continent, near and distant, the observer cannot fail to be struck with the amount of "copy" that the English public con-

tributes to its own journals, as contrasted with that sent in by the French, Germans, Italians, Russians, or Greeks to their respective organs. Of a truth, the columns and paragraphs devoted to public correspondence in England may be said to contain an epitome of the contents of the journals themselves. Politics, literature, science, and the arts—nothing is too great or too trivial for the Englishman to write upon, and, in rare cases, it would even appear that his confidence in his press is as that of a son for his mother. It comes not within the scope of this article to inquire meteorologically into the causes which induce the gale of English popular opinion to blow so steadily and in such volume into its journals, while the foreigners' remains stagnant around its press. It is sufficient to note the fact, and proceed forthwith to examine the peculiar responsibility which is thus brought home to the intelligence and conscience of the English editor. He opens a letter which craves insertion from an unknown correspondent; it is of the pith of his responsibility, the letter being in good faith, that he should judge it upon its merits, as it affects the public weal and his journal's requirements. And the greater the inherent force of the letter, the greater his responsibility toward an insertion or an exclusion. Should his judgment err, or his prejudice bias, he commits journalistic crime toward the English public which hands him its pence as representing a free press, that is, free in the sense of an equality of fair play. That he should permit himself to weigh the signature attached to the letter can only be justifiable on those very special occasions when it is a naturally powerful corollary to the communication under which it appears. While amid a superfluity of the public's copy embodying perhaps some "question of the day," he must select that which is the best, as judged by the light of literature, good taste, and all those qualities included above in the word "merit." He must also be prepared to apply the closure to discussion, when the impartial balance of his judgment discriminates that a decision has been arrived at.

There are occasions when the require-

ments of a journal may induce its editor to appear anonymously in the columns devoted to expression of public opinion. He may even initiate a correspondence (during the dull season, more markedly) to some beat of the public pulse, which warns his delicate journalistic perception of a dormant interest that may be exploited to advantage. It may be a freak of fashion or any other bagatelle; and he may gather in the contributions of "Little Tommy, aged 8, and Margaret Matilda Bromham Bowarrop, aged 7½." He is justified in so doing upon the principle that a public should be taught to appreciate its own weaknesses, fads, and follies, as well as an individual; the more especially when such action tends to run up a circulation.

There is an influence within the body aggregate of the press that makes for good and also for evil. It is recognized of the public under the words "Press competition." Without it, journalistic growth toward the more perfect would cease, to the infinite loss of all conditions of men; while with it, especially when it becomes excessive, there must ever accompany that form of corruption which endeavors to avoid its pressure by means progressively illicit to the point of actual crime. In journalism, as subjected to the fierce competition which obtains nowadays, it is somewhat difficult to trace the moral cleavage betwixt right and wrong. It is a fine line, a very fine line, and the law of the land which had, and has, nought to say to the establishment of *literary* competitions which stultify themselves in the fierce grasp of the tempted public to that which is equivalent to chance, has yet crushed firmly out of being the "word competition." Possibly there is a significance in the fact that at no period, including the present, has the aristocracy of the English press sought to push its circulation by means other than those which pertain to pure journalism as it advances along the lines of literary and artistic merit: the great dailies have not insured, and do not insure, their publics against contingent accident, nor do the Reviews tout for custom upon any system of coupon whatever. But is this omission due to principle or con-

venience? And if to principle, why should the highest commercial morality of the press ban from its presence that tendency to deal in all things to all men which is typified extensively in other trade circles, by the "stores," and emporiums, or—upon a lower plane of trade—by the presence of the red herring upon the grocer's counter? Is it that the greater press has a keener—because more intellectual—conscience toward commercial legality?

Also it may well be perpended, whether a certain class of journals can claim to live honestly when supported entirely by scissors and paste. They are parasites, excerpt-suckers from the press; and though they acknowledge in italics their parasitic nature, the author does not see the color of the money they take from the public hand. They utilize him, and of his best; but they do not pay him, they do not even publish his signature to the advantage of his reputation. And the public support them for the sound merit of their wares. But should it do so?

An influence of competition within the journalistic body toward corruption is sufficiently serious of itself to make it a cause for deep anxiety that it should be accentuated from without by the keen struggle for life which is waged on all sides. When the public advertisement sheet, that which should merely be the appendix of journalism, becomes, as it is in many cases, the chief factor of the journalistic balance sheet, it should be examined as to the importance which it certainly assumes in the eyes of the journalist. It exists by the inherent vigor of its own supply, and the fact of such existence is not to be carped at, but it should be regulated to that form of commercial honesty which offers in good faith a sound article to the public. In brief, it is the respectable advertisement that should be inserted by the respectable editor—and inserted as an *advertisement*. That he should accept payment for its insertion is business—good business; but that he should "puff" it by an inspired article for which he has received interested payment is a form of journalistic crime such as was rife among the French press before the outbreak of the Panama scandal, and is to

degrade the press with its influence to the position of an unscrupulous tout. Withal, the temptation is great; on the one hand, perhaps the struggling journalist hungering for a circulation that will pay or an advertisement that will help to pay; on the other, perhaps the unscrupulous company-monger with a bag of sovereigns dishonestly filched from an innocent or ignorant public. It is a position that leads to what has been termed a "dry-rot" of the press. And here is a quotation from the *Pall Mall Gazette* of August 23, 1895 (a journal with the courage of its convictions), which in this connection is well worthy of perusal:

MINING PUFFS.

It is not so very long since that we raised a warning voice against the inspired paragraphs setting forth the advantages of certain mining companies which appear in the columns of some weaker brethren, financial and otherwise. Some of the Sunday papers appear to have become the most heinous offenders of all, and we print the following letter as a sample of those we are constantly receiving:

"To the Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*."

"SIR,—As showing the value of financial information appearing in the columns of certain Sunday papers, I think the enclosed paragraphs may be worth your attention. The insertion of such inspired puffs is, to my way of thinking, little short of criminal. It is small wonder the thinking public smile when they hear so much said about the English press being free from corruption."

"Faithfully yours,

"J. E. HALL.

"41 Gloucester Road, Finsbury Park, N.

"August 18."

It must be again pointed out that there has sprung up an organized system among us under which editorial comment as to these companies is sold for pounds, shillings, and pence. The recommendation to purchase shares is not written in the editorial room of the paper in which it appears, but is written by the officials of the companies, who pay for its insertion not as an advertisement but as editorial comment. It is not very difficult for the intelligent reader to discriminate between the genuine comment and the paid puff. Let him take two or three of the Sunday papers, and he will see exactly the same sentiments expressed in detail about exactly the same mines. He will be struck with the coincidence, will be convinced that the advice must have emanated from the same interested source, the company itself, although appearing in rival papers, and will hold aloof in future both from the mining company to which such methods are necessary, and from the financial advice of the paper. For his further

information it may be stated that these puffs are often given as culled from some other journal, generally some lower class financial paper, upon whose name is placed, as it were, the responsibility. Let him know that it is not the practice of the journals to quote in this way unless they are paid for what is really a mere advertisement, although it appears as editorial advice.

Surely this quotation is most unsatisfactory reading. But it is not a singular quotation; the warning* which it conveys peeps out through the veiled language of other journals, now here, now there. It will be observed that the *Pall Mall Gazette* remarks "upon whose name is placed, as it were, the responsibility." A very indefinite responsibility this; it will not answer to a summons of the public, as would the single voice of a *signed* financial article. Nor will it embody to the public those who contribute financial papers to this, that, and the other journal from one well of information, whose waters may be pure or poisonous, as the case may be.

It remains for the New Journalism to supply the public with the names of its financial contributors and censors; and by so doing, to sift in the light of open day the pure from the impure. It should be claimed of the financial journalist that he should have a reputable past, that he should possess the clear crystal of an honorable name, before he is entitled to either criticise the present or prognosticate the future; and this with all due deference to the many nameless ones of honor, who have kept themselves pure amid a fierce temptation.

The attitude of the press as it faces finance is not satisfactory. It indulges in a nervous change of position, which is not assuring. It mumbles when it should speak out, it speaks out when the time for speech is past. The while with following breaths it claims to be able to influence the public for the

public good, it pleads that the public is beyond its control.

In support of these assertions let a few facts be considered, with a resultant profit of instruction and reproof, where reproof is due. Let the facts be valued at several millions sterling, and let them be called—well, say the English investments in the Argentine Republic. Now, Rome was not built in a day, nor did all this English wealth find its way to Argentina in a balloon. No! it was puffed there, but upon a financial aeroplane, which, moving by fits and starts, was yet all the way well within ken of the English press. It was under these circumstances that the press did—what? Tested Argentina's past and present resources by the intelligence and acumen of numerous special correspondents! Limned in upon the best paper the features of the rogues and rascals who, scum-like, were floating within reach of an ordinarily observant eye? Provided character-sketches with strong and true local coloring? Ticketed this with a warning notice—and damned that with a black mark?

By no means! The press was suffering from a suppression of common sense, with complications of unnatural laziness and contraction of the purse strings. A very sad state of things, which brought in its train a doctor's bill that the English public is now discharging with the aid of the most rigid economy.

And of the future the press did—what? Was its righteousness of intention limited to the development of the second-hand sketches that were supplied by interested parties? Did it pass by the future of the millions in Argentina in favor of the thousands in some petty State in Europe? Did it seek to cut down travelling expenses by staying at home?

These are questions of the present, the past, and the future. And the press and its public may well consider them to their respective definitions of journalistic responsibility; it being borne in mind that it is the province of light to illumine, but pass it through a medium, and that the medium becomes responsible for the resultant ray. —*Gentleman's Magazine*.

* *Company Prospectus Advertising*.—It needs a newspaper conducted with something more than courage to speak out boldly, in times like these, upon the vexed question of company advertisements. We therefore give to the *Economist* all praise for being one of the first to throw the light of truthfulness and honesty upon such a subject. —From the *Saturday Review*, March 21, 1896.

ROSES OF JERICO: A DAY IN PROVINCIAL FRANCE.

BY ROWLAND E. PROTHERO.

A ROSE of Jericho resembles at first sight a bunch of withered roots; but plunged in boiling water it expands, unfolds, and regains its pristine shape. Our memories are, in a sense, roses of Jericho. They seem to be dead; but a sound, a smell, a sight, warms their dried-up fibres into a sudden renewal of life, and recreates, in all their freshness, hours of our past experiences.

Every winter, thousands of English travellers rush through provincial France on their way to the Riviera, without bestowing a thought on the millions of lives which are being spent in the little towns and villages through which they are carried in the night express. The very names of the stations are unknown to them; except from a momentary blaze of confused light and the increased roar of the train, they are even unaware of their existence. If any chain of association is aroused by what they see, it is generally one which, by contrast or comparison, carries them back to their own homes. Arrived at their destination, surrounded by their fellow-countrymen, occupied with their imported amusements, they have often neither the time nor the wish to study the natives of the country in which they are guests. Such a study cannot be pursued in company; it is necessarily solitary; it does not lend itself to the excitement of competition; it is unaccompanied by the delightful thrill of danger; it is not an athletic exercise; still less is it a stepping stone to London society.

The result is, perhaps, in some respects to be regretted. We know next to nothing of our nearest neighbors, for it is in the quiet of the provinces, rather than in the parade and glitter of cosmopolitan Paris, that the heart of the French nation is beating, and that the best aspects of the national character are presented. Satisfied, as is only natural, that the Englishman is the ideal type of humanity, we are apt to decide that a Frenchman is inferior to ourselves because he is deficient in certain qualities which we prize. We

do not consider whether our criticism is well-founded, or prejudiced, or based on traditions which never had, or long ago have lost, any justification. We are, in fact, so keenly alive to his defects that we are blind to the many points in which he is our superior, and which ought to modify our judgment. We regard him, for example, as wanting in manliness, in stability, in reserve and self-restraint. We condemn his taste in neckties, despise his boots, and suspect that he wears white lining to his trousers. We laugh at his sporting achievements, and believe that he looks on a meet as something between a picnic and a review, or only shoots for the sake of the noise and the society. The Frenchman, on what appear to him equally good grounds, feels the same contempt for us. The result is that the two nations have drifted further apart in their sympathies than they ever were in the eighteenth century, when, though constantly at war, they understood each other better.

To the traveller who knows and loves rural France, such a journey as we have spoken of is at least different. It has one pleasure to compensate the discomfort—that of retrospect. Every detail awakens some recollection or association. Now it is a turn in the limbs of a tree, standing out dark against the horizon, on the summit of a copse-clad hill; now it is a farmstead, with its high-roofed grange, its sharp-pointed *tourelle*, and pigeon-cote, and one window red with the lamp of a lonely watcher. Sometimes it is the short sharp yap of a sheep-dog, or a snatch of song from a group of belated countryfolk returning from market, sounds that are the next moment lost in the rattle of the already distant train. Faster than the hurrying express speeds the memory, recalling scenes that are as disconnected as the visions of a dream, but yet seem to group themselves round some provincial town or upland village.

Alight at one of these obscure stations, and make your way to the little

town which it serves. It matters little for the purpose where the town may be situated, provided that it is far enough away from bustling centers of trade to have escaped some of the conventionalities that follow in the wake of material progress. It is best to reach it by an omnibus, if not a *diligence*; for, though the distance be not greater than five miles, the delays, the frequent halts, the dust, the self-importance of the driver, the clatter of the arrival, and the interest with which the coming of the vehicle is expected by the natives, all create the impression that thirty times that space divide the journey's end from the starting point.

The town must have seen better days, but, though decayed, it should not be entirely dead; it should rather be the centre of local life, the seat of a market, the *chef-lieu* of the *arrondissement*. It has not yet adapted itself to the fashion of the day; it has no bald, boulevarded, Parisianized streets, wide, straight, and long as a day without bread, in which the traveller is frozen by the wintry wind or grilled by the summer sun. It has bits of old ramparts shaded with plane trees, and labyrinths of lanes engineered on the mediæval principle—dear alike to statesmen and architects—that one good or bad turn deserves another. It has, in fact, an abundance of corners and crevices, in which may grow the flowers and the weeds of the past.

The very name of the hotel at which the traveller alights will help to foster the illusion that he has put not only miles, but centuries, between himself and his ordinary surroundings. Its sign, *de la Haute Mère Dieu* or *de l'Image*, carries him back to the days when men relied for safety in their journeys rather on the hand of an unseen Protector than on the latest sanitary patent of Jennings. So, too, the names of the streets serve to strengthen the same impression. Here he can sip honey with the *Bourdon blanc*, caper with the *Chèvres qui dansent*, caracole on his destrier by the side of the *Quatre fils d'Aymon*, hunt Huguenots in the *rue des Renards*, or make the best of both worlds with the *Chapeaux Violettes*. The houses that rise on either side of these quaintly named and tortu-

ous streets are in keeping with the old-world atmosphere. They belong to every age and every style. Here is one with high-pitched roof and timbered front, its three stories jutting out one above the other, like an inverted staircase. Another, decorated with the broken escutcheon of some noble family, fascinates the passer-by with the grotesque figures into which its joists are carved, or that grimace from the gable-ends. On the door of a third, huge nails trace mysterious hieroglyphs, some Protestant's confession of faith, or some Leaguer's curse on Henri Quatre. A fourth, of less ambitious type, bears upon its front the symbols of a burgher's *noblesse de la cloche*. A fifth, standing back a few paces from the street, with a stone-paved courtyard, where pigeons are wooing with all the formal courtesies of Sir Charles Grandison, has an iron gateway, worked in the style of Louis the Fifteenth, with marvellous interlaced branches, the masterpiece of some unknown Jean Lamour.

There are but few windows in these narrow streets through which the passer-by can peer; probably also but few interiors, even if he could see them, would repay his curiosity by presenting any characteristic features. The furniture is modern, and gives no clue to the habits or tastes of the owners, past or present. Crimson plush and gilding are as omnipresent as once were black horsehair and mahogany in this country. At the most a few crudely colored prints from Épinal, in staring red and blue, suggest the churchwoman. But more rarely the style is distinctive. Here, for example, is a house which must once have belonged to a good citizen who prospered under the First Empire, and bequeathed to careful heirs the alabaster clock, the pier-glass set in its frame of fluted columns, the lyre-backed chairs, and the sofa with its arms adorned with brazen heads of rams or sphinxes. Here, rarer still, is another in the style of the eighteenth century; the walls are wainscoted with varnished walnut-wood, with the panels decorated with scenes of the chase, or of Arcadia; in a corner stands a bed of painted wood; on the chimney-piece groups of *faïence de Lunéville* repre-

sent the four elements or the four seasons; from the walls hang a pair of prints—*L'Amour et Psyché* and *L'Amour désarmé*. Whatever may be the taste of the present owner, we may feel sure that in the days of her great-grandmother there lay in the drawer of the chiffonier, by the side of the piece of tapestry work, a volume of Voltaire's tragedies, and that the good lady declaimed scenes from *Zaire*, or hummed *La Belle Bourbonnaise*, as she prepared her pickles and preserved her jam.

Emerging into the business street of the town, the traveller passes into modern life, and, if it be market day, plunges into a scene of bustle and picturesque confusion. Carts and gigs, tilted against the edges of the cobbled roadway, crowd the thoroughfare. The pavement is thronged with market-gardeners, farmers, pig-jobbers, horse-dealers, fowl-merchants, people with thick voices, thick red necks and thick sticks, wearing new blouses and fur caps. Shrillest and shrewdest bargainer of all, and conspicuous among the men, with her umbrella of cotton-nade, her short skirts, her strong boots, and her round black straw hat, is the *maîtresse femme* who has been early left a widow. Stout, high-colored, with sharp black eyes twinkling under thick eyebrows, and with something more than a suspicion of a mustache, she is given over body and soul to saving money. If she for a moment falls into a fit of abstraction—and you might almost as soon catch a weasel asleep—one hand unconsciously forms a cup, and above it mechanically rises the other, as though she were counting her *sous* by transferring the coins from the right hand to the left. Yet she has her virtues. Her bargain may be hard driven; but, once struck, she will carry it out with strict honesty and scrupulous punctuality.

The crowd grows denser, the noise more continuous, as we approach the little *place*, which opens on the main street. Along its northern side runs the gray and buttressed wall of the Church of St. Austremoine, whose western front still remains, from base to summit, a floral burst and laughter of stone, though its sculptured niches

were defaced by the Huguenots, and its cloister, half destroyed at the Revolution, is now used as a granary which bears upon its makeshift door the rudely daubed inscription, "Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité." In its centre stands a fountain of the epoch and in the delicate style of the Renaissance, surrounded by avenues of limes, beneath which at intervals are placed benches of stone. On the side opposite to the Church stretches the white front and green veranda of the *Café de la paix*.

On ordinary days the *place*, except in the evening, is almost a deserted spot. A retired citizen occupies one of the seats, a grizzled *militaire* suns himself on another, warming himself into the fancy that he is once more in Algeria; on a third sits the grocer's maid-of-all-work, her hands clasped under her white apron, dreaming of her native village, and paying little heed to the overdressed child which plays by her side in the dust. But to-day the *place* is bright with the red and blue umbrellas that shade the stalls, and noisy with the clatter of the keenest chaffering. Yet, busy though the scene is, it is steeped in that undefinable atmosphere of gay leisure which is the heritage of a people who, in spite of their indefatigable industry, have yet succeeded in keeping on good terms with idleness. The itinerant tinman, the vendor of brown earthenware, and the dealer in damaged goods—a strangely miscellaneous assortment, which ranges from tattered books to rusty fire-irons—are the only representatives of the masculine gender among the stall-keepers. One or two men, with the abstracted air and shuffling gait which in France are peculiar to the unprotected male, are doing their marketing. But, for the rest, buyers and sellers alike are all women, and all appear to be middle-aged. Vain as a Papal bull against a comet is that Salic law passed by Frenchmen to exclude French women from ruling over them. The very existence of such a law is at once the admission of a danger and the acknowledgment of a defeat. Women, with their thumbs thrust through the handles of their doorkeys, and their knitting needles stuck into the bodies of their gowns, try, basket in hand, to cheapen their

purchases. Beside the stalls of vegetables, eggs, poultry, and fruit, sit or stand rows of women, who to the eyes of the foreigner are all curiously alike. Dressed in plain cloth gowns, with blue aprons tied round their ample waists, their sleeves turned up to the elbows and showing their bare arms—browned and roughened by exposure—they one and all have apple cheeks, short square chins, and snub noses, set in the white framework of the caps from which their grizzled hair escapes in rebel locks. Bright-eyed, quick in movement, ready of tongue, lively in gesture, they seem by their vivacious vitality to give the lie to the premature wrinkles, which tell a tale, not so much of years, as of a hard, preoccupied, and anxious life.

The *Café*, like the *place*, is transformed by the bustle of the market. On ordinary days between the hours of ten and twelve, or from two to four, the whiskered waiter, in his black jacket and white apron, would be lounging at the door, smoking his cigarette in the veranda among the box-trees in green tubs, the wooden tables covered with brown oilcloth, and the footstools. Within, the fat landlord might be playing piquet with the auctioneer, the veterinary surgeon, and the retired *militaire*. But no stranger is present, unless it is a black-suited commercial traveller, who, in a quiet corner, contemplates with pride the elaborate flourish which concludes the report of his morning's work. Even the throne behind the bar, placed in a commanding situation to face the door, and flanked on either side by an edifice of punch-bowls crowned with a pyramid of billiard balls, would be unoccupied. But to-day all is different. Not, indeed, the external or internal decorations—they remain as they were. Outside, the rabbit still hangs suspended, by the side of a painter's palette, from a festoon of pink ribbon which loosely binds together the three piled billiard cues. Inside, the panels, which alternate with looking-glasses in covering the walls, still represent the groups of musketeers and amazons, who, with their usual air of detached unconcern, drink champagne out of tall glasses in glades of hollyhocks. But the marble-topped tables within, and the wooden tables

without, with fresh handfuls of sawdust thrown beneath them, are thronged with guests. Backward and forward hurries the waiter; the fat landlord bustles to and fro, ministering with his own hand to the wants of his more important guests; the stout, comely *dame de comptoir*, with a new ribbon in her dark hair, occupies her throne, and, with lynx-eyed quickness, anticipates the wishes of her visitors by the incessant ringing of her bell.

The *Café*, on such a day, or any evening, offers infinite scope for observation and reflection. In France its life is led by all the world, from the highest to the lowest. A history of *cafés* would be the most important chapter in the history of modern French society; clean, bright, and gay, they are the *salons* of the democracy. We have, to our national loss, nothing like them. There is a babel of voices; but the chief stimulants are coffee or *sorbets*, and drunkenness is practically unknown within their doors. At nearly every table there is the keenest gambling; the faces of the players are ablaze with eagerness; the air resounds with "J'en donne" or "Je coupe et atout;" cards or dominoes are banged down with a triumphant emphasis which rings through the room. But two lumps of sugar are the stake, and give that zest to the game which the English clerk or shopboy craves, and too often gratifies by a fraud upon his master. If there are soldiers quartered in the town, the room becomes a shifting scene of blended color. Here the blouse, there the broadcloth; here the light blue and silver of a hussar, there the dark blue and green facings of the *chasseurs à pied*, or the red facings and red plumed shako of the *artillerie à pied*, or the red facings and red pompon of the *infanterie de la ligne*. Officers and men take their pleasures together under the same roof, but distinctions in rank are preserved by punctilious salutes. The groups of officers are worthy of a moment's study, because in the knots that gather at the various tables may be marked those common differences in origin which to us are so rare as to present insuperable difficulties. By the side of the grizzled veteran, who has won his epaulettes from the ranks, sits the smooth-faced

lad who has jumped into the same grade through the *École*.

Wearied with the hubbub of the market, and dizzy with the babel of the *Café*, the traveller seeks to vary the scene. He has not far to go. He has but to cross the river and gain the summit of the hill above. On this side of the town the ground rises sharply toward a rocky crest, crowned by the ruins of a feudal fortress—a dismantled castle, whose solid keep has alone defied the powder of Mazarin. A steep path, deeply worn in the rock, winds upward. A wrinkled sibyl, distaff in hand, herds the solitary goat which browses on the scanty herbage on its banks; a bare-headed, bare-footed girl, knitting as she goes, marshals her flock of geese with a switch; a priest, with half shut eyes and his thumb in his closed breviary, repeats his midday prayers, as he follows its windings, courting the line of diapered shadow which the plane trees cast upon the path. So far as human voices go, it is a silent spot, from which the traveller, seated among the ruined walls, looks down on the town nestling below between the hill and the river. All around, the air is resonant with the chatter of jackdaws, the hum of insects, and the chirrup of grasshoppers. But these sounds, like that of the sheep cropping the short herbage, merely serve to intensify the stillness and the solitude. Only the ceaseless rataplan of the bats of the washerwomen, rising from below, remind him that he is near the haunts of men.

The castle and its owners have played a stirring part in French history. The path itself, worn by the traffic of centuries, is that by which the mail-clad men-at-arms hurried down to hold the ford, or drove their booty to their fastness. No wise man travels without a hobby. One is an architect or a botanist, a geologist or a fisherman; another a student of manners and customs; a third a conqueror of Alpine peaks. Nor is the Muse of history so cold a prude that she can never put off her dignity. When once her robe and buskin are laid aside, and she has escaped the glacial influence of the critic, she becomes the most genial, accommodating, and resourceful of companions.

Never in the way and never out of it, she requires no paraphernalia of fishing-rods, or hammers, or specimen-cases, or ice-axes. She neither dwells apart on inaccessible peaks of snow, nor hides in antediluvian formations; she is no shy nymph, only to be wooed and won in exceptional conditions of wind and sky and water. At home in all weathers and all places, she can, with a wave of her hand, people the grass-grown streets of dull villages and humdrum towns with all the picturesque and motley actors in a brilliant past, and carry her companions back to the fresh spring morning of the world, when poetry and romance sparkled like dew on forms of life which now are parched and dust-begrimed. Happy those with whom she travels, and nowhere happier than in provincial France.

So now, if that were the present object, we might close our eyes and hear again the clank of men-at-arms, or conjure up the gay *va-et-vient* of mediæval court and hunting-lodge. But France of to-day, not France of the past, is the theme. Refreshed by the quiet of the deserted castle, the traveller descends along the path, by which groups of market-women, chattering faster than their legs can carry them, are now returning to their homes among the villages on the plateau above. The river lies beyond him. If he be wise, he will traverse the town and seek its banks.

The river is a sluggish stream, maintaining between flat banks an undeviating course. Yet, if the fierce, turbulent Loire, with its sudden and disastrous floods, is truly the river of revolutionary France, a stream of this more common type more adequately represents the ordinary aspects of French provincial life and character. It has passed through no stage of enthusiasm or romance; it has grown up when still a brook. It flows through centres of human life, caring for no other world than that of men. Easy of access, keenly alive to external impressions, suffering no passing object to escape the alertness of its notice, quick to reflect on its surface the most passing lights and ephemeral shadows, it will never achieve a romantic end by precipitating itself from a precipice. So, too, the Frenchman—intensely and es-

sentially objective, never pausing to analyze his own feelings or those of others, concentrated but not absorbed in the immediate object of his pursuit, projecting himself readily and rapidly into the feelings of those by whom he is for the moment surrounded—has overleaped the stage of imaginative romance which separates the child from the man.

It is this perennial childhood which, combined with the instinctive precision of touch, the delicate dexterity of a subtle style, and the perfection of finish, constitutes one peculiar charm of French literature. But if it gives a charm, it also imposes limitations. In French verse, for example, Victor Hugo excepted, we find irrepressible gayety, charming slyness, simple raillery, piquant originality, the ingenuity of fancy which presents a subject in a hundred different lights. We have a cheerful optimism, which is bred of involuntary self-deceptions, natural hallucinations and unstudied illusions. If there is melancholy, it is artificial and used for effect. But the priceless gift and sacred mission of transporting us out of our black thoughts into a fairyland of the imagination belong only to those who have themselves felt and suffered, and are optimists in spite of the problem of evil and its grim realities.

The average Frenchman remains, throughout his life, in many respects a child, just as the average Englishman remains, if not a schoolboy, an undergraduate. The Frenchman *se range*, when his English contemporary is wandering in the Rocky Mountains of thought or of reality. Sometimes for better, sometimes for worse, many of the national characteristics are governed by the fact that the intermediate stage between the child and the man—that of boyhood—is a transition through which the one never passes, and from which the other never emerges. A Frenchman, for example, courts admiration with the simplicity of a child; he has a child's boastfulness, and a child's power of making believe. He calls the solitary box-tree in a painted barrel, by the side of which he drinks his coffee, a *bosquet de verdure*; he describes his square yard of garden, with its miniature bed of dahlias, as a *vaste*

jardin d'agrément; with the eagerness of a six year-old, he solicits your appreciation of their beauties. The Englishman, on the other hand, would rather bite his tongue off than express all the admiration that he feels for his own possessions; he affects to belittle them, describes his rural palace as his "little bachelor box in the country," and would be seriously offended if his depreciation were accepted literally.

The Frenchman never feels the personal sense of the ludicrous; he has no perception of incongruities: he knows nothing of *mauvaise honte*; he is a stranger to the self-consciousness of unrecognized dignity; he cannot understand the meaning of the word "prig," because at no time, though often self-important, does he take the serious view of life, or of his part in it, the precocious conception of which distinguishes that variety of the human race. It is as a child that he can take delight in simple, almost infantine pleasures, that he enjoys himself freely and often selfishly, expresses his emotions openly, whether of joy, pleasure, affection, or rage, and walks in processions as if he were part of a pageant, not as if he were a shamefaced criminal. He cannot sympathize with the Englishman's dread of attracting attention. He cannot comprehend why the only emotion which it is desirable to display in public is ill-temper, or why crayfish *à la Bordelaise* should be eaten with the same air of stoical indifference with which we sit down to a cold mutton chop. If he is immoral, he is so frankly and without disguise; he bangs the front door noisily as he goes or returns, while the Englishman, shoes in hand, lets himself out and in with a latchkey, and probably officiates the next morning at family prayers. It is, again, because he is never a boy, that the Frenchman remains a child in the zest with which he pursues his immediate end, the naturalness of his enjoyment, the perpetual freshness of his interests. He never mortgages the present for the future. It is this concentration on the passing moment which gives to French life its *élan* and *abandon*, its directness and rapidity, its sparkle, allurements, and caprice.

But the river has other lessons to

teach. By the side of the stream stand rows of poplars, and under the shade of every tree sit fishermen watching intently the motions of their floats. Every age and rank are represented. The provincial dignitary, laden with the affairs of state, sits between two ragged *gamins*, each more successful than himself. Their tackle is equally miscellaneous; it ranges from the mast of "some tall ammiral" and a line capable of holding Leviathan himself, to a mere twig, a colored string and a crooked pin. Their common prey is the gudgeon, and the sport is *par excellence* the national pastime of provincial France, the index and the school of national character. It is here that the good people of the provinces acquire habits of frugality and patience, and are trained to be content with little and to make the most of everything. It is here that the rural shopkeeper was taught the motto, "*au-gagne-petit*," which is the canon of his trade. It is here that the peasant has learned to cultivate every barleycorn of soil, to utilize every possible coign of vantage, and, prodigal of nothing but himself, sparing of everything except his labor, to toil the livelong day for infinitesimal rewards.

Small and unworthy of notice though the single gudgeon may be, the *friture* is incomparable. The lesson has been learned in many ways, and the influence of the national pastime is not only culinary, but literary, social, and moral. From it the man of letters has learned the art of raising a dainty palace out of airy nothings and of building on slender facts his unrivalled generalizations. In society it has taught the Frenchman the value of small-talk, and the unwisdom of only opening his mouth when he thinks that he has hooked a salmon. Morally it has revealed to him the secret that happiness consists, not in an isolated day of expensive enjoyment purchased by a vast outlay of time and trouble, but in the succession of small pleasures which lie at his feet—that it is, in fact, rather a mosaic of an infinite number of tiny gems than the single jewel of great cost, which philosophers seek and seldom find. The jostling of young and old in pursuit of the same sport keeps the *grandpère* in

touch with the *bébé*. The juxtaposition of rags and respectability on the banks of the same stream carries on the work of the *Café*, and promotes the kindly feeling of rural classes. It also fosters that contempt for appearances which enables the country gentleman to tether his cows under his dining-room windows, to dispense with liveries for his servants, and to drive in his antiquated shay a horse not unacquainted with the plough. Gudgeon fishers can have no false shame. Peasants do not aspire to broadcloth, but wear their patched blouses with complacency. Their wives are content to cover their heads with gay handkerchiefs, and are not tempted to make their honest faces ridiculous in the latest Parisian novelty. Finally the absurd disparity between the means and the end—a disparity which runs through all forms of French sport—accounts for the absence of any sense of incongruity which in France meets and amuses us on every side. When, with imperturbable gravity, the cat's-meat man proclaims his wares with a fanfaronade of trumpets which might herald the approach of a conqueror of kingdoms, we feel that he must occupy his spare time in fishing for gudgeon with a barber's pole and a hawser. The same reflection may explain, in French literature, the frequent contrast between the grandiloquence of the exordium and the insignificance of the conclusion; it may also help us to comprehend the process of thought by which a would-be landscape gardener, with a taste for topiary work, can cheaply satisfy his passion by clipping the back of his poodle into rosettes and pompons, or to understand the habit of mind of the carter who gravely harnesses with bits of string an ass no bigger than a dog as the leader to the magnificent *Percheron* who stands eighteen hands high in the shafts.

But writer and reader alike are weary of moralizing. It is growing late in the evening of an early autumn day. Summer is dying; a shiver passes over the plain, and faint white mists begin to float in undulating wisps across the flat meadows. It is time to make for the bridge and the town.

On the bridge is gathered a motley crowd. Sleek citizens have closed their

doors, and sallied forth, with their wives and sons and daughters and servants, to take the air; peasants bid adieu till the next market day to the dancing lights of the local metropolis, and, laden with baskets and bundles, tramp sturdily homeward; artisans lean over the bridge to catch the freshness of the river breeze; on the parapet sit men and women, boys and girls, chattering and twittering like swallows on a church tower. Here the *bâcherons*, bent double beneath their loads, rest their burdens against the sides of the bridge to interchange a pinch of snuff. There washerwomen poise their *hottes* upon the wall and free their arms for a gossip. Beneath, great timber-laden barges shoot silently from under the arches, and lose themselves in the dark shadow of the poplars beyond. Above, soldiers swarm like bees, gather into knots, disperse, and collect again. *Ré-servistes* of all shapes and sizes, uniform only in the inevitable red trousers and long blue coat, stand awkwardly at attention to salute a group of officers who pass clanking down the pavement. Now and then a tramp slouches by, begging his way, not, like the mediæval palmer, to the Holy Land, but to Paris.

Two priests, enjoying a hard-earned holiday, pause by the parapet; the one short, round and rubicund; the other tall, spare, severe. It is ever thus; the *jour gras* always hunts in couple with the *jour maigre*. The one leans his paunch against the bridge, doffs his *tricorn*, mops his face, and looks down upon the lights dancing on the stream below; the other stands erect, gazing, across the mirror which the river holds

out to life, into the depths of the distant shadows. Sportsmen, faultless in all the details of their appointment, followed wearily by their liver-and-white pointers, tramp over the bridge into the town. A gray-bearded goat jumps upon the parapet, looks inquisitively at the water below, shakes his head, leaps down, and scampers off, as the wild reedy note of the herdsman's pipe blends with the blare of the cowhorn with which a personage in a general's uniform hawks copies of *Le Petit Journal* at a halfpenny apiece. Down the centre of the bridge pours an incessant stream of vehicles. Over the paved causeway clatters a "dogue-cart," with jangling bells, and César or Minos yelping in advance. The great gray horses strain against their lyre-shaped painted collars, and strike sparks from the stones as they answer to the whips and shouts of the drivers in the effort to drag the high-wheeled timber-laden wagons up the steep pitch of the crown of the bridge. Creaking and groaning over the pavement lumbers a bullock-cart, as rude in construction as the state coach of King Dagobert. Antediluvian hooded gigs pass by at a steady pace, filled with peasants, the women holding lanterns on their ample knees, the horses going at a dogged, patient trot, as though they knew that they must travel far on into the night before the home is reached in one of the little clearings of the forest of the Laigue. From the town beyond comes the lively rattle of the drums, as with quick step the patrol beats the rataplan through the streets, and all is over for the day. —*Nineteenth Century*.

AN ATTACK ON A TELEGRAPH STATION IN PERSIA.

BY BASIL WILLIAMS.

EXCEPT by readers of Mr. Curzon's book on Persia and the comparatively few Englishmen who have travelled in that country, there is hardly a sufficient appreciation here of the fact that the Indian Government possesses a telegraph line which traverses nearly the whole of Persia. The Indo-European telegraph line runs from Karachi along

the Persian Gulf to Bushire, and thence, for about 800 miles, through Shiraz and Ispahan to Teheran. From this point the line through Tabriz and Tiflis to Kertch and across Europe, though still in English hands, is not under the control of the Government, but belongs to the Indo-European Telegraph Company. The Indo-European

telegraph is obviously important to us, because it provides a safe alternative route for messages to and from India in case of failure or overpressure on the submarine cable *viâ* Suez. But its secondary and less obvious effect of securing for us a foothold in Persia is hardly less important. It is true that Russia can, when she is determined on a course, impose her will more effectually on the Persian Government than we can, as she commands the north, including the capital, and could at a few hours' notice obtain obedience to her commands by placing an army corps over the border, while our base of operations is too far distant to cause immediate terror. But on the whole our moral influence and our prestige are fully maintained against Russia's, more especially in the southern part of the country; and a circumstance which contributes as much as anything to this result is our possession of this telegraph line.

The line through Persia was entirely laid by the English some years ago, and by a recent extension of the concession from the Persian Government, the working of it has been confirmed to us until the year 1925. At first our possession of the line and the consequent necessity for a permanent staff of English officials throughout the country were and are still regarded with some suspicion by the Persians; but they are a people very conservative of institutions to which they have become used, so that this recent extension renders the permanence of our tenure fairly probable. Even materially the line seems calculated to give a strong impression of English solidity and power; for it is probably one of the best laid lines in the world. All the poles are of iron, the insulators are of the best possible kind, and every provision is made to secure the immediate repair of any defect in the communications. And this perfection is attained in spite of considerable natural difficulties in the country which have had to be surmounted, such as passes eight or nine thousand feet high, which in winter are deep in snow. Indeed, no better object-lesson could be found of the superiority of English energy and enterprise over Oriental

apathy and incompetence than a comparison of our line with the Persian lines which run from Kashan to Yezd and Kirman, and from Teheran to Hamadan and beyond. In the English line, with its three uniform wires, there is not a flaw to be seen; in the Persian lines, owing to the frequent absence of the wooden poles or the insulators, the single wire goes straggling over the ground or touches the poles, so that it is really remarkable that messages occasionally arrive at their destination.

As mentioned above, it is necessary for us, in order to maintain the efficiency of our line, to keep up a considerable staff of English officials in the country. At the chief towns on the line, Teheran, Ispahan, Shiraz, and Bushire, there are large telegraph stations which keep many officials in employment; three or four inspectors travel slowly up some hundreds of miles of the line twice a year to see that all the poles and insulators are in perfect order, and to test the strength of the wires; and besides these there are clerks in charge of isolated stations at distances of from fifty to a hundred miles. The duties of these clerks are to test the wires five times a day; where a defect in one wire is apparent to send out a mounted gholam (a native servant in the telegraph service) to repair the defect; and, if all three wires are broken down, to ride out themselves to superintend their adjustment.

It must be confessed that the life of a clerk in charge of an out-station is not as a rule exciting. Unless he happens to be married, he has not a single European to talk to, except the occasional traveller who may stay for an hour or two, or at most a night, on his way through. Some of the stations, such as Dehbid and Sivand, are absolutely devoid of any Persian society, and the only human beings within reach are a few hundred ignorant villagers who have no interest beyond their village. In others like Kum, Kashan, or Abadeh, where there are Persian governors, the conditions are rather more lively, as there are a certain number of educated Persians to diversify the monotony of existence.

On the other hand, the position of the clerks in charge of a telegraph station is one of considerable importance, and, if a three-months' sojourner in the country may be allowed to express an opinion, the sobriety, the readiness, and the capacity which seem to characterize all, from the youngest upward, prove them not unworthy of the position. One circumstance which encourages the development of these qualities is undoubtedly the sense of responsibility which attaches to their office. For not only is their responsibility great with regard to their actual duties of keeping clear the connections of the great telegraph line, but, in a sense, they represent English civilization and English strength amid somewhat disadvantageous surroundings. In fact, their nationality makes them a power in the villages and towns where their stations are situated. Even in towns where there is a governor they practically rank on an equality with him; and when, as is not infrequent, the inhabitants have a grievance against the governor, the first thing they do is to apply to the English telegraph clerk for advice, or with a request to telegraph their demands to Teheran, as they have more confidence in his integrity than in that of the Persian official. In most of these cases the clerks are wise enough not to interfere in the local disputes, but to let the central Government hear of the matter through native channels. Furthermore, the telegraph station is sanctuary for those who, rightly or wrongly, have incurred the wrath of Persian governors; this also is a privilege which the English, fortunately, do not allow to be abused, but which at the same time tends to restrain acts of gross oppression. Indeed, the mere presence of Englishmen throughout the country, and the knowledge that they are in constant communication with Teheran, have already had a marked effect in implanting a greater feeling of responsibility and a fear of civilized opinion in the minds of local governors and officials. But it is in the smaller stations that the English have in some respects most power. In places like Sivand or Dehbid they are appealed to by the natives in all difficulties; they even

have to act as doctors and surgeons on occasion, and if the village be attacked by Arabs or other robbers, they are called upon to organize the defence.

The following account of an attack made in the spring of last year on the telegraph station of Dehbid was sketched out to the writer by one of the inmates of the station. It will, it is hoped, illustrate to some extent the little-known dangers and responsibilities which an English telegraph-clerk in Persia may be called upon to face. Dehbid is a little village, containing not more than fifty houses, situated about a hundred miles north-east of Shiraz, on a high, bleak table-land surrounded by mountains. It is on the main caravan and post track between Teheran and Shiraz, and is the highest telegraph station on that line, being at an elevation of 7700 feet above the sea. In summer its elevation makes it one of the pleasantest places in Persia, as it is always cool, and there is plenty of shooting to be got in the surrounding hills; but in winter it is bitterly cold, and the snow sometimes lies several feet deep in the telegraph compound. The village, besides its fifty or so houses and the telegraph station, contains a strongly built caravanserai and a chappar-khaneh (post-house); and in front of the station there is a curious mound of earth topped by some ruined walls, which the natives call Bahram's Castle. The telegraph station itself looks rather like a rude fort. There is an outer compound about fifty yards square, surrounded by mud walls about fifteen feet high. Inside this there is an inner square, also surrounded by mud walls about twenty feet high, except on the west side, where the wall is then only twelve feet high, and in this wall is a postern door, besides the main entrance at the south, which makes the whole west side a very weak point in case of attack. The rooms and office are built on one tier round the other three sides of the inner courtyard, and their flat roofs form a sort of platform, defended by the upper part of the encompassing walls.

The clerk in charge of the station last year was Mr. Jefferies, who has by this time risen to a position of some seniority in the service; he was also

Inspector of the line from Murghab to Ispahan, a distance of about 200 miles. A strong, resolute, blunt Englishman, he understands the Persians and Arabs well, and knows how far to trust them and how to deal with them. On two previous occasions he has distinguished himself: in May, 1881, he was highly commended for courage and devotion on occasion of the destruction of Kum Telegraph Office by a flood, when all personal property was lost, and for restoring communication thus interrupted; and again in 1882 he was specially thanked for preventing the people of Kashan from wrecking the telegraph lines at a time when the lines in Egypt were interrupted owing to the war there, and the Indo-European Telegraph was the only means of communication between the Admiral, at Suez, and Sir Garnet Wolseley, at Alexandria. With him was his wife, who has lived in Persia since the age of twelve, a plucky horsewoman, who, in her solitary gallops over the plains, had also learned, sometimes from actual peril, how to hold her own with the semi-civilized nomads of the country. She has also mastered telegraphy, and can supply her husband's place at the station when he is away on inspection duty. The other European occupant of the station was a young niece of Mr. Jefferies, who had only recently come out from England to live with him and his wife. Their life was generally uneventful enough, riding, shooting, or driving about the country in a marvellous rough-and-ready dog-cart, doctoring and giving advice among the villagers, helping the long evenings out with a few books and a few songs, and, above all, keeping faithful watch and ward over the great telegraph line.

Nothing seemed likely to disturb this peaceful existence at the beginning of May, 1896; indeed, affairs looked so quiet that Jefferies had arranged to begin his summer inspection of the line on the 3d. Lucky it was that he had not decided on the 1st, for at 5 P.M. on the 2nd a telegram arrived from Teheran announcing the Shah's death on the preceding day, and telling Jefferies to fetch in immediately to the telegraph office two English travellers, Mr. Dalton of the Imperial Bank and

his wife, who were travelling up the road from Shiraz. Above all, Jefferies was warned not to let the news be known to any but the Europeans. Jefferies immediately procured horses from the chappar-khaneh and sent off a gholam with a note to Murghab, twenty-eight of the hardest miles in Persia, to meet the Daltons and hasten their movements. Fortunately the gholam met them half-way; Dalton seized the note, and pressed on after taking in no more of it than that they were to hurry on. In fact, he never read it through till they arrived at the telegraph-station about ten that night. The next day, Sunday, was quiet in Dehbid, so the Europeans had leisure to make what dispositions they could for defence in case of attack. It may seem to require explanation that on the mere news of the Shah's death the Daltons should have been so very anxious to get into a place of shelter, and that Jefferies should have immediately thought it necessary to make preparations against attack. The reason was that some Arab tribes were known to be in the neighborhood, and had already begun annexing flocks belonging to the Dehbidis; these people were turbulent marauders at the best of times, and would undoubtedly seize the flimsiest opportunity for indulging their taste for indiscriminate pillage; and there is a fixed belief among the more ignorant Persians and Arabs that the telegraph stations are the repositories of huge wealth, and that the instruments are all made of gold. Moreover, as a matter of fact, last year was almost the first occasion in the history of Persia that the reigning Shah's death was not the signal for a year or two of lawlessness, massacres, and civil war.

Anyhow, their precautions were amply justified by events. On Monday a messenger arrived from the village of Abassabad, six farsakhs (24 miles) away. He had not come without his adventures; he had once been stopped by a party of Arabs and beaten, and he had been obliged to hide in a ditch to escape from another party; however, he managed to deliver safely to Jefferies the letter with which he had been entrusted by the head-man of Abassabad. It was to say that the Arabs had at-

tacked and gutted Abassabad, and had been heard to declare on departing that they were now bent on attacking the telegraph station, and had sworn to destroy it. On receiving this intelligence Jefferies sent out his three telegraph-gholams to bring their wives and families into the telegraph station for protection; he despatched a telegram to Shiraz asking for soldiers, and he arranged with headquarters that the line from Shiraz to Teheran should be kept clear even of Indian Government telegrams so that messages about the crisis at Dehbid should not be delayed for an instant.

Meanwhile the difficulties were further increased by two circumstances. The villagers, seeing that the gholams had been sent out to bring in their wives and families, immediately suspected that some danger was approaching, and accordingly brought up their tents and their flocks, encamped round the telegraph station, and demanded arms from the English. On the same day some more travellers appeared in the village, and encamped about 200 yards from the station, just under Bahram's Castle. These proved to be a Persian general, or "Amir Panj," who with five soldiers was escorting a caravan with some treasure belonging to the Rukn-ed-Dowleh, the justly hated governor of Shiraz, and the harem of his vizier, the Mustashir-ul-Mulk. Now although Jefferies had been told not to announce the Shah's death to anybody, he decided on his own responsibility that it would not be fair to leave all these women in such an exposed position without warning them of the danger. So he summoned the Amir Panj into his office and told him that he had bad news to communicate. The gallant general turned pale immediately, and when, with due circumspection, Jefferies had revealed to him the Shah's death, he was so overwhelmed with terror or grief that he fainted off and could only be revived with whisky, a remedy possibly new to the Amir Panj, but with which, as will appear, he soon became very familiar. Returned to consciousness on this occasion, our Amir Panj's first thought, as was but just, seemed to be anxiety on behalf of his troop of women, so he asked

Jefferies to allow them to camp inside the telegraph compound, not because he was afraid, as he put it, but owing to the bad weather. Jefferies immediately consented, and when they had been brought in Amir Panj suggested as a mere afterthought, "If there is any danger of attack, as you seem to hint, how would it be if I came in too with my five soldiers, to help to protect you?" Perhaps Jefferies thought he might be of assistance, perhaps he did not like to leave him out in the bad weather; anyhow he allowed him to come in, he and his women and his treasure, and his manservants and his maidservants, and had soon cause to regret that he had done it.

So far no appearance had been put in by the Arabs, though look-out men sent by Jefferies reported that they were in the neighborhood, burning villages and seizing flocks, some of which belonged to the Dehbidis. But the state of watching and tension was becoming oppressive. Tuesday, May 5, is a lowering day, with rain and thunder to add to the terror—so that the Amir Panj was right about his bad weather. And now the Arabs could be seen approaching on the hills all round; but they came leisurely, cutting off the flocks of the Dehbidis as they were being driven in, and sending them back to the hills. In the afternoon they came near the village, and a few stray shots were fired at the office, still without doing any damage. Constant telegrams are rushing up and down the line between Colonel Wells, the director at Teheran, and Dehbid and Shiraz, and from Shiraz to Dehbid, to say that soldiers have been sent off. But by fast marching the distance can barely be covered in six days, so what hope is there if the Arabs come up to-morrow or next day, as they well might? Not that there is any vain despair among the English portion of this tiny garrison—they have too much to do. The treasure under the Amir Panj's charge, though it may excite the cupidity of the Arabs, must, at least, be made to serve its turn in defence; so cases of gold and jewels are ruthlessly piled up against the main entrance to make it more secure; constant watch is kept from the roof, and advice and encour-

agement are lavished on the now helpless villagers. Not the least among the cares is this harem, so rashly let in. For one thing, the privacy of a harem, even in times of deadly peril, and at such close quarters, must be respected; so the women take up three-fourths of the inner courtyard with their tents and apparatus. Blankets are put up to shield even the tents from view; arrogant and emasculated guards keep lynx eyes on all proceedings of the two male English, who may not even look that way in crossing their own courtyard. But though English males must beware, the English women are urgently called for. As the time of waiting goes on, as the thunder rolls and the Arabs are hourly expected, the women of the harem break into uncontrollable panic. Hysterics and hopeless fears have to be ministered to as best they may by the English with tea and comfortable words. Some calm is effected, but at the best it remains a fearful bear-garden. Meanwhile Amir Panj, he too oppressed by the bad weather, roams aimlessly about, seeking perhaps if he may discover some more of that whisky which had such excellent results yesterday.

Toward evening a comparative calm ensued. The Arabs, who never fight in the dark, moved off. But about 10 o'clock a horrible signal of their proximity startles the garrison. A rough unkempt-looking creature rushes up through the darkness and piteously asks for admission. He is evidently in great pain, and it is discovered when he uncovers his face that his nose has been slashed up, and is only just hanging on by a string of flesh. First the women tend him, and Jefferies puts in a stitch or two and so saves his nose. Soon without much pressing he tells his story. He is in the employment of the Zil-es-Sultan, the late Shah's eldest son, and the Governor of Ispahan; his business is to look after a train of camels belonging to that prince. This afternoon he was quietly driving his camels along when he was suddenly surrounded by Arabs, and driven off with his camels into the hills. His protestations that the camels belonged to the much feared Zil-es-Sultan were not believed; but they proceeded to

pick out the best camels for themselves, and let him go off with the miserable remnant of lean and sick camels. So far the man had received no harm at their hands, but unfortunately the spirit moved him to be sarcastic in his heavy way, and he asked them why they had not kept all the camels while they were about it. This seems to have infuriated the Arabs beyond measure, so they slashed up his nose, and cast him forth into the night with a warning for the future not to call their acts in question. His story excites sympathy, but there is no room for him here: Amir Panj and harem take up too much useful room; so he is well doctored and well fed, and sent to find asylum in the village. It is well to know that his nose recovered, and that as soon as the Arabs discovered that the camels really belonged to the Zil-el-Sultan, whose name is a terror to evil-doers in those parts, they precipitately returned them with apologies for their mistake.

Next day, Wednesday, May 6, a new arrival on the scene: a certain Mohammad Sadek Khan, a chief of the Kashgais, is travelling to Shiraz from Abadeh with five soldiers, and stops at the chappar-khaneh on his way. This man was known to be brave, so Jefferies asks him to stay and help in the defence of the telegraph station from the Arabs. "Arabs!" answers the Khan, "why, there is not the slightest danger to be feared from them—I shall certainly not stay behind for such old wives' tales as that;" and no representations seem likely to alter his decision. However, the Sadr Azem, the Prime Minister at Teheran, and the Kawam-ul-Mulk, a personage of importance at Shiraz and a kinsman of the Khan's, are telegraphed to for instructions by Jefferies. "Certainly stay and defend the station," they both reply to the Khan, and the Kawam adds the remark that if he does not stay and see to the safety of the English he will skin him alive. Jefferies forthwith sends these telegrams over to the chappar-khaneh—an hour or more passes, and still no sign from the Khan. At length Jefferies goes over himself, and finds the Khan just ready to start, while the telegrams are lying on the floor unopened.

"How about these telegrams?" asks Jefferies; to which the Khan expresses innocent surprise, says he didn't know they were there—of course he will open them. The Sadr Azem's telegram does not seem to affect him much, but on reading the Kawam's threat he asks anxiously if he had really telegraphed that. On being assured that it was so, he expresses his perfect willingness to stay, "for the Kawam is quite capable of carrying out his threat to the letter—in fact he once did something of the sort to a kinsman of mine." Khan accordingly goes over to the telegraph station with his soldiers, and proves a sensible, loyal sort of person, useful on emergency.

It may be well to recapitulate here who were now sheltered in the telegraph station and how far they were armed. There were Mr. and Mrs. Jefferies and their niece, absolutely unarmed—for the Government, not without good reason, refuses to supply arms to telegraph clerks; Mr. and Mrs. Dalton, with a rifle and a revolver; in their service, or in the service of the telegraph, three gholams, four male servants, and one female servant; besides these there were the Amir Panj, with five soldiers and thirty men and women belonging to the harem or looking after treasure; and Mohammad Sadek Khan, with his five soldiers. He and the Amir Panj had a rifle each, their servants had old Persian muskets loaded with slugs, and there was one other rifle in the party. So that among fifty-four people there were only four rifles, one revolver, and ten useless old muskets. Moreover, the English had every reason to suspect that their servants wanted to steal the few arms for their own use, and were determined to prevent this at all costs, as every shot was valuable and all the servants were not absolutely trustworthy; so they adopted various devices for concealing the arms from the men, who came in on every pretext to discover their hiding-places.

It has been said that all the servants were not trustworthy, so that it is the more necessary that an instance of heroism on the part of a Persian gholam should not pass unnoticed. The Arabs, it must be remembered, are

slowly drawing round Dehbid, and are likely to be met in any part of the surrounding country. It appears at one of the tests of the line that a wire has become disconnected. The rule in such cases is that one of the gholams should ride out and put it right; but under the circumstances the gholam next on the rota absolutely refuses to go. It looks as if Jefferies himself would have to leave the office and see to it himself. But there is a gholam who drinks rather too much, and has often got himself into trouble thereby; he is one of the Babis, a persecuted and steadily growing sect in Persia. Before this he has done plucky actions; he has, for instance, gone down the line in an emergency in the depth of winter when he was already suffering from pleurisy. Now he says simply, "I can but die once; the sahib must not leave the women; I will go;" and he goes. He sets the line right, and, al-hamdu-lillah! returns safe.

The next day, Thursday, was the critical day. About eleven o'clock parties of Arabs are seen riding along the slopes of the mountains a few miles east of Dehbid. They close in and fire a few shots at the office and the village, and then retire. Panic among the villagers, who rush up in a body to the office, throw their goods over the wall into the outer enclosure, and drive in their flocks. But not content with this, they begin demanding arms from Jefferies—for they have a fixed conviction that there is a magazine of arms hidden somewhere in the office—and threaten that if they do not get arms they will rifle the office and leave nothing for the Arabs to plunder. Ami Panj is greatly alarmed at this agitation, but seeing that the villagers are unarmed, is anxious to fire on them, and so quiet them. Luckily Jefferies soon puts a stop to this, tells the Amir Panj that if he fires a shot he will shoot him like a dog, and proceeds to pacify the villagers, now almost mad with terror. He explains to them that there is no magazine of arms there, that they will do no good to themselves by sacking the office, and that much the best thing they can do is to entrench themselves in the caravanserai, where most of their effects have already been placed

on his advice, and there make a stand like men against the Arabs. Won over by his words, they at length take his advice, and by half-past twelve had entrenched themselves as best they could in the caravanserai. By this time the Arabs had arrived in force at the village, and immediately began a determined attack on the villagers in the caravanserai, rather contrary to the general expectation, which had been that they would first assault the station. They were all armed with excellent English rifles, which, in spite of the law, had been smuggled into the country. In fact, the Kawam-ul-Mulk, that sender of truculent telegrams, was himself largely responsible for this state of things, for, as Governor of Bushire, he had allowed them to be brought in for a consideration. The villagers, on the other hand, had only a few antiquated matchlocks, with powder-flasks and slugs. Still, fired by Jefferies' words, and strongly secured in the caravanserai, they made a brave resistance for two-and-a-half hours, when they fled, leaving nearly all their possessions in the hands of the Arabs.

Meanwhile, the people in the telegraph station had not been kept idle. Some of the Arabs had gone up to Bahram's Castle, which dominated the station, and began firing at it from the point of vantage. But for the present the garrison reserved their fire, and as the attack was not very menacing, contented themselves with keeping a good look-out from the roof. The Amir Panj, however, found himself suddenly taken ill with fever, and accordingly thought it prudent to avoid so exposed a position and to lie on the floor in one of the rooms feebly moaning for whisky. And this went on as a sort of obligato accompaniment all through the afternoon; whenever the firing became at all severe he was seized with spasms, which demanded instant whisky; until at last, stung with Dalton's taunts, he crept up to the roof and hid as much as he could of his portly person behind one of the soldiers.

By the time that the Arabs had finished looting the caravanserai it was past four o'clock, and as the Arabs never fight in the dark, it was hoped that the telegraph people would have a

respite for this day at least. But it proved otherwise. The outer compound was now a seething mass composed of the Dehbidis' flocks, carpets, pots and pans, and of a good many of the people themselves; and the inner compound was as full as it could well be of harem and soldiers. The two Englishmen, Mohammad Sadek Khan, the Persian soldiers, and eventually the Amir Panj, were on the roof, while the three English women were put into a room, at the door of which Jefferies meant to make the last stand armed with Mrs. Dalton's revolver. The Arabs now came up in full force and from all sides at the office; they soon got over the wall of the outer compound and began swarming up to the west side, where the wall was low and contained the postern gate, which was the most vulnerable point in the defence. Through this postern the villagers began to force their way from the outer compound to the inner, and those inside kept rushing out to save a precious possession from the Arabs in the outer compound. Finally, to prevent the place being rushed by the Arabs, Mrs. Jefferies, who alone could be spared, had to stand at the door and hold the lock to prevent any further egress or ingress: like Kate Barlass, she had her arm injured in the effort, and had the horror of hearing a woman, who was trying, too late, to get in, shot down outside by the Arabs. The men on the roof did as much execution as their scanty arms permitted, but they made no appreciable impression on the invading horde. Still they succeeded in keeping them for some precious minutes from bursting into the inner court. And these minutes meant salvation, for by this time the swift Eastern night was settling down and the Arabs withdrew for the night, not, perhaps, ill-satisfied with their day's work.

But for the garrison the night must have been an anxious one; the outer wall, which was higher than the low western wall of the inner court, had proved no obstacle to the invaders, and it appeared only a question of hours for them to overrun the whole station. It was true soldiers were known to be on their way from Shiraz, but it would be another three days at least before

they could possibly arrive. And when the Arabs had once got in they hardly dared to think what would happen. However much they might hesitate under ordinary circumstances to do violence to English men and women, the obstinacy of the defence had thoroughly aroused their bitterest feelings, and the presence of the treasure and relations of the hated governor of Shiraz had only served to make them more implacable. It must, therefore, have been without much joy that the English saw the dawn of Friday the 8th. The Arabs of yesterday are all there still, but that is not all, for another tribe is seen to have joined them in the night, and is making ready to combine forces with them in the attack. But strangely enough the increase of enemies proved in the end the garrison's salvation, for suddenly a telegram comes from Shiraz, again from the Kawam-ul-Mulk. It appears that he is the head of this new tribe, and had heard that they were in the neighborhood; so he telegraphed instructions that so far from attacking they are to defend the English, and added the threat that if a hair of an Englishman's head is touched there shall not be an Arab of that tribe left to tell the tale. Then the question was, How was this message to be communicated to the tribe already advancing to the attack? Again the Babi gholam, who drinks too much, solved the difficulty by offering himself to take out the message. Accordingly he goes out under a flag of truce and delivers it to the chiefs, the garrison watching the result breathlessly from the ramparts. After some confabulation the chiefs are seen advancing without arms to the telegraph station, where they demand admission. When inside they are received by Jefferies, and to him declare their willingness to obey the Kawam and protect the English against their former comrades; they add the request, however, that, as they are just spoiling for a fight, Jefferies would telegraph to Shiraz to obtain leave for them to fight against the other Arabs as they might not fight with them. Unfortunately the answer was, "Certainly not," so the English lost the spectacle of their enemies destroying one another in their

sight. But the other Arabs, who were inferior in numbers, on understanding the state of things, were only too pleased to depart in peace; while the now friendly tribe pitched their tents round the office. During the succeeding days, again by the Kawam's orders, the stolen flocks were brought in by the Arabs and returned to the villagers; or rather, to be exact, the same flocks were not brought in, though the right number was made up, as all their own sick and thin sheep were carefully chosen out by the Arabs to replace the villagers' fat and prosperous flocks.

For the next three weeks the friendly tribe of Arabs encamped round the station to protect it, and it gradually resumed its wonted appearance of calm. It was well, however, that the station was not attacked again, for during the daytime the Arabs were always away, and only returned to their tents at night; and, in answer to inquiry, it appeared that they were doing a little mild burning and pillaging of surrounding villages, to keep their hands in, as they expressed it.

So in the end the telegraph station was saved, and the inhabitants thereof escaped unhurt, with a good story to tell. They owed their safety partly, no doubt, to their own coolness, but chiefly owing to the extraordinary omission of the Arabs to cut the telegraph wires. This enabled the chiefs of the telegraph at Shiraz and Teheran and the British Minister to exert the necessary pressure on the responsible authorities to cause the despatch of the peremptory messages which saved the garrison; for it must not be imagined that the messages from the Sadr Azem and the Kawam-ul-Mulk were sent unasked, or that the troops were so promptly despatched of their own motion; and the authorities could be informed of the progress of events from hour to hour. If the Arabs ever again make such an attack, they have now learned the lesson that the first thing to be done is to stop all communication, as they have themselves admitted. Under ordinary circumstances another such attack is not probable, as the marauding tribes, like the Persians, have learned that whatever excesses they may commit with impunity on their own country-

men, the Government is forced to visit any outrage on Europeans with condign punishment, and consequently they have a wholesome fear of touching them. This attack was to this extent exceptional—that the death of the Shah, an eventuality which might at any time happen again, suggested the probability of an interregnum, and the weakening of the Government's power of taking any adequate vengeance on evil-doers; and, further, that the Arabs were exasperated by seeing the Rukned-Dowleh's treasure and followers, marked down by them for plunder and vengeance, under the protection of the English. In view of the possibility of such attacks in the future the question of arming the telegraph clerks has been anxiously considered by the heads of

the telegraph; but, on the whole, it has been thought wisest not to do so for these reasons. In the first place, a few arms against a tribe or tribes of Arabs must necessarily be of little avail; their possession, though safe in the hands of a man of experience like Jefferies, might possibly lead to rash acts on the part of younger and less experienced clerks; further, the Government wisely consider that anything like an armed force of English in the country must be avoided for motives of policy. Lastly, and perhaps chiefly, the effect of a knowledge that the telegraph stations contain arms would only serve to encourage the Arabs to attack them, as the one ambition of their lives is to obtain English rifles and ammunition.—*Longman's Magazine*.

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SAINTE-BEUVE.

BY C. E. MEETKERKE.

"Inimitable—intarissable causeur."

THE author of "Portraits Contemporains" and "Causeries du Lundi" has done much to justify Carlyle's assertion that biography is the most profitable of all reading; he sets before us half a century of animated social life, pictures of notable men and women—every name a charm—and weaves them with artistic touch into the changeful history of his day.

He was the chief of critics at a time when criticism was not a malignant spirit "sparing no flesh that ever writ," but the business of a body of deliberate and conscientious thinkers, mines of learning—faithful colleagues—who understood at a glance the gifts of genius, and held high the standard of judging well.

A close observer and an acute reader of men, Sainte-Beuve was endowed with the rare faculty of discernment—of feeling, understanding, penetrating everything. In his "Pensées" he compares the critical mind to a grand and limpid river, winding about the works of the poet as the river winds by rocks and hills and verdant valleys, embracing, reflecting, comprehending all—and

when the traveller would visit the beauties of the landscape, the river bears him gently along and guides him through the changing pictures of its course. The charming simile might well have served as a description of his earlier manner, when it pleased him to develop the best points of every author, but the longer he lived the more capricious he became regarding the views he attributed to others, and the more uncertain about his own; the faithful guide grew doubtful of his way, and took false steps which could never be retrieved.

Undecided as to fundamental truth, and incapable of settled conviction, his qualities were so antagonistic, his mind so complex, that even those who lived in close intimacy with him frequently failed to understand the springs that moved him, and could not but acknowledge that he was a *poseur*, and, more often than not, a Sainte-Beuve *de mise en scène et de galerie*.

Those who sought for information in his reviews, and to satisfy themselves as to the merits of a writer, became bewildered in a maze of conflict-

ing judgments and reckless contradictions curiously joined to a strong artistic sense, profound erudition, and a delicate perception of good work.

It is amazing to find a critic at a moment's notice turning his idol into a victim, and opening eyes which have seen nothing but perfection to an astonishing number of defects. His very nature was unsteady: in constant oscillation between two poles, incapable of fixity, of fidelity, it was said—"Sainte-Beuve passe sa vie à se prendre et à se déprendre, à se livrer et à se ressaisir." Compelled by the force of afterthought, he touches and retouches his portraits, toning down or overlaying the colors, until the whole sketch becomes blurred, almost obliterated. All unconscious of the wide divergence between his precepts and his practice, he describes in an essay on Bayle what he conceives the essential conditions of the critical mind, which should be, he says, an impartial curiosity—a pure mental amusement—a serene indifference—a prompt and easy tolerance—but we hardly find these "essential conditions" existing in his own warlike manifestoes. A certain rough independence is maintained through all his variations; he is always perfectly sincere; and it never crossed his mind that his authority as a critic was weakened by the versatility of his impressions, or that whatever there might be of just, piquant or plausible in his articles, they fail to convince as soon as it is discovered that they are calculated to attenuate a former eulogy, and that the aggressive tone of his recantations reveals a singular feeling of rancour, almost as if he had been misled and deceived.

Sainte-Beuve had the good fortune to begin his career of authorship in the springtime of the great literary revolution; red-letter days when all the world was young; "mad with lyric ardor"—when the road to fame was followed, not for any selfish gratification, but from the love and worship of art.

The doors of the Cénacle opened wide to him on his first completely favorable review of Victor Hugo's "*Odes et Ballades*," Chateaubriand, Béranger, De Vigny were caressed and beloved, and in 1827 he became the ac-

credited advocate of Romanticism. Never had a literary group a more able interpreter; he described with fullest sympathy the little world, free from party toils and irritations, where there reigned *quelque chose de doux, de parfumé, de caressant, d'enchanteur*; where poets were recognized by some mysterious sign, and welcomed with acclamations into a kingdom of romance and chivalry.

That there was a little too much of mutual admiration in the guild is soon noticed by the critic, and it is not long before he presents the reverse side of the medal. A transition from extravagant praise to blame became noticeable, and the indebtedness of those he had formerly so much obliged began to be questioned.

It was in 1831 that he had written "For nine years the life of Victor Hugo has never altered—pure, grave, honorable, independent—splendidly ambitious and disinterested, devoted more and more to the great work that he felt called on to accomplish;" but three years later the tone is changed, and on the appearance of "*Songs of Twilight*" Sainte-Beuve affects to perceive a loss of all the poet's former *grâces enchantées*, that there is "too much mythology of angels, an excess of almsgiving and little orphans"! The critic goes still further and makes very thinly veiled allusions to events and feelings with which literature has nothing to do, suggesting that the "*poésie domestique*" is only introduced into the volume as a cloak for less creditable sentiments, glossing over the censure with the admission that the verses he condemns are in themselves beautiful and harmonious; the whole review was bitter, and evidently prompted by a broken friendship rather than a literary conscience. In due time there was a second recantation, and while an adherent of the new régime and the chief writer in Government organs, Sainte-Beuve electrified his hearers by quoting with bursts of enthusiasm some scathing verses from "*Les Châtiments*." Hugo, in the "*Manteau Impérial*," apostrophizes the embroidered Bees, and exhorts them to take vengeance on the wearer—

O vous dont le travail est joie,
 Vous qui n'avez pas d'autre proie
 Que les parfums, souffles du ciel,
 Acharnez-vous sur lui ! farouches !
 Et qu'il soit chassé par les monches,
 Puisque les hommes en ont peur.

The fancy is so far-fetched, the rancour so inordinate, that a serious critic might well have held the stanzas up to ridicule, but on the contrary, they seemed to stir within Sainte-Beuve the old poetic sympathy; and when his sudden relapse to bygone rhapsodies was commented upon with natural surprise, he confessed that Romanticism was still alive in his heart, and that when he read and re-read Lamartine's "Lac" and Hugo's passionate "Tristesse d'Olympie," the sacred souvenir revived with all its former fire, and criticisms, strictures, revilings were scattered to the winds.

That Sainte-Beuve could never dissociate the author from the man accounts in some degree for this change of front, otherwise so inexplicable. Having taken a portrait in hand his curiosity had no limits; he must make a study from life, and was not satisfied till he had investigated temperament, qualities, bias of mind with such persistent industry that the minutest detail could not escape him; he set himself to read the soul of the man as well as the contents of the book, and was excellently described as "l'homme des individus, non celui des idées;" proper names were always hidden under his literary theories, and when former friends and companions fell under the lash, the reason was not far to seek.

The precise moment when he separated himself from the Cénacle is debatable; but from the year 1855 there were evident signs of a falling off from sympathy; the brotherhood had become more and more progressive, liberal, humanitarian; they saw before them grand horizons, and were full of hope for the future emancipation of art, while the least approach to passion or latitude was abhorrent to Sainte-Beuve. It was suggested that a coolness was perceptible on the failure of "Les Burgraves"—open to the magnificent reproach of being too good for the stage—and the simultaneous success of Ponsard's "Lucrèce;" it was

written in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* that the fall of the one drama, betraying an eclipse of Romanticism, and the warmth with which the other was received—evident return to the classics—had changed the wind in high quarters. "Sainte-Beuve n'a jamais eu pour les vaincus une passion bien opiniâtre," said Levallois; but it must in simple fairness be remembered that the eminent critic, after the first fascination of "Hernani," had never held the romantic drama in much esteem; his reception of "Marion Delorme" and "Chatterton" was far from enthusiastic, and he never disguised his opinion that Romanticism, so triumphant in lyric poetry, had failed to create a literature for the stage. Many influences were at work for the quarrel which brought his early associations to a disastrous close, and it is found in the study of his life that there was nothing less surprising, since it was his habit to embrace, to quit, and to deery every form of belief. The teaching of the Abbé Barbe, Jouffroy's mysterious philosophy, the vigorous liberalism of Armand Carrel, Catholicism, Saint-Simonianism, Republicanism, Romanticism, were each in turn accepted and renounced; and far from adopting the generous silence enjoined by Voltaire as the only dignified way of treating disillusion, he was never weary of buffeting his former friends; no sooner had he abandoned them than he remembered only their imperfections.

The year of his separation from the Romanticists was adverse to Sainte-Beuve in more than one respect; he had imagined himself a poet, and his poetry was overlooked; his attempts at fiction failed; the portraits of his contemporaries no longer satisfied himself, his love dream had come to an end. It was at this stage of disappointment, almost of desolation, that he began the work which must always hold a high if not the highest place among his literary productions.

While travelling in Switzerland during the summer of 1837 he was invited to give a series of lectures to the students of the Academy of Lausanne on the history of Port Royal. It was a subject which had long occupied his thoughts. The state of the Church in

the seventeenth century, the reforms attempted by Henri Quatre, the union of Jansen and Saint Cyran against the Jesuits, appealed strongly to his love of investigation, and he expected to find in theology the solace for regret and irritation; his practical mind was satisfied with the confluence of opinion from so many different sources; he was able to accept their conclusions as definitive, and in the annals of a single community he declared himself to have realized the veritable existence of his ideal—"pratique méditée, doctrine pratiquée, pénitence et science."

The book of which these lectures were the primary source must always be of permanent value. Fine materials for a whole gallery of portraits were ready to his hand, and the salient points of each individual figure were noted with the most scrupulous care; not a name, title, date but was absolutely exact; the touch is sure; there is never anything fictitious—nothing false, nothing that is not strictly conformable to facts. Sainte-Beuve had a horror of the *à peu près*.

If there were a fault to be found, it is in the immense accumulation of references—the *embarras de richesses*. It is bewildering to be led into so many by-paths, but Sainte-Beuve could not control his discursiveness, for it was derived from his invincible desire to read the book of life—the book of human nature. And if in "Port-Royal" there seem to be too many digressions—if the Church and the convent are too often neglected for Court and camp—it follows that a study which might otherwise have become wearisome falls pleasantly into the fascinating network of romance. Alexander Vinet, prime mover in the religious revival which was taking place in the very centre of Protestantism, was amazed at his learning, his theology, his enthusiasm, and the skill with which he drew together the many actors in the ever-changing scene. Ampère and other serious thinkers endorsed the eulogium, but better understood the character of the man. They knew that having entered religion by the gate of imagination he was liable to quit it by that of reason and analysis. His enthusiasm at the beginning of his task was inspired by a deep

sympathy with the men and women who, in the heyday of youth and prosperity, devoted themselves to the solemn monotony of the cloister, separating themselves from every earthly tie, bound to a life of solitude, penury, penitence, utter self-forgetfulness. He was at this time full of religious fervor—perhaps *religiosity*, a word then much in vogue, would be the better term—but according to an innate mental perversity his researches turned him from belief to doubt. In the very height of the feeling inspired by the grand figures whose strength, endurance, and serenity he depicted so well, the spirit of questioning, or what may be called the demon of criticism, took possession of his mind, and the difference of sentiment between the first and last volumes of "Port-Royal" is sufficiently marked. It is a strange fact that, having expended so much eloquence on the history of the devoted lives of Pascal, St. François de Sales, la Mère Angélique, and a whole host of noble characters, he comes to the conclusion that it is all a mistake, delusion, foolishness; he has painted, but he does not believe in them.

The work is also of importance as a picture of himself; it brings to light all his individuality, his vanity, ambition, beliefs, renunciations, failures. It explains the natural bent of his mind toward discontent and dejection. His letters to the Abbé Barbe, to whom he revealed himself without reserve or affectation, disclose this feeling, and he even describes the work in which he delights as merely a way of cheating the miseries of life. It was in his prime, in the full maturity and satisfaction of his great talents, with simple tastes, sufficient means, and daily increasing reputation, that he allowed a few words to escape him which betray a constant state of melancholy. "There comes a sad moment in life," he writes, "when one has attained everything one could reasonably hope for—*j'en suis là!* I have won much more than I had any right to expect, and I feel that much is very little; the future promises me nothing."

From this it might be surmised that he had failed to meet with the general appreciation and full emolument which

he felt he deserved ; but this was far from the case. No writer ever achieved greater success or more solid remuneration : the papers of the day were always in his favor. Balzac alone ventured on adverse criticism, and this was partly in reprisal for a cynical review in which Sainte-Beuve, with affected magnanimity, announced that he was far from contesting the skill displayed by the author of the "*Comédie Humaine*" in depicting what he best understood, the lives and manners of spendthrifts, usurers, adventurers, and adventuresses—and this sarcasm so exasperated the fiery novelist that he exclaimed, "I will transfix him with my pen, *ce petit Sainte-Beuve*."

Forthwith there appeared an article in the *Revue Parisienne*, dictated by one of those violent literary animosities which are so perceptible as to be harmless. He calls "*Port-Royal*" a very poor book, and, comparing it to Racine's treatment of the same subject, he proceeds : "But what has M. Sainte-Beuve done? He has seen in the valley of '*Port-Royal-des-Champs*,' six leagues from Paris, a little cemetery, where he has disinterred the innocent relics of his pseudo saints—the idiots of the troop—poor girls, poor women, already dust and ashes ; his ghastly Muse has opened all the coffins where slept, and where every historian would have allowed to sleep, the vainglorious, tiresome dupes and duping family of the Arnaulds." It was thus that Balzac paid off one of his debts, which must have been a novel sensation for him.

As Sainte-Beuve grew older depression turned to bitterness ; he became full of irritation against the existing state of things—the low tone of public taste, the humiliating concessions of authors, and the cant terms of the day. The *De Goncourts*, in their inimitable journal, took down word for word one of his tirades. His conversation was out of all keeping with his ability—consisting of short, half-finished sentences linked together with his habitual hesitating hum hum. "There is no longer any literature," he said, "it is music, it is painting—we can't all be painters ! Everything must be defined, enlarged, laid bare. Look at Rousseau

—he was the first to fall into exaggeration ; then Bernardin de Saint-Pierre—he goes further. Hugo" (this with the grimace he always made at the name), "Gautier, Saint-Victor ! And you ! You pretend that what is wanted is color—the interior of things. Impossible !" (and with increasing vehemence) "Neutral tint ! It isn't in the dictionary—it is a painter's word ! And a sky *rose thé—rose thé* ! What is *rose thé* ?" (becoming more and more infuriated) "There is only one rose—*rose thé* ! Ridiculous !"

It was in vain, describe the brothers, that they attempted to explain, as soon as he paused for want of breath, that for the faint yellow tints of evening skies there could be no better color named than that of a tea-rose, quite distinct from other roses. Sainte-Beuve was deaf to reason and continued to argue, to vituperate, with feminine perverseness, which those who knew him well used to say was one of his characteristics. He was often accused of a womanish touch in his nature ; he quarrelled and made it up again, with true feminine facility, and he always put himself into a passion when he knew he was wrong.

The remarks which may be gathered as to his personal appearance are far from flattering ; he is described as short, thick-set, common ; "un petit bourgeois," "un petit mercier de province," "sa petite voix," "sa main grasse et froide," complete the picture ; a self-sufficient air in society and many small affectations were a source of some amusement in the salons he frequented ; it was noticed that he never took leave until he had thought of some especially witty last word. One evening when no *bon mot* would come to his call, and he still rose to go, Madame de Girardin—who held him in no particular esteem, but whose politeness never allowed her to omit the aristocratic *de* from his name—exclaimed maliciously, "But, Monsieur de Sainte-Beuve, you have not yet gained the right to leave us."

"Sainte-Beuve n'est pas gentil-homme," said Victor Cousin, and d'Haussonville added : "Sainte-Beuve is full of rage, rancor, and ingratitude—but he is human !" This remark—

able eulogy was supported by Jules de Goncourt, who declared that when he was not blinded by passion and malice he was kind and charitable. Charitable, in the sense of putting the best construction on things, he certainly was not; but he could be generous to struggling authors, and this quality appealed strongly to the Goncourts, who began a scheme very early in their lives for the assistance of worn-out literary men; they planned the endowment of a certain number of writers with a small independence, and determined to leave their own private fortune, copyrights, and the sale of their valuable collections for those recipients who should be in need of leisure to continue their work with ease of mind. The scheme is to be carried out by Edmond's literary executors.

Dining with Sainte-Beuve one day in every week at the famous Restaurant Magny, the two inseparable brothers set down in their journal that in spite of his association with refined and well-bred people, he could never be made to look like a man of the world, and that to visit him when laid up with illness was to perceive in his *toilette intime* the very essence of democracy.

The one act of his life which weighed most seriously against him was the fact of his standing alone among authors, the sole supporter during the white terror of journalism of the edict which put an end to the liberty of the Press; and although it had been long established that he was staunch to no principle, this disloyalty to his literary colleagues could never be forgiven; the characteristic of always turning his face toward the rising star was still more evident when there appeared an article from his pen in the *Moniteur Officiel* directed visibly against his former friends, to which no reply was possible, since all the independent journals were threatened, and a great many actually suppressed. The article, which he called "Regrets," gave offence even to those who like himself, had accepted without too many scruples the benefits of the new régime, and the doors of many delightful *salons* were closed to him. There was a still more marked expression of the general feeling when, having been elected Professor of Poetry

at the College of France, he betrayed such personal animosity against the poets whose fame was greater than his own, that the whole assembly of students gave way to an outburst of indignation, and the lecture was cut short amid unmistakable signs of displeasure.

It was whispered at the next meeting that he had arrived on the platform with two loaded pistols; whether one was intended for the audience and the other to blow out his own brains was not very clearly specified, but the effect was irresistibly comic and the proceedings came to an end.

At the same time a perfectly unfounded accusation was brought against him; he was charged with misappropriation of public money—a ridiculously small sum and quite easily accounted for.

"On m'attaque par mon côté fort," he said, but the affair was annoying, and he left Paris, accepting a professorship at Liège, and taking as the subject of his first lecture "Chateaubriand and his literary group." It was unfortunately chosen: Chateaubriand had not been dead a year: Madame Récamier was dying. Sainte-Beuve had been the intimate friend of both, and was a familiar figure in the brilliant circle of the Abbaye aux Bois, yet the author of so many celebrated works was treated with little indulgence, and far less justice, the outcome of personal jealousy which he could never conceal, and which had latterly become more apparent in his criticism. There was hardly a writer, however differing in his line of work, who had not felt the sting of his unreasoning and uncontrollable temper; even Michelet, whose equanimity was statuesque, even the Abbé Lamennais, who for a time had exercised the most profound influence on his contradictory character, received from him some rough assaults; with Michelet there was no real animosity; it was a purely intellectual matter; their views were discordant, and the imaginative method of the historian was held in contempt and undisguised suspicion by the patient collector of facts.

The last quarrel of his life, although entirely of his own seeking, was possibly that which touched him the most nearly. His somewhat solitary days

had been brightened by a cordial friendship with a distinguished woman and cultivated connoisseur in most literary matters. Princess Mathilde fully appreciated the talent, learning, originality, sociability of Sainte-Beuve, and it was through her persuasion and interest that he took his place in the Senate, and accepted the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, which he had formerly refused. It was with a prevision of the difficulties and dangers to come that he took up his new position, and as a proof of his clairvoyance he directed the attention of the Princess to a florid account of a banquet given at Brussels in honor of Victor Hugo, remarking that what seems of little moment to-day may become no matter for jesting to-morrow, and that such demonstrations were very significant although unheeded at Compiègne—*cette atmosphère isolée et dorée*.

But his old socialistic tenets were not long in reasserting themselves. Napoleon III. had not been careful enough to avoid causes of irritation, and had on one occasion made the mistake of speaking to him of the ability of an article he had written in the *Moniteur* when it had in fact appeared in the *Constitutionnel*. It was a trivial

blunder, but to such pin-pricks Sainte-Beuve was notably susceptible. He took up his anti-clerical campaign with renewed energy, and sent an article to the *Temps*, one of the chief organs of the Opposition, which occasioned a strong feeling against him in the Tuileries, and greatly displeased the Princess Mathilde, who had, as she professed, but little sympathy for "les hommes noirs," but who deeply resented his disloyalty. He was no longer favored with her correspondence, and was forbidden to appear at the literary réunions where he had once been such a welcome guest. The depression which made his latter days a terrible burden rapidly increased; the malady he had borne with so much courage and patience gained ground, but the intellectual man maintained his vigor; he was still critic *par excellence*, to be courted by all who aspired to distinction, but he had alienated the troops of friends who should have gathered round him at the last; and although his life had been blameless, in spite of his great talent, his scholarship, his independence and unquestionable sincerity, many men who deserved it less have been better mourned. — *Gentleman's Magazine*.

ST. PAUL'S.

BY ARTHUR PATCHETT MARTIN.

To the English race at large Westminster Abbey must always be the most beautiful and interesting pile of buildings in the world. Yet somehow the heart of the true Londoner is more profoundly stirred at the sight of the Great Dome. And truly there is nothing in our vast city so impressive as the spectacle of Wren's masterpiece on an early summer morning when the sun first strikes on the gold cross and ball, or on a fine moonlight night when the surrounding streets are comparatively free from their distracting noise and traffic.

Then the great cathedral seems indeed to loom larger and grander as it looks down on the endless thoroughfares and myriad meaner buildings of

the most crowded human hive in the wide world. Then, as Mr. Henley bravely sings :—

The high majesty of Paul's
Uplifts a voice of living light, and calls—
Calls to his millions to behold and see
How goodly this his London town can be.

Let it be frankly admitted that, compared with the venerable Abbey, St. Paul's is modern and, so to speak, prosaic; but its site, that of Old St. Paul's, is as ancient and historic. That site is, and has always been, the very centre and crown of London. Sir Walter Besant is never weary of reminding us that its history and traditions, bound up as they are with the story of our civic and political liberty, are as worthy to be preserved and cherished as the king-

ly and ecclesiastical splendors of Westminster itself.

"You stand," exclaimed our modern Stowe, addressing a group of keen-faced American pilgrims on the site of Paul's Cross, "you stand upon the place which represents the cradle, the font, the spring, and the origin of all your liberties." Straightway he launched forth into an account of the Folk-mote, "the parliament of the people" (was it not rather the gray forefather of the County Council?), which was wont to gather by the Cross at the sound of the big cathedral bell of Old St. Paul's. It struck me that some of Sir Walter's Transatlantic listeners, jaded by Presidential and other popular elections, and weary of the ceaseless roar of the unthinking crowd, may have failed to re-echo all his fine enthusiasm for the Folk-mote. Even on this side, are there not times when we could dispense with some of this boundless liberty of the subject and the inviolate right of Anglo-Saxondom to wrangle in public? "That Folk-mote," declared London's latter-day historian, "was the foundation of all our freedom." Ah, Sir Walter, as an old obsolete minor poet once murmured:—

Deserts are but the earth at liberty;
'Twas chaos when the universe was free.

Nevertheless, I for one, though with an occasional grumble and demur, am willing to uphold the brave old English gospel of freedom, and to pay meed of reverence to Paul's Cross and the Folk-mote. But is it not a somewhat suggestive commentary on Sir Walter Besant's discourse to the American pilgrims that he could show them only the *site* of the famous Cross—that this sacred emblem of our faith and freedom should have been razed to the ground and desecrated by the liberty-loving Puritans of the Commonwealth? Such are the little ironies of history!

What a wonderfully clean sweep the Great Fire made of Old St. Paul's, that magnificent Gothic cathedral with its spire of over 500 feet! Doubtless Archbishop Laud, who contributed in such princely fashion to its restoration, would have regarded this ruthless act of the flames as a purification from the desecration of Cromwell's troopers.

Hardly a fragment of the old stones can now be seen. A few relics in the crypt and one complete and memorable statue are all that remains of Old St. Paul's. Passing through the great iron gates on the south side into the choir aisle, we are arrested by the grotesque yet moving effigy of Dr. John Donne—mystic, poet, and dreamer, and sometime Dean of St. Paul's. How strange a contrast is this thin, shivering figure in its winding-sheet to those fighting admirals, heroic generals, and other great ones of the earth, who stand up and seem to challenge our admiration and respect in every other nook and corner of this vast building! Old Izaak Walton has related the story of this strange statue: how, when Donne fell mortally ill, it was resolved to have a monument of him, and that a carver was sent for "to make in wood the figure of an urn," and a "choice painter" to draw the picture of the Dean's shrunken form wrapped in a sheet and with his "lean, pale, and deathlike face turned toward the east." "And when the picture was fully finished," says Izaak Walton, "he (Donne) caused it to be set by his bedside, where it continued, and became his hourly object till his death, and was then given to his dearest friend and executor, Dr. Henry King, then chief Residentiary of St. Paul's, who caused him, to be thus carved in an entire piece of white marble as it now stands in that church."

Surely the story of this statue might well have inspired Christina Rossetti. Even from the standpoint of the creedless man of the world this sad, solitary figure in a shroud is more suggestive of Christianity than a whole gallery of learned, well-fed Georgian divines, such as I once beheld in a vestry in Piccadilly, all redolent of Greek syntax and port wine. Although the Deanery of St. Paul's has been the roof-tree of a long and noble line of devout Churchmen, from Dean Colet to Dean Church, never has it sheltered before or since so poetically mystic a figure as John Donne.

"Always preaching to himself," says Izaak Walton in that inimitable passage describing Donne in the pulpit of St. Paul's, "like an angel from a cloud, but in none." He was the very an-

tithesis of the fashionable modern pulpit orator, with his high-sounding phrases and elocutionary arts, to whom the pulpit is, after all, what the stage is to his half-brother, the actor.

Many and various are the eminent men whose memorials crowd St. Paul's—warriors, ecclesiastics, statesmen, painters, civic dignitaries, and two Colonial men of mark, Sir John Macdonald of Canada, and the late William Bede Dalley (a Roman Catholic, by the way) of Sydney. The majority of these have been described over and over again, but perhaps there has been a tendency to overlook a few of the most interesting but least conspicuous memorials both in the cathedral itself and in the crypt.

The plain black tomb, in the eastern end of the crypt, which marks the resting-place of Sir Christopher Wren is singularly unpretentious. "What a small tomb," remarked a little boy of eight, who had been feasting his eyes on the Nelson and Wellington monuments, "for such a great man!" I took him upstairs to point out the panel over the north transept door, and explained to him the meaning of *Lector, si monumentum requiris, circumspice*. Only then was his fine sense of justice fully appeased.

Beside Sir Christopher in the crypt now sleeps the courtly Lord Leighton, whose newly made grave when last I saw it was covered with wreaths which literally overflowed on to the plain flat tomb of the great architect, and lent it an unaccustomed grace and beauty.

The majority of the monuments and statues in the cathedral are defiant, over-sized standing figures, not in the best ecclesiastical taste, and frankly pagan in type and character. It is related that an æsthetic and not ultra-pious friend of the late Dean Church urged the removal of Dr. Johnson in his toga, alleging that the sight of this monstrous figure "disturbed his private devotions." The Dean, who had a dry wit, remarked that though many of the statues in the cathedral were uncommonly hideous, none of them, in his judgment, were sufficiently so to scare a truly devout person off his knees. Should some future Dean and Chapter decide on the removal of Dr. Johnson

in his incongruous Roman garb, surely the memory of the noblest Englishman of his time, who was also one of the humblest and most fervent worshippers at the cathedral altar, must be commemorated in some manner under the Great Dome. It would be an opportunity for a special "Johnson window," worthy of being designed by the greatest of English artists and wrought by the finest of English craftsmen.

It would indeed demand the sweeping hand of the most ruthless iconoclast to remodel the memorial statuary in St. Paul's or the Abbey according to the present High Anglican religious taste and feeling. We should have to bundle out all these colossal pagan groups and huge upstanding figures, even though they be by the hand of a Flaxman, and raised to the honor of a Nelson or a Reynolds. The Abbey in this respect is even worse than St. Paul's, for the long vista of standing and gracefully poised Parliamentary orators which confronts us on entering the north door makes the grand old fane at a first glance look like the show premises of a glorified "monumental mason."

Admitting that many of these statues are fine works of art, there is a great deal to be said on behalf of the Anglican reformer, who considers such memorials out of place in a Christian church. But we should leave St. Paul's rather bare if, in accordance with such feelings, we removed every memorial that is of the pagan rather than of the Christian type. As a matter of fact, only a few more or less commonplace recumbent figures, such as the General Gordon by the late Sir Edgar Boehm in the north aisle of the nave, and the two or three bishops, the Dean Milman and the Canon Liddon in the chancel, would remain.

There can be no greater tribute to the power of the Tractarian movement of Keble, Newman, and Pusey than that afforded by the recent art work and decoration in St. Paul's Cathedral. The superb reredos, which seems really to have transformed the character of the whole interior of the building, is the direct outcome of the teaching of this school of religious thought. Friend and foe will alike admit that, but for

what is called Puseyism, such a work as this reredos could never have been erected in an English cathedral.

Similarly, we have in the statue of a man of war like General Gordon the recumbent Christian figure, instead of the upstanding pagan hero of the past. We see, too, in the great decorative scheme now in progress under Mr. Richmond the strong anti-Puritanical spirit which may be regarded as the dominant note of modern Anglicanism.

Speaking of this great scheme of religious decoration, Canon Gilbertson remarks "that in a few years' time St. Paul's may begin to take its place in point of glory with the other great houses of God in the world, among which in grandeur of design and scale it already holds a foremost position."

But the English, after all, are a religious rather than an ecclesiastical people, and it may be doubted whether High Anglican feeling in this country will ever rise to such a pitch that the cathedral authorities would dare to cast out so noble a national monument as Alfred Stevens' "Wellington." May we not rather infer, from the care and expense recently bestowed by Dean Gregory in the removal of this monument from its hiding-place in the old Consistory Court and its re-erection in the middle arch of the nave, that the intention of the present authorities is to make this grand, if not exactly Christian, work of art a still more prominent and central object of St. Paul's?

It would be superfluous either to describe or praise this famous cenotaph, which is generally considered to be the finest work in the cathedral, or indeed of its kind by any English artist. The guide-books, however, omit to mention that we owe the completion, and indeed the very existence, of Alfred Stevens' masterpiece to the late Lord Sherbrooke. Stevens, like most true artists, was at times a slow and unmethodical worker, and had outrun both the contract time and money, to the great indignation of the late Mr. Ayrton, who threatened to seize the unfinished monument and have it completed by stonemasons and other practical men. Alfred Stevens in his despair went to Sir Rivers Wilson, then private secretary to the Chancellor of the Ex-

chequer, the redoubtable and penurious Robert Lowe, who called personally at the studio in Haverstock Hill, saw and recognized the supreme touch of the man of genius, and there and then promised that he should have the additional time and money to complete the work. Robert Lowe at the time was universally reproached for niggardliness because he kept a very watchful and suspicious eye on the public expenditure. Yet Science owes to him the *Challenger* expedition, and Art the Wellington cenotaph. Another of the little ironies of history!

By the way, when Dean Milman received Alfred Stevens' "Wellington" into the Cathedral, and had it hidden away in the old Consistory Court, he and his colleagues vetoed the equestrian figure which surmounted the whole. The great warrior, with his long array of bloody victories, was admissible in the Temple of Peace, but the effigy of poor "Copenhagen," who had carried his master that long Sabbath day at Waterloo, was presumably too pagan. Does Dean Gregory intend to replace the equestrian statue, and thus prevent the complete work as it left the hand of the master?

In this great year of the Queen's Jubilee it will be strange if people do not cast an eye on the "Melbourne monument," by Marochetti, in the north aisle of the nave. This work, probably on account of its Italian origin, is, I believe, generally decried by our modern aesthetes. But the figures of the two guardian angels on either side of the doors, the one leading on a sword, the other holding a trumpet, are full of good feeling and most exquisitely carved. Apart from the artistic merits or demerits of Marochetti's work, surely thousands and tens of thousands will give a passing thought to the close and beautiful relationship that existed between the Girl-Sovereign of sixty years ago and the brilliant but kindly old epicurean whose tomb stands here under the Great Dome, and whose name has been so fitly given to the splendid city on the other side of the world, the metropolis of that province of our Empire, named by her own desire—VICTORIA!—*Cornhill Magazine*.

A BOOKMAN'S ROMANCE.

BY CHARLES LUSTED.

RAYMOND WEDDERBURN was a bookman of the old school. He wore clothes of an antique cut, carried a gold-headed cane with a hole through the handle, from which a tassel had long since departed; he took snuff, loved folios and old bindings, and attended book-sales with a short ivory rule to measure margins. He scorned the modern amateur buying through an agent. Dilettanteism was costly ignorance—a prey for the sharks—indeed, I have heard him pronounce the well-groomed collector a “chicken-brain.”

He was a bachelor partly by temperament, but chiefly by circumstance. Women were part of the material system, and pretty faces did not attract him. Books took their place, they fascinated him, ruled his life, and were his only idols. But he had not always been insensible to the beautiful face of a pure woman. He had known love, had kissed the lips of a maid, and had had his life colored with the passionate beauty of a maiden's vow. But that was many years since. His joy of love had given place to a crushing sorrow. The bitterness almost mingled with the sweet—the darkness had fallen so suddenly and so soon.

And on this bright summer afternoon of which I am writing, the ancient bitterness had been revived by a passing face in the street. It was a fresh, winsome face with a soft country bloom upon it, and its girlishness and innocence recalled all the romance of his youth. He had returned to his rooms in Bloomsbury somewhat shaken, perhaps, a little trembling, for he sought the comfort of his arm-chair with a sense of utter weariness and with a long sigh. He took his afternoon purchases from his great pockets and laid them aside without a thought, without a care; and yet they were the prizes of a true bookman. A vision possessed his brain. His love passage lay all before him. He looked up, and his eyes wandered round his library, where his beloved books stood all about him in open shelves with protecting wire doors

—for he hated glazed presses—but the place appeared to have lost charm. It looked dismal and dull.

After thinking a little while he got up and went to the special corner where he kept his choicest treasures, and he took down a book in an old-marbled calf cover. It was a little book, and not of any market value. Sixpence would have purchased a similar copy, and yet, year after year, it had stood with the valuable and the “exceedingly scarce.” But it was a pretty book, and nicely printed, for it was Jones's edition of “Bacon's Essays.” When he opened it, two small locks of hair tied together with a bit of blue ribbon, fell out. Dark hair and fair—his summer of love and his winter of despair, he mused.

He had not looked into the book for many years. It was a sacred possession, one that lived in the memory and not in the sight. And now a chance face had disturbed it. He stroked the silken hair tenderly, and the dark lock reminded him that the head from which it had been cut was now gray. There was no necessity to look into the glass. He knew it, and felt that his heart was gray also. But it was not too gray for him to kiss the mingled locks with the reverence of a weary palmer. He kept them and the book in his hand, and followed his life step by step through its steady course.

Fifty years previously, Raymond Wedderburn was a young man studying law in a solicitor's office, and passing examinations with a barrister's gown floating before him. He had taken his B.A. degree, and was working himself to a shadow to become in due course an LL.D. He looked at life seriously, lived much alone, and studied consistently; for his parents were poor, almost humble, and could ill afford the cost of his education, and it was his ambition to make himself worthy of their love. He took Labor for a wife and became her slave.

In the summer of his twenty-third year he spent part of his holiday in tak-

ing a walking tour through Sussex and Surrey. One hot afternoon he turned aside to rest in the cooling shades of an old-fashioned country lane. The place was truly arcadian, a deep sandy road with high banks on each side, and the tree tops meeting overhead forming a leafy aisle, with tufts of hay left here and there by the passing wains. The nettles, the sow-thistle, and the hedge-parsley grew to a great height, and the homely docks had leaves of immense size. The elders were quick in growth, and the hazel trees were loaded with bunches of green nuts. Raymond sat on a stile and watched the varied nature around with keen and pleasurable interest. Sometimes a blackbird would start out of the hedge with the short, quick notes of a frightened cry, a pheasant run down the centre of the lane to seek some well-known cover, and young rabbits come out to nibble on the borders of the adjoining wheatfield. He could see the spire of the village church through the trees, and catch glimpses of laborers building a haystack in a farm-yard.

Presently he heard a happy maiden singing. He knew she was happy, for her singing was so careless and free, and she was apparently unconscious of her song. The voice was sweet and musical. The singer was coming down the lane, but Raymond could not see her on account of a slight bend just above the stile. Sometimes she paused between the verses, sometimes between the lines, as though she had stopped to pluck a flower, or to take a closer peep at nature. It was a seasonable song, and simple—a song about a throstle teaching its young. Raymond made it out word by word, and line by line, and stored it in his memory.

Little throstle, sleep, sleep, sleep,
Little eyes that peep, peep, peep,
Gently close like this—like this,
Daisies now bright hours dismiss ;
Little throstle sleep.

Little throstle, wake, wake, wake,
Little heart, the day doth break ;
Throstles rise like this—like this,
Piping rapturous song of bliss ;
Little throstle wake.

Little throstle, fly, fly, fly,
Little wings will soon reply,

If you float like this—like this,
Through the soft air's wide abyss ;
Little throstle fly.

Little throstle, pipe, pipe, pipe,
Little song will soon be ripe,
If you sing like this—like this,
Soft as roses' petals kiss ;
Little throstle pipe.

On catching sight of Raymond, the maiden started, and flushed a little, and Raymond, who was not used to the ways of a maid, flushed a little also ; for such clear, fresh beauty he had never seen. The maiden was exceedingly fair, and wore a white flimsy dress, and a large straw hat trimmed simply with a twist of blue ribbon. Her wilful hair played about her brow like an airy cloud of glossy gold. She was swinging a basket of summer flowers—wild roses, poppies, ox-eye daisies, the scarlet pimpernel, sweet honeysuckle, the glorious yellow broom, and other simple wayside blossoms.

She had turned in at the stile as though to pass it, and Raymond had got down for her to do so, perhaps a little awkwardly, and she in her confusion stumbled against one of the many much-worn tree roots that showed above the path, and her stumbling jerked the wild flowers out of the basket and scattered them about her feet.

"How foolish !" she cried, as Raymond hastened to assist her in recovering them.

"I love wild flowers," he said laconically, as he picked up a sprig of honeysuckle.

And she replied, "I like no flowers so well."

Just then their eyes met, and a smile played about the faces of both. Their meeting and positions were so strange—so unlooked for.

The basket was soon filled again, but Raymond retained a scarlet poppy in his hand. "Perhaps, I may keep this?" he said inquiringly. And she laughed a little silvery "Yes," and then added, "I cannot help laughing, it seems so funny I should have slipped just there," pointing to the old worn root that had tripped her.

"I was fortunate," he rejoined gallantly, "for it is the first time I have been here."

"Walking tour?" she asked, at the

same time nodding to the knapsack on his shoulders.

"Yes, country scenes are pleasant after the wearying streets of a town. I would rather look at your basket of simple wild flowers than see the finest building in the world."

"So would I," she replied, "but then," as if in apology for her sex, "I am a girl."

"That only proves that your taste is the more exquisite," he returned smilingly.

She saw he was neither mocking nor flirting, so merely blushed a reply.

"Search the wide earth through," he continued, "and where is there beauty or glory to equal the color of this careless poppy?" and he held it toward her—"no artist can paint it, no poet sing it."

"That is what my father says. He is a painter—an R.A.—and he will not have poppies in his studio. He says they kill his pictures, and remind him too much of his deficiencies."

Raymond placed the poppy in his coat, and felt that life had much reward. These few moments of conversation were almost fairy-like to him.

"I came out here to rest," he said, after a short pause, "the lane looked so tempting and cool from the dusty road." And then, as though in explanation of his presence, he added, "I am going to the village inn to stay the night. I suppose this old lane is a nearer way than the road, for I can see the church spire just beyond the little farm in the next field."

"Yes, and I am staying at the farm with my father," she responded. "I will show you the way," and moved down the lane with Raymond at her side.

At the bottom they came to a second stile, and having passed through a waving barley field, they came to a third. At this Florence Rygate—for that was the maiden's name—stopped, for on her right was the path which led to the farm. She pointed Raymond's further course out to him—and how well he remembered the words after fifty years. "Pass the mill, the pond full of little pigs, and the red-tiled cottages with their front gardens looking so fresh and peaceful with cabbages, potatoes, and scarlet-runners, and at the end of

the row you will find the inn across the road and almost facing you."

That evening, Raymond, finding time rather wearisome, went to the ordinary mid-week service at the village church. The quietude of the churchyard impressed him. Generations had been christened within the ancient walls of the temple of peace, generations had been married there, generations worshipped there, and generations had been buried about his feet with God's everlasting skies looking down; and the sheep were now nibbling the grass from off their graves. And all the time that Raymond mused the little tinkling bell said "Come." And it seemed quite in harmony with everything around.

He took a place in one of the side aisles about half-way up, and on looking round he saw, in the body of the church, almost on a level with him, the pretty little maid of his afternoon adventure. But she did not notice his presence by any sign—did not even look in his direction, although she had seen him take his sitting.

The service went on with solemnity, and in due course the venerable rector took his place in the pulpit to give a short address. It was very simple, even commonplace, and not without parsonic prejudice. But the text was striking. Through the silence of the sacred building rang the beautiful words, "Considers the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Both Raymond and Florence looked involuntarily toward each other. Their eyes met with a fleeting smile, and the glance was not without significance to their minds.

The service over, Raymond left the church somewhat hurriedly, and yet without a show of haste; for, however much he might have enjoyed the privilege of exchanging a few remarks with Florence, he would not obtrude his presence upon her by seeming to court her society.

However, resistance is not very strong when a man takes to thinking about the subject of it, and especially if the subject be fascinating, and Raymond

thought much of Florence Rygate. On the morning of the morrow he did not leave for another village, as was his custom.

"No, I will go this afternoon," he argued with himself. "A few hours will not matter much whether spent in one place or another; and I should enjoy lingering in that old-world lane again."

He had only one book in his knapsack, and he slipped it into his pocket, and went out into the lane and sat on the stile again. He read a little, mused a little, rose to look up the lane, strained his neck to look down the lane, and twisted his body to gaze across at the farm.

A wise man once said, "All things come to those who wait." And Florence Rygate came to Raymond. But she did not come up the lane or down the lane, neither did she come from the farm; but along a field-path on the other side of the lane, where Raymond had never thought of looking for her. She got over a stile almost opposite the one he was sitting on. They exchanged the ordinary commonplaces of greeting, but soon drifted into serious conversation. They did not flirt, but talked rationally, and without restraint. She looked at the book in his hand, and said a little wonderingly, "'Bacon's Essays': hard holiday reading."

"Wisdom mingled with pleasure," Raymond rejoined, with a smile; and during further conversation he unfolded all his life to her, and she felt strangely drawn toward him.

The morning was far advanced, for the sun was high in the heavens, and the birds had grown accustomed to their presence, and fed their young unafraid. They again moved down the lane together, and again parted at the stile leading to the farm. But Raymond did not leave the village that afternoon.

"I will go in the morning," he said musingly; and the afternoon found him again in the lane. He felt he was playing with fire, was acting foolishly, even wrongly, for life with him had to be fought and wrestled with. But a man's feelings are strange things to master, and Raymond humored his will.

Florence went into the lane also.

Not that she expected to find Raymond there. She even tried to stifle the hope. And they talked again, and wandered into the woods beyond, and all nature appeared to paint their hours with beauty. The afternoon flew by, and was gone; but, like a fallen rose, it left an odorous memory behind it.

Raymond did not leave the village "in the morning," nor for a week of mornings; neither could he find any argument to excuse his conduct. He condemned it, and yet delayed his departure. "Humble of birth," he mused again and again, "and nothing but my untried brains to earn my bread with. What have I to do with a rich painter's daughter? I am mad to stay." But he stayed, and saw Florence Rygate every day.

More than a week had passed since their first meeting. When over his modest dinner one day, Raymond decided resolutely to depart from the village that same afternoon; but first he would take a last farewell of the old lane he had grown to love. He went into it earlier than usual. "I will not linger," he murmured. "It is better I should not see her again;" and, firm in his resolution, he walked onward into the wood beyond. There he threw himself in a pleasant place on the mossy turf beneath the shade of the hazel trees. To prevent immediate thought of himself, he tried to read in "Bacon's Essays;" but the effort was vain. One sweet, fresh face clouded the page, and possessed his mind. He laid the book on the grass beside him, and abandoned himself to a fascinating reverie.

At the same time, Florence Rygate had been debating with herself also. She censured her foolishness, as she was pleased to call it, somewhat severely. She had no mother, and her father left her to follow her own fancies. His profession had given her more license than other girls, and most of his friends were her friends, and therefore men. They were mostly rich, and as the world goes—accepted gentlemen. Not that she cared for mere birth, neither did her father; but then, he liked a man who had done something to establish his position in the circle of genius or talent. She knew he would be angry with her present adventure,

and had determined to see Raymond no more. She would not walk again in the lane while he was in the village, and so on that afternoon she walked round by the highway to wander awhile in the pleasant woods.

But Love plays havoc with resolutions, and laughs at human wisdom. Florence almost believed in Fate when she saw Raymond reclining in the shade of the hazel trees. Neither was he displeased to see his schemes overturned. But he determined to be firm in leaving the village that afternoon. He would take a last farewell, and end his romance forever.

They chatted awhile on indifferent subjects, and after a few moments Florence sat on the grass at a little distance from Raymond, and Cupid, all invisible, sat between. Raymond talked of his hopes and fears, with the future hanging mistily before him, and Florence proved a sympathetic listener. He wished for encouragement, and her ready good will gave him pleasure.

"I am an idle fellow," he said, after a lull in the conversation. "I have lingered here too long, and must say good-bye to these sweet scenes this afternoon, or I shall never complete my tour."

"So soon," she replied; "so soon," and turned her wondering eyes upon him.

"But I have already stayed more than a week, and my holiday is not forever. Arcadian pleasures are always short, and," with a smile, "pleasant." And he moved a little nearer toward her.

"Yes," she answered thoughtfully, drumming "Bacon's Essays" with a bunch of green nuts. "This has been a pleasant place with me. But then, happiness does not last."

"Memory," he cried. "Is not memory sweet?" And after a short pause, "The joy of this visit will not end this afternoon. It will dwell in my mind with the freshness of these woods, and make my studies easier, my struggles less hard." And his hand laid upon hers and brushed it unconsciously. The brushing thrilled Florence through and through, but she made no movement.

"It is a strange world," she said somewhat passionately. "Here am I,

a simple girl with nothing to do but be merry or sad, without a thought, without a care, wanting nothing; and you a man with a brave heart and large brain toiling up the steep of life almost without a friend. It is a hard world that prevents such as I helping such as you."

Raymond crept a little closer, and replied with much feeling, "I would I were worthy of such a mind. Labor would be amusement, toil as sweet as the glad song of yonder chaffinch."

She lifted her head slightly, and exclaimed with some emphasis, "The world is all wrong, and we are foolish slaves chained to rusty customs."

"Nay," he answered very gently, "the world is right, custom is right. It is good that man should work, and"—in a subdued tone—"woman love."

Their hands quivered, and he continued, "Love is the key of life—woman is the helpmate of man. Till this week I have never known pure happiness, and even love is not for me."

She made no reply; indeed, was afraid to look up. "Will you call me Raymond before I go?" he asked a little tenderly. "It will be music to me in after days."

She lifted her eyes, and whispered his name blushing. It burst the passion in his heart, broke all his resolutions down, and all his waiting love flooded out in one impetuous exclamation—"Florence!" And their lips tied their hearts together with one long, glowing kiss. And the afternoon hastened away, and the shadows deepened on the grass, and all their moments blushed with utter love.

In one of the pauses of conversation, Florence asked somewhat shyly, "You will not leave to-day, Raymond?"

"No," he replied with a joyous voice, "I shall stay here for the remainder of my holiday."

"But what of our positions?" he inquired presently. "Is it right for me to remain? How can I, a poor man and humble, go to your father and say, 'I love your daughter!' He would call me a madman, and perhaps justly; but how can I prevent the madness?" he concluded with a roguish smile.

"Better not go to my father," sug-

gested Florence seriously. "We will wait upon Fate."

"But Fate is a difficult master," he protested.

"Have you not brains?" cried Florence confidently. "And do not lovers live upon hope? My father loves brains. Work! and here is a kiss to encourage you;" at the same time pressing her lips to his with a sweet little laugh.

"Like a knight in the middle ages," he said with some amusement. "Win my spurs and then come and claim my bride. Love and ambition shall be my steeds," he proceeded, "and you shall pray for my success."

And they were merry and light with the joy of love, and feared not the future.

A few moments afterward, Florence detached the tiny scissors from her *châtelaine*, and said, "Our hair shall bind us together till my knight wins his spurs." And she cut one of his dark locks away and gave him the scissors. And he severed one of her bright silken tresses. She gave him a few threads of each, and he put them in a little gold locket which was hanging on her watch-guard. The remainder she tied together with a bit of blue ribbon, and then inquired where he would keep it. "Ah, *Bacon's Essays*," she said, catching sight of the book. On picking it up, it opened at the essay entitled, *Of Wisdom for a Man's Self*. "This is a suitable place," she cried playfully, and read the title aloud. "And a favorite, too," she proceeded, "for what is this underlined—*Be so true to thyself as thou be not false to others?* Bacon wrote that for you," she declared with a merry laugh. "You are to be a true knight, then you will not be false to me."

She kissed the hair and placed it against the words, closed the book, and returned it to her lover. "Keep it there till my knight comes to claim his bride, and if she be false, burn it, and forget the faithless maid."

The afternoon had slipped by unheeded, and they left the happy place, and soon afterward parted at the stile leading to the farm.

Raymond watched Florence pass the little garden wicket, saw her go along

the beaten path bordered with old-fashioned cottage flowers, and when she came to a large currant bush standing at the corner, she turned and wafted him a kiss from her pretty fingers, and the next moment she was hidden from his sight.

Raymond Wedderburn never saw her again. When Florence reached the farmhouse, she found her father waiting for her with some impatience. Everything was packed for instant departure. His only brother was dying in a distant part of England, and he was anxious to leave by the next London train. Florence had no time for thought, no time for writing; indeed, she could not communicate with Raymond through the medium of an ordinary farmhouse servant. That would reveal her secret. She would trust to the post, and explain her sudden departure to Raymond at the first opportunity.

Florence and her father arrived at their London home with only sufficient time to dine and repack, and catch the last train to the west of England. Florence scribbled a hasty note to Raymond in her bedroom, and ended with "many loves." She posted it, with other letters, on her way to the station. It was delivered at the old Surrey inn on the following day by the one o'clock post. But it was too late. Raymond had gone, and it never reached his hands.

That same morning he had gone out into the lane with a light heart to wait for Florence, and he could not understand her delay. He had been anticipating her sweet embrace, and his disappointment was exceedingly bitter. He returned downcast and somewhat wrathful to the village inn, and there heard one of the farm-laborers telling "mine host" that the great London painter and his daughter had left the farm last evening hurriedly, and taken all their luggage with them. This was sufficient for Raymond. "But why has Florence not written?" he murmured to himself again and again. That was mysterious and unkind, and in his dreary anguish he left for his home by the next train.

Florence's letter reached the inn an hour after he had gone. The landlord

kept it in his bar-parlor till it was yellow; and when he died, his family opened it, and not understanding—burnt it.

Day by day went by, and week by week, and Raymond could not unravel the meaning of Florence's silence. It was strange, even painful, for he had given her his home address. He would not write, for he thought her hasty departure required some explanation. Indeed, they had made no arrangements about writing, and he did not wish to compromise her. And then, though humble, he was proud.

Day by day went by, and week by week, and Florence wondered, with a great swelling heart, why Raymond did not reply to her letter, for she had given directions how to do so. She would not write again—that would be overstepping the bounds of maiden modesty.

And so day by day went by, and week by week, and two hearts were sundered forever.

Raymond continued his law studies, but not with such enthusiasm as he had imagined a few weeks previously. Still he worked steadily, and with a set purpose; he would make himself worthy of Florence, if that might be, and some day claim her, if she still desired such a consummation. He was called to the Bar in due course, but his progress as a barrister was slow—so slow that he drifted into journalism for his daily bread; but after a time he mounted from journalism into the higher walks of literature. He even became an authority in its most difficult branches. He understood books, men, and things thoroughly; and his articles commanded a high price. He was much sought after by the leaders of fashion, but society did not tempt him. He had no taste for it, and he was only to be seen at the tables of a few choice friends—poets, painters, actors, and bookmen. He had even met Florence's father at one of these gatherings; but that was many years after he had plighted troth with her in the scented quietude of a Surrey wood.

Florence had grown weary with waiting—had given up hope, and had learned to look at life indifferently. She grew fond of society; went to balls, theatres, garden-parties, picnics, and became fascinated with her foolish life. Gayety became a passion with her, and, after a time, she almost forgot Raymond, and some two years afterward she married an officer in the Guards. Her romance ended, and her better mind was dead.

Not so with Raymond. He had not forgotten Florence, nor the kiss that was to make him a true knight. He still loved the memory of those honeyed days, and cherished Florence in his heart as a happy dream that lingers until sunset. She was ever the fair Florence he had met in a Surrey lane.

And this bright summer afternoon on which we discovered him in his study, with "Bacon's Essays" open before him, the romance of fifty years past was recalled with freshness and vividity. He did not lose one little laugh or forget one blushing kiss. Again he saw her stumble at the stile, and once more assisted her to recover the scattered wild flowers. Again he saw her tie their hair together in the shade of the hazel trees; and now he stroked the mingled locks with tenderness, nay, with tears, for he was old and weary, and the romance of his youth was like the splendor of a fallen rose; it could be imagined, but not recovered. And through the vista of the long departed years he could hear the mellow music of Florence's voice laughing the underlined words—*Be so true to thyself as thou be not false to others.*

"I have been true, Florence," he murmured, as though addressing her: "and you, not false; no, not false, but mistaken."

He did not burn the hair, but replaced it reverently, and returned the book to its place.

The little volume is now among my treasures, but Raymond Wedderburn has taken his long rest.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

METHODS OF LITERARY WORK.

BY JOHN DENNIS.

WHY, it has been asked, should we trouble ourselves about the mode in which a distinguished author has worked his way to fame? What matters it to the reader whether a poet composed at the desk or in bed, at night and in his study, like Schiller, or, like Wordsworth, in the fresh morning air; whether a great work was produced, like "*Paradise Lost*," with "darkness before and danger's voice behind," or, like some of Shakespeare's most splendid dramas, in the full sunshine of prosperity? Enough for us to appropriate and to enjoy the gifts bestowed by these gracious benefactors.

Now, I venture to think that this argument is fallacious. A really fine work of literature cannot fail to make us interested in the man who produced it. His book has, perhaps, converted us from apathy, and swept away the uninspiring monotony of our daily life. We see with purged eyes, and feel as if the wings of inspiration upon which the poet rose had carried us a little way with him on his flight. How, then, can we be indifferent to the bestower of such a gift, and not wish to know all about him which the biographer can legitimately tell? How he did his work is but an incident in his life; but it is an important incident, and therefore, without more preamble, I shall bring together a few significant illustrations of a subject which, it is needless to say, might be indefinitely expanded without much likelihood of exhaustion. It matters not where we begin, and so I may take some authors of our own age, and work backward.

It is interesting to have R. L. Stevenson's own confession, more than once repeated in the pathetic "*Vailima Letters*," that, unlike his great master, Scott, he worked slowly, and toiled over his sentences. This he found essential to success, and it would have been, therefore, supreme folly to have tried another method. Sir Walter wrote as fast as the pen could carry his ideas, but it does not follow, as Carlyle intimates, that this rapidity was a mark

of shallowness, and not of a full mind. Scott had passed through a long period of preparation. He was forty years old before he wrote a novel, and the activities and studies of his youth and early manhood prepared the way for his wonderful achievements as an imaginative writer. He had the great advantage, too, of being a man of affairs as well as of letters; and the way in which he blended authorship with official labors contributed to his intellectual vigor. Well would it have been for Carlyle had he been able to live, like Sir Walter, among his fellows as well as in his study. Well would it have been had he possessed Scott's healthy nature, instead of having his labors upset by a barrel organ, by the crowing of a cock, or the bark of a dog. Sir Walter, who had the great advantage of being in a large degree a country liver, was "the hardest worker and heartiest player in the kingdom." When at Ashiestiel, he rose punctually at five, seated himself at his desk at six, and by the time the family had assembled, had done enough to "break the neck of the day's work." As a general rule, he would be his "own man" and on horseback by one o'clock, while wet days were wholly spent in literary labor. Scott had his official duties as Sheriff of Selkirkshire and Clerk of Session, and when the Court was sitting in Edinburgh, he was present for some hours daily. This reminds me that a popular and more recent novelist, who had an important position in the Post Office, secured time for a prodigious amount of literary work by the same means. Anthony Trollope, as he once told me at Waltham, gave his man-servant a comfortable bribe, if bribe it can be termed, to call him daily at five o'clock. Trollope's method of workmanship was curiously business-like. He wrote the same number of lines on each page, and is said invariably to have finished a story on the appointed day. Even on sea-board and on long voyages, he was in the habit of fulfilling his allotted task. In Trollope's case, as in Scott's

official duties were so far from being an impediment to literary labor that they gave a fresh zest to it.

Had Southey been less dependent for daily bread on his daily labors as an author, it would also have been better for him; but what an unselfish and honorable life he led, living himself frugally, and helping others with a generosity never surpassed, I believe, in the annals of literature. Southey had a highly nervous temperament, but he knew how to rule his nerves by self-management, and was, one might think, a little more methodical than becomes a poet. "My actions," he wrote, in the early days of his Keswick life, "are as regular as those of St. Dunstan's quarter-boys. Three pages of history after breakfast (equivalent to five in small quarto printing); then to transcribe and copy for the press, or to make my selections and biographies, or what else suits my humor, till dinner-time; from dinner to tea I read, write letters, see the newspapers and very often indulge in a siesta, for sleep agrees with me. . . . After tea I go to poetry, and correct and rewrite and copy till I am tired, and then turn to anything else till supper; and this is my life, which, if it be not a very merry one, is yet as happy as heart could wish." He said he could not afford to do two things at a time—"no, nor two neither. I cannot work long together at anything without hurting myself, and so I do everything by heats; then by the time I am tired of one, my inclination for another is come round." Southey's method of work may have been judicious, but the Muse does not favor this clerk-like regularity. Milton had to wait for his inspiration, so had Gray, so had Coleridge; so would not Wordsworth, and the result is that one of the greatest and loveliest of our poets can be also one of the dreariest. He sometimes crawled, as Scott said, on all-fours. Wordsworth's method of work, however, was far more in accordance with poetical tradition than Southey's. "He never wrote down as he composed; but composed walking, riding, or in bed, and wrote down after." He was always "booming about," and his study, as one of his maid-servants said, was in the open

air. Wordsworth dedicated his life to poetry, and his life was a long one; but all, or nearly all, the poems upon which his fame rests were written between the years 1799 and 1809. Coleridge had a still shorter reign as a poet, and may be said to have abdicated after five years of sovereignty. No method of work can keep alive the flame of imagination, and all that the poet or his critic can do is to indicate the sudden flash which set the flame burning. In the case of Wordsworth and Coleridge, the collision of two creative minds struck out the sparks from each, and it was a happy moment for England which brought these wonderful men together in the prime of early manhood.

De Quincey, who had an early admiration for these poets, and wrote more about them than was expedient, is, both for quality and quantity, one of our most distinguished writers of prose. He was, as is well known, a slave to opium, and the "Confessions of an Opium Eater" is his most brilliant production. His method of work was (if the bull may be permitted) amazingly unmethodical. He wrote by fits and starts, by night or by day, "left his affairs to arrange themselves," could never be relied upon to produce "copy" by a given date, and is said to have fled from his creditors at a time when as much was due to him as he owed to others. Although for many years he had a home at Lasswade, the village in which Scott began his married life, De Quincey appears to have had at the same time several sets of lodgings, and wherever he went it was his wont to leave behind him vast piles of books and manuscripts. Often he did not remember where he had left them, and sometimes his absent-mindedness caused him to be grossly cheated by people whom he had trusted. His daughter states that he would occupy a room until it was so full of papers "that there was not a square inch of room on the table to set a cup upon; that there was no possibility of making his bed for the weight of papers gathered there; that there was no chair which could be used for its legitimate purpose; and that the track from the door to the fireplace had been blotted

out even for his own careful treading; then he locked the door upon this impracticable state of things, and turned elsewhere. At his death there were, I believe, about six places where he had these deposits, it may be imagined at what expense." It is almost needless to say that a man so irregular in all his ways had no definite times and seasons for work. There were periods of utter incapacity for mental labor, and days when, as he said, a large dose of laudanum enabled him to get through a burst of work occasionally; but he dared not repeat this stimulant too often, and in the intervals he "suffered tortures." The marvel is that De Quincey achieved so much! In some ears it will sound like treason to say it, but it is possible his reputation would be still greater than it is if he had written less. Great as are the merits of De Quincey's style when its highest excellence is attained, conciseness is not one of them. His most judicious admirers acknowledge that he sometimes loses himself in mazes, and that his readers are lost in them also.

Charles Lamb, the most delightful, perhaps, of all essayists, had not this defect, and, so far from writing too much, has given the world too little. He did not write with ease. "You cannot conceive," he says to Godwin, "of the desultory and uncertain way in which I—an author by fits—sometimes cannot put the thoughts of a common letter into sane prose. Any work which I have taken upon me as an engagement will act upon me to torment." It was necessary for Lamb that he should be left free to write or not to write, and then in a happy moment he might produce "The Praise of Chimney Sweepers," or "A Dissertation on Roast Pig."

Leigh Hunt—the Harold Skimpole of Dickens' "Bleak House"—who was constantly in difficulties because, as he confessed, he did not understand arithmetic, was more familiar with the value of words than of money. What is noblest in literature he was not always capable of appreciating, but he was an adept in the niceties of composition, and is said, unless when pressed for time, to have "corrected, excised, reconsidered, and elaborated his pro-

ductions with the most minute attention to details." This must, I think, have been Lamb's habit also, since his far more perfect work demanded an infinite amount of painstaking. Dr. Johnson spoke as if genius were nothing more than good sense applied with perseverance to a special subject, but no amount of good sense or application would ever produce an "Elia." It is true, however, that almost all great men of genius have been men of exhaustless energy. They have never been afraid of labor; and when the multitude cry out that a man is "a miracle of genius," Sydney Smith replies: "Yes, he is a miracle of genius, because he is a miracle of labor; because, instead of trusting to the resources of his own single mind, he has ransacked a thousand minds . . . because it has ever been the object of his life to assist every intellectual gift of nature, however munificent and however splendid, with every resource that art could suggest, and every attention diligence could bestow." Milton did this, for he resolved early that "intense study" should be the business of his life, and so had Dante, some four centuries before him. This does not contradict the fact that poets, like imaginative prose writers, have sometimes to wait for their inspiration, and Dr. Johnson was surely incorrect in calling Gray's belief that he could not write except in happy moments "a fantastic foppery." No doubt such a belief may be abused, and often is by literary idlers, and it is fantastic foppery for authors whose genius is hidden from the critical eye to date, as has been done of late years, the day on which their small labors were begun and the day on which they were finished. You cannot prescribe to a man of genius, but you may be at liberty to think that he has not always chosen "the way that is most excellent." A popular living poet told me that it was his habit to smoke and wait for the imaginative fancies which might chance to come as the smoke ascended to the ceiling. How often the experiment failed he omitted to say. My readers may have heard of an author who went about the house with a wafer stuck on his forehead, to intimate that no one must

speak to him while his brain was at work. The interruption of children or dogs never upset Scott's equanimity, and Jane Austen wrote her incomparable tales in the family sitting-room, undisturbed by the flow of talk around.

The poet Campbell, whose fame rests on three or four splendid battle songs, will seem to every reader of his life to have frittered away his powers. He had the fatal habit of procrastination. His promises were not to be trusted, the slightest obstacle sufficed to prevent the fulfilment of a duty. "He sought retirement," says his biographer, "for the work of composition, and would sit, then stand, then sit again, quite restless with his labor. The restlessness often showed itself by running away from his work and vanishing into the country at the time when, as an editor, he was most needed in London." The result was that though Campbell professed to devote his life to literature, he produced nothing, beyond a few lyrics, that is likely to be remembered. His great countryman, Sir Walter, strange to say, confessed that he was subject to a capricious kind of indolence. "It never," he writes, "makes me absolutely idle, but very often inclines me—as it were from mere contradiction's sake—to exchange the task of the day for something which I am not obliged to do at the moment, or perhaps not at all." Dr. Johnson, who was at times a prodigious worker, frequently regretted his indolence, and at the age of 72 we read how he retired to the summer-house in Thrale's grounds at Streatham (a house now pulled down, which the present writer recollects visiting in reverence for the memory of a good man), and wrote the following lines in his note-book :

"After innumerable resolutions formed and neglected, I have retired hither to plan a life of greater diligence, in hope that I may yet be useful, and be daily better prepared to appear before my Creator and my Judge, from Whose infinite mercy I humbly call for assistance and support."

There is no doubt that Johnson had a constitutional indolence, from which he was constantly struggling to escape. At times he put forth immense energy,

as, for instance, when in the evenings of a single week he wrote "*Rasselas*," to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral; and what an effort it must have been to him to begin and carry to completion an English dictionary! Pope showed also an equal courage in translating the "*Iliad*," for in body he was one of the frailest of mortals, and he had not the advantage of a thorough knowledge of Greek. There never was a poet more bent upon achieving success, or who, within the comparatively narrow range of his powers, achieved it more thoroughly. By night as well as by day, his mind was always active, and the story is told how, "in the dreadful winter of Forty," he would call a servant from her bed four times in one night to supply him with ink and paper lest he should lose a thought. It should be added that he rewarded the maid so bountifully for her trouble that she said she would do without wages in a family where she had to wait on the poet. Addison, who gained his high position in society by verse which nobody reads now save upon compulsion, wrote as every reader knows exquisite prose, and as an essayist has no English rival save Charles Lamb. According to Pope, whose jealousy of Addison survives in a satire not to be surpassed for subtlety, the essayist wrote very fluently, and sent many of his papers without revision to the press. Yet we are also told that he was scrupulous in correcting. "He would alter," says Pope, "anything to please his friends before publication, but would not retouch his pieces afterward."

It was Lord Jeffery, was it not? who wondered where Lord Macaulay got his style—a style formed as his biographer admits with indefatigable labor. "He could not rest until every paragraph concluded with a telling sentence, and every sentence flowed like running water." I think that the wonder is far greater with regard to Addison. In Macaulay's day there were several famous authors from whom he may have taken hints, but in the art of writing what may be called "modern English" Addison had no master to guide him, with, perhaps, the sole exception of Dryden. England had magnificent

prose writers before Addison—Sir Thomas Browne and Jeremy Taylor, for example—but not one who wrote with the easy flow of the Queen Anne essayist, whose stream of imaginative fancies glides without a break. One would like to know his method of work; but we may be sure that the grace which charms us was due to strenuous labor. Bishop Berkeley, who, according to Pope, was blessed with every virtue under heaven, had assuredly that of style; and how he managed to write on philosophical subjects in

language so luminous that he who runs may read, we have no means of knowing. Nature, no doubt, did much, for clear-sightedness is one of Berkeley's gifts, but art must have done more; and if the reader thinks that this was also the case with Pope, there are critics that will not dispute the verdict. A topic such as this is, as I have already observed, inexhaustible, but it is time that I should stay my hand, since some regard is due to the exigencies of the *Leisure Hour* and to the patience of readers.—*Leisure Hour*.

BACTERIOLOGY IN THE QUEEN'S REIGN.

BY G. C. FRANKLAND.

SIXTY years ago the scientific world received with almost incredulous astonishment the announcement that "beer yeast consists of small spherules which have the property of multiplying, and are therefore a living and not a dead chemical substance, that they further appear to belong to the vegetable kingdom, and to be in some manner intimately connected with the process of fermentation."

When Cagniard Latour communicated the above observations on yeast to the Paris Academy of Sciences on June 12, 1837, what is a truism in 1897 took the whole scientific world by storm, so great was the novelty, boldness, and originality of the conception that these insignificant particles, hitherto reckoned as of little or no account, should be endowed with functions of such responsibility and importance as suggested by Latour.

At the time when Latour sowed the first seeds of this great gospel of fermentation, started curiously almost simultaneously across the Rhine by Schwann and Kützing, its greatest subsequent apostle and champion was but a schoolboy, exhibiting nothing more than a schoolboy's truant love of play and distaste for lessons. Louis Pasteur was only a lad of fifteen, buried in a little town in the provinces of France, whose peace of mind was certainly not disturbed, or likely to be, by rumors of any scientific discussion, however momentous, carried on in the great,

far-distant metropolis. Yet, some thirty and odd years later, there was not a country in the whole world where Pasteur's name was not known and associated with those classical investigations on fermentation, in the pursuit of which he spent so many years of his life, and which have proved of such incalculable benefit to the world of commerce as well as science.

Thanks to Pasteur we are no longer in doubt as to the nature of yeast cells; so familiar, in fact, have we become with them, that at the close of this nineteenth century we are able to select at will those particular varieties for which we have a predilection, and employ those which will produce for us the special flavor we desire in our wines or in our beers.

Large and splendidly equipped laboratories exist for the express purpose of studying all kinds and descriptions of yeasts, for finding out their characteristic functions, and cultivating them with all the tenderness and care that a modern gardener bestows upon the rarest orchids.

All this is an old story in 1897, but sixty years ago the great battle had yet to be fought which was to establish once and for all the dependence of fermentation upon life, and vanquish forever those subtle arguments which so long refused to life any participation in the work of fermentation and other closely allied phenomena.

When, however, Pasteur finally

cleared away the *débris* of misconception which had so long concealed from view the vital character of the changes associated with these processes, the bacterial ball, if we may so call it, was set rolling with a will, and information concerning these minute particles of living matter was rapidly gathered up from all directions.

Tempted by the prospects of exploring in this new world of life, investigators rushed into the field, and the bacterial fever has been hardly less pronounced in these last years than that rush for a material golden harvest which has characterized so many enterprises in southern latitudes!

The scientific results of this microbe fever have happily, however, been of a more solid and substantial character than can be said to have followed the more tangible but sordid ventures in South African mines. Vague hypotheses have given place to facts, and bacteria have, during the latter part of the century, been brought more and more within the horizon of human knowledge, thanks to the genius and untiring zeal of investigators all over the world.

By mechanical improvements in microscopes, and subtle methods for coloring bacteria, enabling us to study their form with precision, by ingenious devices for supplying them with suitable food materials, or, in other words, by the creation of bacterial nurseries, providing us with the means of watching their growth and observing their distinctive habits and character, this important branch of the vegetable kingdom has been raised from obscurity to one of the principal places in our catalogue of sciences, and bacteriology has already won for itself an individual footing in the scientific curriculum of our great educational institutions.

Museums of bacteria exist, and bacteria can be bought or exchanged by collectors with as much facility as postage-stamps! But this collecting of bacteria is not a mere mania, it serves a most useful purpose, and is destined to become of more and more value as time goes on.

We have already referred to the important services which Pasteur has rendered by distinguishing between differ-

ent varieties of yeast, and separating them out according to their functions and properties—pioneer work which has been followed up by and borne such splendid fruit in the hands of the renowned Danish investigator, Hansen of Copenhagen. This work of isolating out individual varieties of micro-organisms has been not only pursued with the energy familiar to all in the case of bacteria associated with disease, but has been pursued in various other, though perhaps less well known, directions.

A great deal of activity has lately been exhibited in so-called dairy bacteriology, and a long list has already been compiled of milk, cheese, and butter microbes; and agricultural authorities, even in this country, are slowly awakening to the fact that, in order to compete on modern lines with foreign dairy produce, it will be necessary to establish dairy schools where bacteriology may be taught and where instruction may be given in the principles of scientific butter and cheese making.

But bacteria of the brewery and of the dairy are not the only useful germs which are to be found on the shelves of microbe museums. Wine and tobacco manufacturers on application may respectively obtain the bacterial means of transforming the crudest must into the costliest claret, and the coarsest tobacco into the most fragrant Havana. Already considerable progress has been made in the isolation of particular varieties of wine yeast, while highly encouraging results have been obtained by Suchsland and others in the separation of various valuable tobacco-fermenting organisms. Last, but not least, agricultural authorities owe a debt of gratitude to those distinguished investigators whose labors have discovered the art of imprisoning the micro-organisms which play such an important part in the fertilization of the soil. Bacterial fertilizers are among the latest achievements which bacteriology has accomplished in this wonderful half-century, and the purchase of special varieties of bacteria to suit the requirements of particular kinds of leguminous plants is now fast becoming a mere every-day commercial transaction.

But while the commercial side of

bacteriology, so to speak, has made such great strides, the purely scientific applications which have been made of the facts it has furnished have by no means lagged behind. Chemists, from Pasteur downward, have made use repeatedly of special bacteria to perform delicate operations in the laboratory which other methods have either failed to accomplish or have performed in a clumsy and less expeditious manner.

There can be no doubt that as our knowledge grows from day to day we shall find more and more how much depends upon the work of individual bacteria, and how much importance attaches to the selection of just those varieties which are of value and the banishment of those which are detrimental; while the many applications which bacteria already admit of render their easy access a matter of increasing consequence, enhancing the value of bacterial institutions such as already exist on the Continent.

From these bacterial dépôts carefully bred and nurtured varieties may be dispatched to all parts of the world in response to orders in the same way as we now select and write for a special brand of tea or coffee from our grocer! Thus it will be seen how, by facilitating the distribution of bacteria, responsible bacterial bureaux serve a most useful purpose, and no doubt, as the knowledge becomes more widely disseminated of the services which these minute though mighty workers can render to industry and science, such centres will become more numerous and more perfectly equipped.

Perhaps one of the most remarkable uses to which bacteria have been put is that of vermin exterminators or poisoning agents. It was in the year 1889 that Professor Loeffler, while experimenting with mice in his laboratory at Greifswald, discovered a micro-organism which was extremely fatal to all kinds of mice. The happy idea occurred to the Professor that this lethal little microbe, which he christened *Bacillus typhi murium*, might be turned to excellent account in combating plagues of field mice in grain fields where the devastation committed by these voracious rodents had become in parts of Greece and Russia a serious

source of loss to agriculturists. Experiments were accordingly made on a small scale to test the efficiency of this bacterial poisoner in destroying field mice, and so successful were the results that Loeffler confidently announced the possibility of keeping down these pests by distributing food material infected with these bacteria over fields which were invaded by them. The Greek Government took up the question, and Loeffler's method was applied with brilliant results; the disease was disseminated with extraordinary rapidity and severity, and the mice were readily destroyed.

The idea was not original, for Pasteur had already in 1888 suggested to the Intercolonial Rabbit Commission in Australia that chicken-cholera microbes should be employed for destroying the rabbits, which then, as now, are such a source of difficulty and pecuniary loss to the country. No active measures appear to have been taken, however, to carry out this suggestion, one of the principal objections raised being the undesirability of introducing a disease which was at that time believed to be a stranger to the colony. Quite recently, within the past year, the idea has been revived by Mr. Pound, the Government bacteriologist at Brisbane, in consequence of his discovery that chicken cholera, far from not existing in Australia, has infested poultry yards more or less extensively for several years past, although it has only recently been accurately diagnosed as such. This chicken-cholera microbe is particularly well suited for the work in question, inasmuch as, while extremely fatal to rabbits, it is without any effect whatever on farm-stock of various kinds, and is perfectly harmless to man, so that its handling by the uninitiated is not attended with any personal danger whatever.

Should this new rôle for bacteria become extended, as indeed it very well may, the law for the sale of noxious drugs may have to be amended to cover the distribution of bacterial poisons, while it is conceivable that bacteriology may yet play a sensational part in our criminal law courts, for there is not a doubt that while the administration of bacterial poisons offers but little diffi-

culty, their detection would be a far greater problem for experts than is already afforded by the identification with certainty of a particular chemical poison !

This brings us to what may be designated the most human side of bacteriology, *i.e.*, its relation to disease and its prevention. In these important departments of life the services already rendered by this infant prodigy of science can as yet be only approximately appreciated. Anthrax, tuberculosis, cholera, typhoid, tetanus, erysipelas are only a few of the diseases the active agents of which bacteriology has revealed to us. Bacteriology has, however, not been content to merely identify particular micro-organisms with particular diseases, it has striven to devise means by which such diseases may be mastered, and one of the most glorious achievements of the past sixty years is the progress which has been made in the domain of preventive medicine.

The classical investigations of Pasteur on the attenuation of bacterial viruses such as those of chicken cholera and anthrax, and his elaboration of a method of vaccination with these weakened viruses whereby the power of the disease over its victim is removed or modified, are too well known to require repetition here. The success which followed Pasteur's researches in this direction led him to undertake that great and difficult task, the prevention of rabies in the human subject, a victory which crowned a long life replete with brilliant achievements, and the universal recognition of which is borne testimony to by the numerous institutes which have arisen in all quarters of the globe for extending the benefits of this discovery for the relief of suffering humanity. These Pasteur or bacteriological institutes also furnish highly important centres where original research work of various kind is carried on, and the stimulus which has thus been given to experimental science in the remotest parts of the world cannot be over-estimated.

Methods for the prevention of disease have, however, not been confined to the elaboration and employment of modified or weakened bacterial viruses ;

the subject has been still more recently approached from another and quite different side. This new departure we also originally owe to France, although its practical development has been worked out in Germany.

It was in 1888 that two Frenchmen, Richet and Héricourt, communicated a memoir to the *Comptes rendus* of the Academy of Sciences describing the curious results they had obtained with rabbits purposely infected with a disease microbe, the *Staphylococcus pyosepticus*. Some of the rabbits died after being inoculated with this micro-organism and some remained alive, and they proceed to point out how it was such different results were obtained. Before the inoculations were made some of the animals received injections of blood taken from a dog which a few months previously had been infected with this same microbe, but had recovered. The rabbits which received the dog's blood all survived the inoculations, while those which did not succumbed in every case to the action of the *Staphylococcus pyosepticus*. So struck were the authors by these remarkable results that they repeated them, and their further investigations fully confirmed those originally obtained, proving that they were not "un fait exceptionnel."

Here we have the first steps in the direction of serum-therapy, that new treatment of disease which during the last few years has been so prominently before the public in the cure of diphtheria, tetanus, and other maladies, and for the development of which we owe so much to the labors of Behring, Roux, Kitasato, and other investigators.

The astounding fact that the blood of animals which have been trained to artificially withstand a particular disease becomes endowed with the power of protecting other animals from that disease is only in the earliest stages of its application. The results, however, which have already been accomplished are of so encouraging a character that the hope is justified that serum-therapy is destined to revolutionize the treatment of disease. The latest use which has been made of this method of combating disease is the employment of

plague-serum for the cure of bubonic plague in India. Yersin, formerly a student and assistant at the Paris Pasteur Institute, has been dispatched to India to superintend the administration of this new remedy, and the serum he employs is that derived from horses which have been subjected to and have recovered from inoculations with the plague bacillus. The treatment of snake bites by means of curative serum was so recently dealt with in this Magazine that it only remains to cite it as another instance of the success which is attending the new methods of protection against disease.

Another and highly ingenious application of serum has recently been brought forward by Pfeiffer, Gruber, Widal, and others. This is the so-called sero diagnosis of disease, and has been employed already with success in the identification of typhoid fever as such. The method sounds simple in the extreme, and consists in taking a few drops of blood from a patient supposed to be suffering from typhoid fever, and mixing them with a recent cultivation in broth of genuine typhoid bacilli. If the blood is derived from a typhoid infected person, then the bacilli will exhibit a curious and characteristic appearance when examined under the microscope. Instead of lying scattered about in various parts of the microscopic field they are seen to be gathering or clumping together in numerous small heaps; this effect is only produced in the presence of genuine typhoid blood; that derived from other sources as well as ordinary normal blood fails altogether, it is said, to bring about this reaction. Moreover, it has been found that, as the typhoid patient progresses toward recovery, the blood exhibits this so-called agglutinating action in a less degree.

An interesting example of how protective serum may be employed for the detection of particular poisons has been recently furnished by Dr. Calmette. In some districts of India the natives have an ugly custom of wreaking their vengeance on their enemies by poisoning their cattle, and to effect this both expeditiously and secretly they employ subtle poisons which they know can only be detected with great difficulty.

Serpent venom is a favorite substance, while abrine, a highly toxic vegetable poison, is another. The method adopted for the application of this abrine is highly original, and consists in taking small bits of wood shaped like miniature clubs, so diminutive in size that they can be concealed in the hand. In the head of the club small holes are bored and tiny pointed rodlets of a hard grayish substance are fitted into them. Armed with these crude instruments the natives scratch the cattle in several places, and, although but little external sign of injury is to be seen, the rod points penetrate the skin and are broken off, and the poison is left to work its lethal way through the animals' system. Mr. Hankin forwarded some of these broken-off rod points to Dr. Calmette, for the identification of their composition, and he diagnosed the material employed as abrine in the following original manner. He first introduced some of this rod material into animals and found that they exhibited symptoms of typical abrine poisoning. He then took some more of this rod material and, before inoculating it into animals, he mixed it with serum derived from animals which had been artificially rendered immune to abrine poison. Instead of the animals into which this mixture of serum and "rod material" had been introduced dying like the previous ones, they remained alive. Had the "rod material" consisted of some poison other than abrine, the abrine serum would not have negatived its action, and Dr. Calmette has thus indicated how protective serums may be successfully employed for the detection of poisons.

Foremost, however, among the beneficent reforms which have followed in the wake of bacteriology must be placed the antiseptic treatment of wounds, or Listerism as it is now universally designated in recognition of its renowned champion, the President of the Royal Society. "Lister comprend," wrote Dr. Roux but a few months since, "*que les complications des plaies sont dues aux germes microbiens venus du dehors et il imagine les pansements antiseptiques. Avec l'antiseptie commencent les temps nouveaux de la chirurgie.*" It only remains to add

that, with the modesty characteristic of a great man, its brilliant author delights in repeating how any good which he may have been permitted to do he owes entirely to the inspiration which he received from the labors of Louis Pasteur.

But if the past sixty years have been productive of so many important applications of bacteriology to commerce and medicine, this period has been also fraught with results of the highest moment in the progress of hygiene.

The terms of intimacy, so to speak, which we have been now able to establish with bacteria has enabled us to discover details of their life and habits which before were shrouded in mystery. Their distribution in air has led to renewed endeavors on the part of sanitary authorities to procure efficient ventilation in our hospitals and public institutions; dust has acquired a fresh horror since it has been shown how disease germs may be disseminated by its means; while the important part which flies may play in the spread of epidemics—a fact emphasized again by Yersin in the case of outbreaks of plague—has aroused the vigilance and zeal of individuals as well as public authorities to quite new efforts to cope with the dangers of zymotic disease. Perhaps in no direction is the fruit of this energy so apparent as in the increasing supervision which it has incited over two of the greatest menaces to public health which hang over society—*i.e.*, our water and dairy supplies. Now that it has been proven beyond doubt that the germs of consumption, typhoid fever, and cholera can be and are distributed through the consumption of contaminated milk or water, not to mention other diseases such as diphtheria and scarlet fever, an ever-increasing demand is being made that these all-important articles of diet shall be protected from pollution, and that public authorities shall be made responsible for their distribution in a pure and wholesome condition.

It is, however, undoubtedly in the matter of water that the greatest service has been rendered by bacteriology to sanitary science, and for the important advance in this department we are indebted to the beautifully simple and

ingenious methods devised by Robert Koch.

But a little more than a decade has passed since the new bacterial examination of water was introduced, and the use which has been made of the opportunities thus opened up of investigating water problems on an entirely new basis is shown by the voluminous dimensions which the literature on this one branch of bacteriology alone has reached. Considerably upward of two hundred different water bacteria have been isolated, studied, and their distinctive characters chronicled. The behavior of typhoid, cholera, and other disease-producing microbes in waters of various kinds has been made the subject of exhaustive experiments; the purification power of time-honored processes in operation at waterworks and elsewhere has been for the first time accurately estimated. Water engineers have through these bacteriological researches been provided with a code of conduct drawn up by the light of erudite scientific inquiries, which has now rendered possible the removal of the process of water purification from the rule of empiricism guided by tradition, and to raise it to the level of an intelligent and scientific undertaking.

A bacteriological supervision of waterworks is now daily becoming more universal, and the example was set in this country by Dr. Percy Frankland, who undertook in the year 1885, for the first time, the systematic bacterial examination of the London waters for the Local Government Board.

The above short sketch may serve to convey some idea of the rise and phenomenal development of bacteriology during the past sixty years. To record, even in outline, the individual triumphs of the various branches of this science would require volumes, while the astounding mass of work already accumulated by its devotees is but the earnest, the guarantee, of yet greater achievements in the future.

The progress which has been made in this brief period of time must not necessarily be expected to continue at this rapid rate; it may be that generations to come have yet the hardest and the longest tasks to accomplish; for in science as in other walks of life it is, as

a rule, the easiest problems which are first disposed of, and the farther we advance the more complicated, the more intricate, become the questions to be attacked, the difficulties to be overcome.

The Queen's reign has bestowed a splendid legacy of bacteriological dis-

coveries upon those who, in the future as in the present, must inevitably follow in the footsteps of those great and brilliant leaders of bacteriological science belonging to this auspicious era, Louis Pasteur and Robert Koch.—*Longman's Magazine.*

ENGLAND AND THE EUROPEAN CONCERT.

BY JAMES W. GAMBIER.

No one who has studied the drift of public opinion in England during the last month or two can have failed to observe that the policy of non-intervention has made great strides. Like all great revolutions, whether social or political, this change has shown itself by countless eddies on the surface, which, though calm now, needs but little to lash it into fury. The signs of the time clearly show that people are beginning to think that, however wise it may have been at one time, Lord Beaconsfield's Foreign Policy is a menace to our welfare, and must lead us into a European war. There is hardly a newspaper or magazine of any weight, metropolitan or provincial—the latter especially, being in the nature of things more in touch with the true people of the country—which has not lately approached this subject in an inquiring spirit and from the standpoint of acquiescence in a change.

But the undertow which produces the swirl above is not noticeable in the press alone. In the lobby of the House of Commons, in the smoking-room, or on the Terrace, expression is now frequently given to some such view; and were not a seat in Parliament in almost every case a seat on a fence, instead of these views being enunciated with 'bated breath they would find practical expression in a hundred and fifty methods, and would bring about a fundamental change. But naturally on such a delicate question as our Foreign Policy an ordinary Member is no more permitted to express his opinion than a sound Catholic on miracles. Discipline is essential; and the greater interest (their seats) contains the less (the coun-

try). But even a Member of Parliament is supposed in some dim way to represent the general consensus of educated and intelligent opinion of his constituency, though his *raison d'être*, even with limited suffrage, is that which is neither. A man must almost always vote on party lines without shadow of turning on questions involving war or peace. No heresy is less easily forgiven than a departure from the party tradition of foreign politics, and wisely so, for a Government going to war must be backed by the voting machine.

Now, at the present moment, this is essentially the case. England, since the days of Cromwell, has never been so completely in the hands of one man as she now is, for a Conservative majority is from the nature of things slavish. An individual Radical or Liberal is permitted to differ occasionally from his leader because his leader is often no better than himself socially. But no one will deny that among Conservative Members the commanding social position of Lord Salisbury, his intensely aristocratic tendencies, and far-reaching social influence have rendered the present majority of the House mere puppets in his hands. To vote against him would be "bad form," and bad form, in a county, loses seats more surely than a breach of the Commandments up to and including the Seventh.

But there can be little doubt that if a *plébiscite* could be taken, Lord Salisbury's most recent and present policy abroad would be shown to be entirely out of harmony with the general opinion of the country. Naturally this statement will be challenged; but any

one who moves in the classes and masses, in contact with Society (big S) and society (small s) : among commercials, naval and military men : or a traveller and reader of foreign newspapers and reviews, being honestly in search of the truth, unshackled by party opinion of any kind, and merely anxious to discover *bonâ fide* opinion as distinct from the manufactured article of the paid political agent, will find but two opinions : the first and by far the largest, that the country would not follow Lord Salisbury's policy to its logical conclusion—namely, to support the Turk against all comers, and Russia in particular ; and the second that Lord Salisbury himself has no intention of doing so.

Now, this is an important point for the country. Should we go to war for the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, or for the "Federation of Europe"? But both these pernicious, effete, and misleading phrases are constantly thrust into the forefront as embodying the line of policy abroad to which England would adhere.

Therefore it seems clear that Lord Salisbury is out of touch with the feeling of the country, and that, with the exception of a few fanatics, no honest man on either side of the House of Commons, or in the whole body of Lords Temporal and Spiritual, thinks him to be so.

This being the case, let us consider for a moment what this insincerity involves. In the front rank is that general disquiet of the civilized world which must attend the uncertainty of the action of its most powerful member. No stability is possible as long as it is doubtful how England will act. The constant theme of every foreign newspaper, and the one great fact which renders speculation impossible and prostrates every effort toward a settlement, is uncertain England. Of every other country in Europe it can be almost accurately predicated what her policy would be in certain eventualities, but of England it is precisely the reverse. Every one knows and sees plainly that if Russia and Germany were at war, France would endeavor to recover the provinces she originally stole and lost again. If Russia at-

tacked Turkey, Austria would seize Salonica, France Syria, Italy Tripoli, and so forth. In fact, in almost any possible combination or complication we know how things would go with the European Powers ; but as to England, it would be futile now to say what we should do. For what we seem to indicate we should do we certainly should not. It is mere diplomatic duplicity, which takes no one in. And what possible benefit do we derive from it? What was the meaning of our trump-ery military display in Crete?—a mere handful of soldiers whom even Greece could have swept into the sea, let alone the Ottoman army. Why are our fleets rushing about at enormous expense, to maintain an "integrity" which we have no intention to maintain? Is the country ignorant of the fact that, with all this fluster and bluster, the Russian Ambassador in Constantinople was all the time quietly preparing to knock this precious integrity to pieces without even referring the matter to us? * Is Merv forgotten? Is the whole history of Central Asia relegated to Jupiter? No nation ever gained anything by leaving matters to drift. Drifting means hurrying suddenly into war. Slow-travelling diplomacy may, to give the devil his due, avert minor wars ; but it is one of the few true lessons that history teaches that all wars of the first magnitude have been brought about by national impulses—or a sudden awakening.

The fundamental mistake in our Foreign Policy of the present is that we are not studying our own interests. It must be evident to demonstration that the whole business of Crete and Greece has been, in the first place, costly ; in the second, useless to England. Are we embarking in fresh responsibilities? Are we saddling ourselves with some such undertaking as the wretched Cyprus affair, repudiated in the hour of Armenia's necessity with a speciousness of argument which all Europe has stigmatized as chicanery? Are we again playing fast and loose with the

* There are 100,000 Russian troops kept in readiness at this moment to disembark on any point in the Black Sea ; in addition to 90,000 on the Armenian frontier.

honor of the Empire, and have the men who sit in our Legislative Councils the faintest glimmering of what British honor and good faith now mean from Calais to the Corea, from Archangel to Athens? Nothing an Englishman can say abroad is ever taken seriously. *There is no faith in us anywhere.* Foreigners stigmatize us as the most immoral nation in the world as regards political pledges. Even an Italian feels he is leaning on a reed, while as to a Turk, he knows that it is actually a sword.

Now, this is an unwholesome state of affairs—as unwholesome for a Nation as it would be for an individual. We have no intention of keeping our word or of following up what we are now doing. As usual, we are waiting to see which way the cat will jump. We do not intend to put a farthing on tea, spirits, or tobacco, or to raise what is euphemistically called the Income Tax, but is the real War Tax, to rescue one single Armenian from being butchered or his wife and daughter from violation. We have begun to hedge as usual by saying that after all he is only reaping the reward of his own misdoings. We are very philosophical over it, and are content to have our indignation done vicariously in Exeter Hall by gentlemen whom we think fools for taking so much trouble about it, or by others paid for the job.

Of course the complicated race movements which are working out the remodelling of the world are altogether unintelligible to the English people collectively, and it is not to be expected that they should grasp the meaning of the Slav Question, of the *rapprochement* between Russia and Austria; why the former, who wants to devour him bones and all, is so friendly just now with the Turk; why Austria is only a half-hearted partner in the Triple Alliance through the danger of Magyar unrest or the senseless ambition of the Prince of Bulgaria. Macedonia may be in Africa for all they know; the Berats may be something to eat, Yildiz Kiosk a dancing saloon; but the British people can, and do, gather in a broad sense that things are going wrong, that somehow or other we seem to say we shall fight for the Turk; that

we are muddling and meddling everywhere; that the Naval and Military resources of the country are used for no possible advantage to the Empire; that no one trusts us; that even our cousins across the water hate us, more or less; and that there is not a nation in the world who would not be glad to see us reduced to the state of Holland.

This, perhaps, is the most pitiable part of the whole affair, and only further illustrates the fact that the comic seems inseparable from the tragic. The unfortunate "Hundred" who have since been covered with ridicule for their manifesto to Greece, were in reality only acting on this supposition. They were "too previous," that was all. Had the tide of war rolled the other way, or war itself been averted, they would have shone forth as models of prescience. Some of them doubtless had an inkling of what was in the wind—or rather what ought to have been; but they reckoned without their host. For at that particular conjunction of affairs Lord Salisbury, acting on his own initiative as regards the Cabinet, made a historic blunder—a blunder still too near us for its enormity to be fully understood, but destined to bear bitter fruit. And as it is a matter of history, it can no longer be considered unpatriotic to describe it.

Before the actual outbreak of hostilities between Turkey and Greece overtures were made to Lord Salisbury, semi-officially, by Russia, which by the light of accomplished facts it is clear would have not only averted the war between the Greeks and Turks but would have practically solved the Cretan question. But from the moment that this well-conceived plan was rejected by Lord Salisbury England lost her influence in the councils of Europe, which up to that time had been gaining ground rapidly, in view of the magnificent display of naval strength we were exhibiting in the Mediterranean. But it was soon patent to Europe that it was not within the ability or courage of our Prime Minister to utilize England's sea power to enforce any policy of any kind. He could not rise to the occasion, and stood stripped at once of the mantle of England's great Minister, Lord Beaconsfield, which by a mere

chance had fallen on him. It is true that through one of those extraordinary intrigues which are always rife in Constantinople the French Ambassador was let into the secret, but M. Hanotaux, on Russia's request, agreed to a "benevolent neutrality" in the matter. Thus England was practically left a free hand without the least risk of European interference. And the plan proposed was very simple; namely, that England and Russia, *the two Powers able to enforce their will*, were to notify to Turkey and Greece that they would not be permitted to declare war or begin hostilities. To enforce this the British fleet was to go to Salonica; a Russian and British fleet were to threaten the Piræus and Patras with an effective blockade; a strict blockade as regards troops and *matériel* of war was to be enforced on Crete until Greece had settled the terms of purchase of the island from Turkey—which has all along been one of the most obvious solutions. The details of this scheme comprised an international guarantee for the loan to Greece for this sum (which was at one time placed as low as £500,000), and the revenues of Crete were to be administered by a mixed Commission. Had Beaconsfield or Palmerston been alive there can be no doubt this plan would have been adopted, and all the misery and bloodshed and the tenfold complications which have followed would have been averted. Such strength as this is impossible except to a first-class statesman; and although for a brief time Lord Salisbury was really the arbiter of the fate of Europe, if not of the world, we could not rise to it. For a very little reflection will show that England was at that moment the only *practically* disinterested Power: disinterested in the sense that she was invulnerable at sea, and that the fate of the Ottoman Empire did not concern her. Her independent action would certainly not have led to a European war, nay, might have staved it off, if war is to come. But, putting aside the natural timidity of his character, what made Lord Salisbury hesitate? It was the old inherited curse of our policy—fear of Russian aggression in the East of Europe. It was whispered to him by

certain fanatics who had gone out and had busied themselves in the East that Russia would make the excuse of the necessity to draw off the attention of the Turks from Thessaly to mass troops on the Armenian frontier. And no doubt Russia would have done so—as she is now doing, "without our leave or by our leave."

At Yildiz Kiosk when this scheme became known the Sultan was thrown into a state of mind bordering on insanity. Always frightened even of his own shadow, he trembled at the idea of signing the Imperial rescript to mobilize the Redifs. His terror that England would act became so great that the Shiek-ul-Islam was preparing to denounce him as unworthy to be the Khalif. But that aged but astute old person the Grand Vizier, backed up by the secret intrigues of Germany, literally staked his own head that England would do nothing. The intimate personal knowledge this old man had of Lord Salisbury convinced him that anything but talk about the Concert or the Federation of Europe was all that Turkey need fear from England. He had no fear as to the result of actual war, and predicted that Greece would be annihilated. How nearly right he was is now evident.

Then came Lord Salisbury's hurried visits to France—those mysterious interviews with M. Hanotaux, who, it is believed, was willing to drop into the arrangement, especially as it checkmated the German policy. But unfortunately the great courtier's journey extended to Nice, and there the paralyzing influence of the German dynasty made itself felt. For Her Majesty (as is only reasonable at her advanced age) dreaded the risk of a great war. She no longer had Beaconsfield's character to trust to as when her fleet had sailed up the Dardanelles in 1878, facing a tenfold greater danger. Further, she made her firm determination known to hold no Jubilee Commemoration if the peace of Europe was seriously broken. So his Lordship returned to England, and from that moment it is beyond historic contradiction his country ceased to be the paramount Power in the crisis, while one after the other—first for an effective blockade; then for a Confer-

ence in Paris; then for a Prince of Battenberg to be Governor of Crete—all his proposals were set aside, even if they were discussed.

Then German influence became dominant, with the only natural result that blood has flowed like water and thousands of poor wretches are houseless and ruined who had no concern in the matter. For when England backed out of it, William the Vain stepped in, bearded our sea power with his trump-ery cockboats, and hurled the Ottoman army against the Greek nation to make sport for his German generals, and, possibly, to give warning to France that the skill which had crushed her was by no means extinct. Now all this would have been impossible had a single British torpedo-boat been moored in Salonica. But she would not have been really *moored*. She would have been at single anchor with a slip on her cable and secret instructions up the sleeve of her commander.

Now, why should these things be? It is because Lord Salisbury is the exponent of the old policy, and a more feeble but autocratic influence has never been exerted over the Foreign Office. This arises from the inherent weakness of a Unionist Cabinet. Such a Cabinet must of necessity consist of two classes of Ministers—those who are too strong to be kept out and who naturally belong to the “other” party, and those who can be counted on to assert no opinions of their own, selected by pure nepotism (in the restricted sense) or by back-stair influence. It is an open secret that Lord Salisbury never condescends to discuss Foreign Politics with his Cabinet *until he has made up his own mind and acted on it*. The only person he would listen to is Mr. Chamberlain—not from choice, but from the nature of things. But Mr. Chamberlain has bargained for a free hand with the Colonies, and in consideration never meddles with European politics. As to Lord Salisbury’s nephew, it is hardly necessary to say that whatever authority he once had in the Cabinet has entirely vanished with the experience now gained that he is only a *dilettante* leader of men.* When the

present Prime Minister’s shadow grows less, or betakes itself to the dignified repose of immemorial Hatfield, the Conservative party will be as much adrift for a Leader as is the Liberal now. There is not one Conservative member of the Cabinet who has a commanding influence over the others, or any distinct following in the House or country. And thus it is that Lord Salisbury’s personal views are of such overwhelming importance, not only for his country but for Europe in general. With his removal opinion would oscillate violently; its control would drop from the nerveless grasp of a hand that could waste months if not years in penning such a work as the *Foundations of Belief*, or from the mind that could not rule the House of Commons with the biggest majority that House has ever known within its walls. But, perhaps, the main danger in this matter lurks in the fact that the Opposition are equally feeble, equally unwilling or unable, to form a Foreign Policy. Neither Lord Kimberley nor Sir William Harcourt have had the manliness to state what they would do were they in power. It is the old story. They shelter themselves behind the pitiful excuse that they are not called on to supply a policy: that we must wait to see what they would do, while adroitly suggesting that they would do wonders. But this is the old confidence trick again—political thimble-rigging—the same dull shroud with useless bones showing underneath, the same sound and fury covering a world of drivel.

But the remedy for this state of affairs is in the hands of the people, and the salvation of the Empire would be that at the next election a distinctly national party should arise, national in the sense of England for the British Empire, England for India, Canada, South Africa, Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand—some four hundred million people—instead of England for Abdul Hamid the Assassin, for England dancing attendance on Messieurs Nelidoff and Cambon at Constantinople, equipping Flying Squadrons if Monsieur Hanotaux appears angry over

the country owes much to his delightful culture.

* It would be more just to say *dilettevole*, for

Egypt or if Mr. Olney plucks her by the beard. Then perhaps the infatuated folly of trying to be every one's friend at once; the hopelessness of our attitude on the Eastern Question, bewildering alike to ourselves and every one else; the waste of our fighting force, split into innumerable small parties, may dawn on the mind of some thoroughgoing Englishman who may by accident also be a Statesman. The time is not far distant when our Foreign Policy will become the paramount question of the day. It is not right—nay, it is ridiculous—that the direction of what involves the lives of millions and the treasure of the Empire should be confided to a cell in an admittedly weak man's brain who, but for the accident of birth, would surely have remained obscure. Let other nations groan under an autocracy if they like. Let William II. issue Imperial edicts—for he can do it—with the bayonet; let the person who happens to be *pro tem.* the “adviser” of the Czar march battalions over half the globe. But surely we in England should not be dumb before a policy which is nothing if not shifty and perilous.

And let us turn for a moment to a concrete aspect of the matter. Do we ever reflect how completely between the devil and the deep sea is our position in Egypt? If we go to war with Russia to keep her out of Constantinople, we must garrison Egypt to prevent the French trying to turn us out. That means at least sixty or seventy thousand British troops, unless we detach a British fleet sufficient to crush the combined French and Russian fleets in the Mediterranean. If Russia attacks the Turk and we do not help him, but try to retain our hold on Egypt, we must send an army sufficient to destroy the not inconsiderable Egyptian Army which we ourselves have created with so much care and with such conspicuous success. In the latter eventuality very many high authorities consider a Mohammedan outbreak in India not impossible. Anyhow it is an open question.

But what is not an open question is that a permanently friendly Russia as our neighbor in Asia would render this matter of far less importance, while a

hostile Russia must mean an increase of our Indian garrison by another sixty or seventy thousand men.* But it is quite unnecessary to pile up the sum of the responsibilities of the British Empire: Ireland with thirty thousand troops for garrison during profound peace, Malta, Gibraltar, all our Colonies, and all our coaling stations, every one insufficiently protected. Are all the military members of the House of Commons wrong in saying how miserably inadequate is our Army? All this is within the reasoning power of any one, and is the common knowledge of every one responsible. But we are told that were England to withdraw from the Concert the whole thing would go out of tune. That is the business of those who elect to remain in it. It cannot matter to us if they smash all their instruments, *nor can we prevent them doing so* if they are so inclined. If the German jews-harp gets down the throat of the French horn, or the Russian trombone breaks the back of the Austrian fiddle, it is their affair, and there is no special indication vouchsafed us that it is our duty to interfere. No one but a fool mixes in a street row, and certainly no Englishman of sense would risk his money, much less his skin, to keep Abdul Hamid on his throne. The cacophony of the Concert is chiefly because England is always out of tune, always playing an air of her own. The position of the other Powers is too serious and the consequences too tremendous to allow of any such vagaries on their part. Europe would get on perfectly well without us, precisely as it does without American interference, but the vanity and ambition of our public men keep us within this network of difficulties. If the other Powers determined to dismember Turkey it would be the best thing that could be done for England. And nothing that Turkey or England could do would prevent it.

Some short time back the copy of a State paper which had been drawn up for the guidance of the Sultan on the question as to how the Ottoman Empire could be split up by the Powers if

* A recent military memorandum puts it at 170,000.

England withdrew from the Concert passed through a certain Embassy in Constantinople. And this was the opinion of His Majesty's naval and military (European) advisers. They conclusively demonstrated that nothing could be simpler, for Turkey being without sea power, it became merely a question of blockade—of a Russian fleet at the mouth of the Bosphorus, a French fleet at the Dardanelles, Austria at Salonica, and any other Power at Alexandretta, Smyrna, Beyrout, and so forth. No Turkish army could save the Ottoman Empire from starvation, and it would be useless to take the offensive either in Armenia against the Russians or in the Balkan Peninsula against the allied Balkan States backed by Austria and Roumania. Thus the Ottoman Empire would crumble away.

The Sultan would have to retire to Bagdad, and his disbanded army to the plough, while the civilian part of the nation would rejoice, being now under safe protection from the rapacity of the tax-collecting Vali and his myrmidons. All the Turkish Nation asks is to be left in peace and not robbed, and that his religion be not insulted. Ten miles beyond the walls of Constantinople the ordinary Turk knows nothing about the Young Turk party or the Softas.

The only thing that prevents the accomplishment of this consummation, so devoutly to be wished, is the uncertainty of England's attitude, and that old childish fear of Russia: the gruel on which the Salisbury school was brought up—"Peace with Honor."—*Fortnightly Review*.

CHURCHES WITHOUT DOGMAS.

IN the interesting address on "Reading" which the Bishop of London gave at Sion College yesterday week, he devoted the last part of his speech to a most useful exposition of the blunder of those very blind guides who are anxious to distinguish between religion and theology, and who are quite pleased with themselves for defending religion at the expense of both theology and dogma, which they loftily disown. Dr. Creighton holds that dogma is only an accurate statement of what is true in religion—in fact, the intellectual anatomy of religious faith. We certainly hold that a Church without a dogma is very much like a body without an articulated framework of bones, or an action without a distinct purpose, that is, a gelatinous organization which cannot easily answer any useful end. A flabby mass of confused feelings will never yield a clear conviction. Yet there can be no religion, however vague, without faith in God, which is a dogma, nor without faith in personal responsibility, which is another dogma. You might as well hold that there could be geography without a survey and a map, as that there could be a religion without a theology. It is of the very essence of a religion that there should be a clear

conviction of the relation of the soul to God. And there can be no such conviction without a belief that God is, and also a belief that the soul is, each of which beliefs are essentially dogmatic. So, too, if Christianity is to be regarded as a Revelation at all, there must be a distinct conception of Christ, and again, of Christ's relation both to God and to man, and whatever that conception may be, whether one that makes Christ a mere ideal of humanity, or a mediator between God and man who has taken the humanity into the divine nature, it must be a distinct conception to be of the least value to the Church which sets it forth and confesses it. The modern eagerness to get the advantages both of undogmatic Christianity for the purpose of drawing the various Churches into closer friendship with each other, and also of dogmatic Christianity for the purpose of securing a more influential teaching, is altogether irrational and subversive of true sincerity. It is impossible to be *both* indifferent to the dogmatic convictions which separate you from other Churches *and* full of zeal on behalf of those convictions. Yet that is what a great many of our modern Churches try to be, and believe that they succeed

in being. If dogma is not to be of primary importance it will soon cease to be of any importance at all. Nothing can be more inconsistent than to cry down the importance of teaching children the doctrine of the Incarnation in their Board-schools, and to cry up the importance of teaching them that doctrine in their Church lessons. If it is unimportant to insist on that doctrine in their Board-schools, the children will soon learn to think it unimportant altogether. If it is made really important in their Church-schools, they will soon learn to be indignant that it is ignored in their Board-schools. It is impossible to pretend that to teach it is a duty of very inferior significance to the duty of teaching children that they are all sheep of one fold and should associate together for religious as well as for social purposes, and yet to maintain that if one set of them hold that God became man on purpose that he might reveal to man the divine love, there is no reason at all why another set of them should not be allowed to believe that no such event ever happened, and that it is a gross superstition derogatory to the divine being to suppose that it ever did happen. Surely it is of infinitely more importance to impress on children what God has really done for them, than it is to associate them together in religious classes where they learn a vague Christian theism but ignore what most of their teachers regard as the very kernel of the Christian Revelation—classes which also fail to teach the children whose parents hold the doctrine of the Incarnation to be a pure superstition that it is such a superstition, at once degrading to God and contaminating to children at the age when superstition is most easily contracted. It appears to us that nothing can be more dangerous than to drop that aspect of Christianity which is the most characteristic and the most impressive for those who profoundly believe it, or to drop the warning against it for those who regard it as the germ of all that is misleading and anthropomorphic in religion.

The dogma of the Incarnation is either true or false. If it is true, it is one of the greatest and most illuminat-

ing of all truths. If it is false, it is one of the most distracting and distorting of all falsehoods. It cannot be right that it should be ignored. It should either be taught with the most ardent faith, or repudiated with the most peremptory earnestness. Christianity without dogma is as unmeaning as science without postulates. Both theology and science depend on assumptions without which there could be no reasoning; and the reasoning of theology rests upon accurate historical assumptions, just as the reasoning of science depends upon accurate physical assumptions.

Dr. Creighton says very justly that, according to a good many people, "the early Church set to work to make a series of unwarranted statements about the Gospel," whereas, as a matter of fact, "every dogma was simply formulated to protect the historic record of the historic Church against those who made statements which they could not substantiate. Dogmas were not an addition to Scripture, but an attempt to preserve the exact meaning of Scripture." And yet Churches which show that they really believe that their dogmas are founded on a sound historic basis, by teaching them to their own schools, often appear to attach so slight a comparative importance to them that they are quite ready to sacrifice them in the ordinary religious teaching of the Board-schools for what, we suppose, they must regard as the far greater importance of securing the habitual companionship of those who are to be taught in private to reject these dogmas with those who are to be taught in private to accept them. Yet we think we may safely predict that the private assurance, "This is all superstition, don't listen to it," will have a great deal more effect than the private assurance, "This is all true, though we do not insist on having it taught at the cost of separating those whose parents reject it from you whose parents believe it." The hint that the rejecting of a doctrine will be the sign of a fastidious judgment, will have much more influence over children than the hint that in accepting it there will be the sign of a humble and docile spirit.

Churches without a firm dogmatic

basis are like trees whose trunks have been hollowed out by gradual decay, and will give way to the first great gust which strikes them. And that seems to us to be the position of a good many of the English Churches which are given up to *practical* undenominationalism, even though they profess to hold fast by the doctrines and creed which they have inherited from their forefathers. Directly the desire for firm political co-operation with other Churches begins to show itself in any Church as more potent than the religious creed from which it derives, or professes to derive, its stamina, we may be quite sure that that Church is beginning to undergo a spiritual collapse and to twine itself like ivy round an external support instead of lending itself to the support of weaker growths. We may be sure that the great religions of the world are losing their natural vigor directly they begin to stretch out toward the social props which are nearest to them. Neither the Christianity of the first centuries, nor, indeed, for that matter, the Calvinism, or the Presbyterianism, or the Wesleyanism of the Reformation, ever thought of leaning on the sympathy or the co-operation of more or less politically like-minded Churches. Yet now we see many of the Nonconformist sects more eager for alliances against a State Church than even for spiritual testimony to the truth of their own convictions. Baptists and Congregationalists, and Calvinists and the

more radical Wesleyans, and even Unitarians, are more ardent supporters of common education in those religious tenets in which they all agree, than they are of strenuous teaching in those doctrines in which they differ. They are enthusiasts against separate religious teaching wherever separate religious teaching can be avoided, and care more that Nonconformists should all be drawn nearer to each other and should learn to fight together against a State Church than they are that orthodox Nonconformists, as the believers in the Incarnation are called, should be taught to hold fast by the leading doctrine of Revelation as St. Paul and St. John understood it. That appears to us a very clear sign of dwindling belief in this higher doctrine, and of more eager belief in the political duty of breaking down the authority of the State Church. And as the devout confidence of the Nonconformists in their creed becomes less earnest, the enthusiasm for an alliance against the religion of the State increases. In other words, the Churches as Churches become less vigorous, while the Churches as political allies against an authority of which they grow more and more jealous, grow more vigorous. Yet in the end the Churches which hold fast to their theological creeds will survive the Churches which gradually fade away into semi-political organizations. —*Spectator*.

THE MEANING OF CHEAP MONEY.

PERSONS not conversant with the methods and language of business, especially ladies, find no phrase more incomprehensible and irritatingly absurd on the face of it than that which states that "money is cheap." How can money be cheap, they ask, when everybody wants more than he has got? And a story was current not long ago in the City of a stockbroker's daughter who, hearing her father and some of his friends discussing the cheapness of money, straightly charged him with having deceived her when he refused,

on economic grounds, to invite the whole neighborhood to a dance.

The phrase is thus deceptive because it uses a word of common use in a sense entirely different from its ordinary meaning. Money, as coin in the pocket, is itself a very mysterious affair; from some points of view it is a question of abstract metaphysics, as may be illustrated from the fact that the same Latin word has become *sous* in French and shilling in English; and arguments concerning the nature and functions of coined money, and the duty of

the State toward it, have caused the human race an immense amount of trouble, discord, and bimetallic controversies, and recently sufficed to split in twain one of the great political parties in the United States. Nevertheless, money is a still more difficult and complicated matter when it is used in the sense of "credit," the meaning which it generally, though unfortunately not invariably, bears in City articles and financial papers. In this sense, however, it is obvious enough that money can vary between cheapness and dearness, for though we should all like to have more money of our own, in our pockets or at our banks, we only want credit, or the use of other people's money, either when we have outrun the constable, and so need a temporary lift, or when we can see our way to employing the money in such a manner as to pay interest on it, replace it, and have something over to reward our enterprise. When money is cheap, it simply means that, owing to stagnation of trade—itsself a mysterious and almost unaccountable phenomenon—or some other still more inscrutable reason, there are not enough trustworthy borrowers to use up the amount of credit that is available, which is increased every year by the accumulated and cumulatively growing results of national thrift, and also by the development of the machinery of credit and to a certain extent by its creation, on paper, out of nothing. It is, of course, quite possible for these latter causes to add to the stock of available credit so rapidly that even in times of commercial activity it cannot all be employed easily, so that it does not necessarily follow that cheap money means idle trade. For instance, if we consider the amount of credit set free by the greater rapidity of transport and the greater ease with which money can be transferred, we can see at a glance that an immeasurably larger amount of trade can now be carried on with less capital or credit. Time was when a lumbering East Indianman took eighteen months or so to get to Bombay and back, and a merchant who had shipped a cargo in her had to "lie out of" his money till she returned. Now he can deliver his goods to his Eastern custom-

er in a month, and his money can be flashed back by telegraphic transfer in half-an-hour. Again, the system now adopted by most of the large retail shops of insisting on cash across the counter is acknowledged to have had a considerable effect in diminishing the number of trade bills that come to Lombard Street for discount. Such causes as these, combined with the yearly excess of income over the expenditure of thrifty people, have made enormous additions in recent years to the quantity of credit that seeks for safe and profitable employment, with the result that in order to secure safety credit has had to accept less and less profit—in other words, cheap money has become part of the normal state of affairs, and is now generally reckoned upon as such, apart from any accident or commercial catastrophe. A year ago many experienced money-dealers in the City had been forced to the pessimistic conclusion that the market would never see 3 per cent. again, and though there was a short spasm of stringency last autumn, it was caused rather by the energetic prudence of the Bank directors, who wished to stop any further inroads on their reserve, than by any actual scarcity of credit; and during the present year the reaction toward cheapness has been unexpectedly rapid and persistent, though the political outlook, which is, after all, an exceptional circumstance, has sobered the market slightly during the last few days.

Cheap money being thus with us again, it is perhaps worth while to consider its effects. We have already shown that, for various reasons, the demand for credit depends less than it did on the activity of trade, but, on the other hand, there can be no doubt that a plentiful supply of credit still has a strongly stimulating effect on trade. It is obvious that when enterprising borrowers who wish to start or expand commercial undertakings are easily provided with the sinews of war at low rates, industries of all kinds will quicken their pace under the stress of new energy and new machinery, and the exertions of old-established firms and factories to resist the encroachments of new competitors. But when cheap

money has satisfied the demands of legitimate borrowers, it is apt to be tempted by the allurements of a higher rate of interest and to find its way into the hands of less desirable debtors, such as foreign Governments who are in want of cash because they cannot balance their budgets and have never made the attempt, or would like to possess the convenient and strategically important advantage of a new railway, for which, owing to the probable lack of profitable traffic, local capital is not forthcoming; or such as old, worn-out firms which are perishing from dry-rot and are in a hurry to raise something on their assets and goodwill before they are quite vanished; or such as mining prospectors with an undeveloped claim to sell. When credit gets into such hands as these, as it always begins to do after a long period of cheap money, the result is highly satisfactory for a time, for the foreign borrower imports our wares merrily, paying our industrial centres with the credit that it has raised in Lombard Street; and moribund enterprises take a fresh lease of spasmodic life; and miners buy new and expensive machinery and a stock of home comforts to assist development. But later on credit finds that it has overreached itself and has to write off a large sum as a bad debt, or else to adopt the fashionable but very imprudent system of bolstering up rottenness and throwing good money after bad. And then there is a pause for a time, and credit is more cautious, at least in one or two directions. For instance, we have lent more sparingly to new but promising countries since the Baring crisis and the Australian banking crisis, and there is not a very eager rush for mining shares just at present. "Home industrial investments," as the prospectuses call them, are the fashion

just now, and a close study of many of these well-puffed concerns leads to the conclusion that credit may shortly find that it has overreached itself once more. Only as the amounts involved are better distributed from the nature of the case, the losses are not likely to be so striking to the eye. In the meantime cheap money and its effects still deliver the thrifty but incautious investor into the hands of the company-promoting shearer, and that much-needed and long promised amendment of the law remains an aspiration.

Space will not allow us to enter upon the obscure but interesting question of the effect of cheap money upon prices, both of securities and commodities. We can only note the fact that the economic principle which lays down that abundant money means rising prices, and *vice-versa*, has recently failed to work, wholly in the case of commodities, and to some extent also in that of securities. Economic principles are indeed so fond of defeating one another that their application to practical matters is almost as likely as not to prove delusive. No doubt there is plenty of orthodox economic justification for the economic heresy involved in the fact that prices of commodities fell as money got cheaper and then rose last autumn just when exports of gold made money more scarce, and that the prices of good securities, which were generally believed to have soared to unprecedented heights because of monetary plethora, failed altogether to descend to the normal, old-style level when the Bank-rate rose. In the latter case the explanation is obvious enough—there are not enough first-class securities to go round, and, apart from war or actual financial panic, no temporary spasm of the money market will affect their prices materially.—*Spectator*.

PRINTERS' MYSTERIES.*

To this day, a visitor to a printing-office may chance to hear, proceeding

from the machine-room, a vague noise of whistling and yelling, and will be told, in answer to his anxious inquiry, that it is only some young fellow "out of his time." He will recognize a faint echo of the elaborate ceremony

* "Moxon's Mechanick Exercises." Edited with Preface and Notes by Theodore L. De Vinne. London: Quaritch, 1896.

of the "Depositio," once so solemnly enacted in every printing-house in Christendom, and his curiosity may, perhaps, be awakened to know more of the singular customs of journeymen printers. In 1835 a man named George Brimmer, who described himself as "Imposer, Corrector, Locker-up, Layer-up, and Distributor of Types at some of the principal offices of the Metropolis," published a rough poem, which is a perfect compendium of oddities of the trade. Since "The Composing Room" was published only sixty years have elapsed, and yet numerous practices which Brimmer described as still in force in that day are now wholly obsolete and forgotten. For the strange formulas of dismissal the curious reader may turn to Blades's technical volume, the "Depositio Cornuti Typographici," but the real *fons et origo* of odd lore about the mysteries of printing is acknowledged to be the "Mechanick Exercises" issued by Joseph Moxon in 1683.

Moxon's book—of which a very handsome reprint, in two volumes, edited by the most eminent of American authorities on typography, Mr. Theodore De Vinne, lies before us—is not merely the earliest, but the most complete, of the few existing early manuals of the art of printing. For almost a century it remained the only authority on the subject, and has continued to be the basis of successive treatises, not merely of an antiquarian but of a technical kind. It is said that only five copies of the original edition are now to be met with, three of these being in American collections; and it has never until now been reproduced in its entirety, with facsimiles of its numerous plates and diagrams. Hence, although the theme is of esoteric interest, the production of this very handsome and costly reprint seems proper to be recorded here. Moxon, who was born in 1627, was a famous maker of mathematical instruments in the reign of Charles II., and was gradually led to the manufacture of types; in 1669 he issued a folio sheet of "the several sorts of Letters cast by Joseph Moxon," he being then Hydrographer to the King and a man of some position. In 1677 he began to publish, in monthly

parts, his famous "Mechanick Exercises," in which he discussed the trades of the smith, the joiner, the carpenter and the turner, not reaching that of type-founding until 1683. After this Moxon disappeared, and we believe that the date of his death is not recorded.

We cannot enter into the technical part of this great book, which demands the attention of a specialist, but we propose to describe some of the singular habits of the printing-office, as Moxon pictured them two hundred years ago. It must not be forgotten that the place where a printer carried on his business in the seventeenth century was a very rude one. It was generally a sort of loft in the upper floor of a small house, and it possessed neither fireplace nor glass windows. The cold in winter is complained of as intense, a sharp frost often destroying the work half-done in the office. Light came through small windows near the ceiling, over which oiled paper was drawn, in order to temper the light and keep out the rain. Mr. De Vinne remarks that the printing-houses of the seventeenth century were very rough and bare, and so small that an office which contained four hand-presses and a dozen frames was considered spacious. We hardly consider sufficiently the disregard and positive suspicion in which the necessary, but often far from harmless, printer was held, even in days long subsequent to the nominal delivery of the Press from its bondage.

We wonder how many of our readers are aware of the word "chapel" as it is used, so curiously, in the printing trade. To Moxon all the mysteries of the printing-house are "ancient customs of the chapel," and without an explanation of this term the jargon of the old typographers is unintelligible. It is customary, we believe, to trace this word, which was used as synonymous with printing-office, back to the time of Caxton, who was supposed to have set up his types in a chapel attached to Westminster Abbey. But Mr. De Vinne rejects this as mere modern guesswork, and it is certain that Moxon, who is the fountain-head of our positive information, gives no hint

of such a derivation. He simply says, "I suppose the style was originally conferred upon it by the courtesy of some great Churchman . . . who, for the Books of Divinity that proceeded from a Printing-house, gave it the Reverend Title of Chapel." This does not strike us as conclusive, but the matter may be allowed to rest. But, at all events, once call the printing-house a chapel, and it is plain that a particular sanctity was attached to it, a sanctity that was hemmed about by a code of the most elaborate regulations. No one must swear in the chapel, nor fight there, nor give the lie, nor be drunk, nor leave a candle burning at night. For each of these offences a fine, or, as it was called, a *solace*, was appointed by the ancient rule of the chapel, against which no man could appeal. A person who proved refractory and would not pay what was called "the price of the chapel," could be physically punished, or, as it was called, "solaced," though the practice, as Moxon describes it, can hardly be considered consoling. The culprit—one can imagine a stiff-backed nonjuror absolutely refusing to play the game like his fellows—was "laid on his Belly athwart the Correcting-stone" (which thereby received for its name a horrid, secondary appropriateness), and was presented with "ten pounds and a purse," this apparently liberal donation consisting of eleven blows administered with anything handy. If the remonstrant were one with whom it seemed desirable to wipe out a long score, one can imagine that the blows were laid on with a will. In fact, in the reign of Charles I. a wretch is said to have died under the chastisement.

Some of the mysteries of the chapel are hard for us to comprehend. A deadly insult which the waggish printers were forever designing for one another was the putting of a wisp of hay into a pressman's racks. This affront could hardly be wiped out with blood, and was the subject of minute regulations. There were certain special acts of impertinence which roused printers to violent fury. It was as much as your life was worth to come and ask a compositor "whether he had news of such a Galley at Sea." This is ob-

scure; one sees a little more clearly why it was extremely rude "to come to the King's Printing-House and ask for a Ballad." Mischievous persons used to put country bumpkins up to making these inquiries, hanging about the while that they might enjoy the result. Once every year it was customary for all the journeymen to set to and make new paper windows, the master printer being bound, on the day they did this, but not before, to provide the whole chapel with a *wayzgoose*, or general festivity. Until this wayzgoose had been given, the journeymen would not work by candlelight, and therefore, for general convenience, the new paper windows were usually put in about Bartholomew's day.

There were odd fines or special payments, the tariff for which was scrupulously uniform in all printing-houses. If a journeyman married, he paid half-a-crown to the chapel, and his wife gave sixpence on the day when she first made her appearance with his dinner. For each son born to them the father paid a shilling; but daughters were half-price. The cant name for the compositors was *galley-slaves*, because they were bound to their galleys, and the pressmen were called *horses*, "because of the hard labor they go through all day long." Every new workman had to pay half-a-crown for his footing in the chapel, and this was called his *benvenue*. No custom was more rigid than this, and it was believed, as indeed is not unlikely, that it proceeded from the very earliest days of English printing. In Moxon's time the rule was so severe that no journeyman was considered to be a member of the chapel or to be able to enjoy any of its privileges until he had paid his *benvenue*. By the time Thomas Gent entered the printing-office which he describes in his "Autobiography" the term had become corrupted to *benmoney* (1714). It does not seem to be known when this custom went out of use; but it is now quite unfamiliar, we believe, to journeymen compositors. Like the rest of the quaint practices so gravely recorded by Joseph Moxon, it has succumbed to the levelling hand which has reduced all trades to one plane of utilitarian uniformity of custom.—*Saturday Review*.

GOING TO SCHOOL.

BY EDWARD CARPENTER.

BESIDE the cottage door, she sees
The white sheep in the sun ;
The old church gable through the trees
Breaks with the bounding of the breeze—
Cloud-shadows o'er it run.

Upward the green hill-slope they go,
Cloud-shadow, shadow and cloud ;
Kiss on the height and hasten so
Down heaven's blue galleries below—
Cloud, cloud-shadow, and cloud.

The brown bee buzzes at the door,
The lilies shine like fire,
And overhead the lark will soar
And toss his sweet song evermore
Higher, and ever higher.

Rich marigolds, star-thick, arise
Out of the warm wet earth ;
Gaze, orange-gold, up azure skies,
Like beacon-flames for butterflies
Half-blind in honeyed mirth.

She sees it all with open eye,
Absorbed in dreamworld wonder ;
Looks, child-like, o'er the tree tops high,
And smiles—she has not learnt to sigh—
Then comes the distant thunder !

Quick as a squirrel she slips her book
Into her satchel brown,
Smooths fair her frock to get a look
At tiny feet that said they took
To heart her solemn frown ;

Then, unforgetful evermore
Of hill and cloud and valley,
Hastens, the thunderstorm before,
Hot-cheeked at its rebukeful roar,
All down a dark yew alley.

—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

FAILURES.

IN his speech at the Artists' Benevolent Institution recently the Bishop of London raised some very interesting and curious points in regard to failure, and as to why certain men succeed while others come to grief. He was, we think, quite within the mark when he noted that half the men who succeed have a feeling that they had no real right to their success, or rather that they owed it to pure luck, and nothing else. It was impossible for them, said the Bishop, to discover the causes that made for success or failure, and those who had succeeded must very often wonder why they had done so, and must sometimes, in a cynical mood, think that the public taste was very incapable of proper discrimination. "They must feel that there were many of the acquaintances of their youth who were really much better fellows, and who could do much better work in a great many ways, but who, somehow or other, had not succeeded, and who, it was felt, might have succeeded if they had had their due. In all classes and in every pursuit they had the same feelings." But just as it is impossible to say why men succeed, it is alleged that it is often quite as impossible to say why men fail. There is, as it were, a huge middle space in all professions and walks of life tenanted by the vast number of men and women who have neither failed nor succeeded, but who have managed to keep the water of life neither hot nor cold, but reasonably and comfortably warm. Above these are the men who have succeeded, some from obvious genius or the possession of qualities such as exceptional energy, perseverance, and determination, others apparently from pure luck; for as far as appearances go there is no quality upon which you can put your hand and say: "This secured that man his success, and won him his place in the world." Below the middle space come the failures. Here, in popular estimation, exactly the same conditions apply. There are obviously many men who are failures simply because they possess to perfection all the qualities

which make failure inevitable. They are stupid, they are foolish, they are incapable of persevering in anything, they have neither belief in themselves, the power of originating, nor the capacity of imitating. In a word, they are mentally, morally, and physically incapable. Next come the men who appear to have failed simply because they have had the luck against them. They seem to have all the qualities which would insure success, or at any rate preclude failure, and yet they are clear and hopeless failures, and the general notion is that they have failed, not because they were incapable of succeeding, but through pure ill-luck. We have no wish to seem hard upon the men who have not been able to win a place even in the middle space between failure and success, but we do not believe that the explanation of luck holds half so strongly in the case of failure as of success. Of course there are a few unfortunate people who always fall ill or break a limb whenever a chance of promotion comes to them, but these are rare exceptions. The real failures are, we believe, due to some hidden defect, some imperceptible crack in the vase. Ordinary ill-luck may keep a man back for years, may take away a great deal of happiness, but there are so many chances in life that it very seldom ruins him permanently. Even the most successful men have had backwaters in their lives, though they are forgotten in the ultimate successes. The man who lets a turn or two of ill-luck ruin him is not meant to succeed. Besides, are we not apt to call ill-luck a good deal which is not really ill-luck, but merely the logical consequence of perversity or fatuity? When the poet Fletcher wrote the proud line, "A man is his own star," he stated a great moral truth. In nine cases out of ten a man is his own star, and what he calls fate but the consequences of his own actions. Bacon says that the King should beware of employing unlucky men, apparently on the ground that what we call their unluckiness is due to some hidden defect. But whether

Bacon meant this or not, it is very true that so-called unluckiness is often the cloak of blundering and ineptitude. Two men are in peril. One escapes from, the other succumbs to, the sudden hidden danger, and we call them lucky and unlucky; yet, in truth, it is very possible that our judgment ought to be that one showed ingenuity and presence of mind and so escaped, while the other was at the critical moment surprised into hesitation or inaction. Depend upon it, the hidden quality which produces failure is in the majority of cases merely an unanalyzed element in the human character. Probably self-distrust is one of the readiest causes of failure. A man who, however much he conceals the fact from observation, feels in his heart of hearts that he is not capable of doing the work he has undertaken, is almost sure to fail. Ordinary diffidence as to one's powers is quite another matter, and by no means a necessary impediment to success. Such nervousness is often purely superficial, and merely means that the anxiety to succeed is so great that it causes a reaction. The dangerous self-distrust to which we are alluding is a much more negative quality, and generally has joined to it a strong strain of indifference. But when a man does not think he will succeed, and also is doubtful whether it is worth while to succeed, or rather, whether it is not a matter of indifference whether he wins or loses, failure is almost certain. This stultifying indifference to failure is much more widely spread than people generally imagine. Because failure seems to the average man so horrible, producing, as it must, humiliations and miseries, remorseful feelings and regrets of every kind, the average man cannot imagine any human being indifferent to it. Yet as a matter of fact there are men whose hearts become so indurated that they do not mind either failure or its consequences. They would endure anything rather than rouse themselves to the painful effort of resisting the march of what they call fate. They will float with the stream or tide, but come what may, they will not row a stroke against either. They conceal this resolve from

their friends, and sometimes even from themselves, but nevertheless it exists. Another frequent cause of failure is the inability to be helped which certain people display. We have all encountered persons whom it is almost impossible to help over an obstacle or up a steep place. Do what you will, it seems impossible to lift or get them over or through. They always either fail to hold on, or give the wrong hand, or move the wrong foot, or jump short when they ought to jump long, or over-jump when a short jump is all that is asked of them. In the same way there are people who seem utterly incapable of making use of a helping hand in the greater affairs of life. You cannot help them because they "muff" every attempt. You find them a piece of work quite within their capacity, and there needs only the simplest and easiest little effort to secure an excellent position. Yet this little effort is just what they will not or cannot make. They may be prudent, painstaking, industrious, and yet almost while you turn your head they have slipped off the rock of safety and fallen back into the slough from which you so lately raised them. Of such stuff are the worst form of failures made. Their minds seem utterly unprehensile, and no more capable of grasping and holding on than is a paralytic. No doubt it is often not in the least the fault of the poor failure, but that does not alter the fact that it is a personal defect, and not mere ill-luck, which produces the failure.

While touching on the question of failures, it must not be forgotten that a great many of the so-called failures, especially in art and literature, are not failures at all, but merely persons who do not possess, or perhaps have not tried to cultivate, the quality of popularity. A failure is not a synonym for a pauper, but a person who has tried to do a particular thing and not succeeded in doing it. But most people try to make a good deal of money, and hence poverty is roughly taken as a sign of failure. If in a particular calling the average man makes £800 a year, he who makes only £200 is apt to be dubbed a failure. Yet in truth he may be nothing of the kind. If he did not

set out to make money, he may not feel the slightest sense of failure. Again, an artist or a man of letters who fails to please the public taste may not be a failure, for the very sufficient reason that he never attempted to please the public taste. The artist who says, "I will paint what I think beautiful pictures, and not what any one else thinks beautiful," may be annoyed that the public taste is so different from his own; but he will not feel that he has failed because the public taste is not satisfied by his work. He will not have expected any but an adverse verdict. It is the same in literature. Wordsworth did not feel and was not a failure because the public of his day cared nothing about, and would not read, his poems. To confuse unappreciated people and failures is to make a gross error in the art of human classification. Even bitter and disappointed men are not necessarily failures, for their bitterness and disappointment do not show that they have failed in what they set out to do, but merely that the world

has failed to understand them. The true failure is the man who keeps sinking, sinking, who seems to have no buoyancy in him, and who at heart knows that success is for him impossible. No one ever quite thinks of Mr. Micawber as a failure, because Mr. Micawber had always in him the belief that something, and something very good, would be sure to turn up. The true, the hopeless, failure is always a pessimist at heart. He looks on the past with regret and on the future with misgiving. However miserable their outward circumstances, and however hard and unfortunate their worldly lot, we must never call failures those brave souls who, in spite of every mischance, bate no jot of heart and hope, but press right onward, believing that somewhere and somehow they will find a haven of rest, and who hold with Browning that if the earth is full of broken arcs, at any rate in heaven there is the perfect round. How can they be failures who thus teach by example the best of lessons?—*Spectator*.

TIME.

BY MARY GORGES.

TIME the Revealer ! Lo ! he passeth by,
 Flashing his torch upon the buried year ;
 As writing hidden long from mortal eye
 Before the flame starts forth in letters clear ;
 So shall the story of our past be seen,
 So must we look at last on what hath been.

Time the Avenger ! bringing forth to view
 Mistake and folly—bitter word and deed,
 How here we failed a friend, or proved untrue,
 To one who leaned, and found—a broken reed ;
 What we have written ne'er can we efface,
 Or change one word, one letter from its place.

Time the Consoler ! showing us at last
 Whose hand has set the lesson of our years ;
 A line of purpose through the blotted past
 In that new vision suddenly appears ;
 And past and present, linked in one, grow plain—
 Life's lessons never seem so hard again.

Chambers's Journal.